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**A HISTORY OF
THE ADIRONDACKS**

VOLUME I



A HISTORY OF THE ADIRONDACKS

BY
ALFRED L. DONALDSON

Illustrated



VOLUME I

**NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.**

1921

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**DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE
WHOSE LOVING COLLABORATION
IS WOVEN INTO EVERY PAGE
OF THIS WORK**

PREFACE

Only the most salient episodes of Adirondack history have been chosen for these pages, and their slant of emphasis is frankly toward the early days and the pioneers. The narrative portion of the work aims to be broadly comprehensive without attempting to be minutely exhaustive, and to this end a policy of omission and condensation has been carefully pursued.

The previously recorded history of the Adirondacks lies scattered in the most meager parts of old county histories, in a score of early books of travel, in a few guide-books and pamphlets, in many detached magazine and newspaper articles, and in a long series of rather dry and often technical State Reports. The most notable attempt to tell a consecutive and comprehensive story of the region, was made by Nathaniel Bartlett Sylvester in his "Historical Sketches of Northern New York," published in 1877. This is a volume of great research and merit, but, as the title indicates, it includes much outside of the more limited scope of the present work, and, owing to its early date of completion, omits much which has since ripened for inclusion here.

All of the above-mentioned material has, of course, been sifted and sorted for basic use in the following pages. To it has been added some new gleanings from hitherto untapped sources. Part of these rest on oral tradition only; and, as memory often plays tricks both with the teller and the told, it is not improbable that errors of fact will be discovered. Wherever valid corrections can be suggested, they will be most gratefully accepted.

I am indebted to many erstwhile strangers, as well as old-time friends, for valuable data and painstaking help. The effort has been made to acknowledge all such assistance in the

fitting place. Any omission to do so is an unintentional oversight.

Among these kindly helpers there is one whose name belongs to the undertaking as a whole rather than to any special part of it. It seems proper, therefore, to acknowledge here my broad debt of gratitude to Mr. Henry S. Harper of New York. He has poured the lubricating-oil of encouragement and kindness on many a creaking hinge of my task, and has enriched my sources of supply by constant activities to that end. Both the work and the worker owe much to his zeal in their behalf.

The first suggestion that such a book as this might be welcome to frequenters of the Adirondacks, and that I should assume the task of supplying it, was made to me by Mr. Stephen Chalmers, the author, and Mr. William McNeil, formerly librarian of the Saranac Lake Free Library.

It has so chanced that the leisurely progress of the work, lapsing over several years, has been coincident with the most notable transition period in Adirondack history. The writing was begun in the twilight of the old order of things, and finished in the full dawn of a new era. The interim saw the passing of the last of the great pioneers, and of the primitive conditions of their prominence. With them has gone many an old tavern and familiar landmark. The great uprooting agencies of all that has vanished, or is vanishing, have been the automobile and the splendid roads that have ribboned in its wake. They have driven the stage-coach and the buckboard into the shadows of oblivion, and the guide and his boat into the last trenches of their usefulness. They have changed a great wild spot with a few parks, into a great park with a few wild spots.

A. L. D.

Saranac Lake, 1921.

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A HISTORY OF THE ADIRONDACKS

A HISTORY OF THE ADIRONDAKS

CHAPTER I

EXPLANATORY

THE Adirondacks are a group of mountains in north-eastern New York. The geographers usually include them in the Appalachian system, but geologically they are related to the Laurentian highlands of Canada. They do not appear as a connected range, but as many summits, isolated or in small groups. There are about one hundred peaks, ranging from 1,200 to 5,000 feet in height. Their consistency is various forms of gneiss, intrusive granite, and gabbro. They form the watershed between the Hudson and St. Lawrence rivers.

The origin of the name will be treated later, as well as its gradual extension from a single group of the range to all its branches, including the intermediate and adjacent territory which, collectively, was formerly known as "The Wilderness" or "Great North Woods." Over such a region, long unsurveyed and unmapped, a new name had a tendency to spread with inclusive vagueness, and its accepted boundaries easily became the conspicuous waterways that encircle the whole of northern New York—the lakes George and Champlain on the east, the Mohawk River on the south, Lake Ontario on the west, and the St. Lawrence River on the northwest and north.

In recent years, however, the State has set definite boundaries to the region that has passed under its control, and now the Adirondacks proper may be said to lie within the limits of the ADIRONDACK PARK, as shown by the "blue line" on the accompanying map.¹ The park was not created till 1892, but a forest preserve had been established in 1885, and as the

¹The Conservation Commission publishes a large wall map showing the "blue line," and the State lands marked in red.

latter includes the former, the two are often confused. The definition of the larger area reads as follows:

The forest preserve shall include all the lands now owned, or hereafter acquired, by the state within the counties of Clinton [except the Towns of Altona and Dannemora],¹ Delaware, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Oneida, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster, and Sullivan.

In other words, the forest preserve includes the Catskill Preserve (118,772 acres) as well as the Adirondack Preserve (1,767,778 acres), making a total (January 1, 1920) of 1,886,550 acres, scattered over portions of sixteen counties. Our concern, of course, is with the Adirondack Preserve only, and more particularly with the park that lies within it. This is defined by Article IV, Section 51, of the Conservation Law, as amended by Chapter 444 of the Laws of 1912, as follows:

ADIRONDACK PARK. All lands located in the forest preserve counties of the Adirondacks within the following described boundaries, to wit:

What follows is a minute description of the "blue line" as seen on the map. Within it lies a total area of about 3,313,564 acres, or 5,177 square miles, making the Adirondack Park a little larger than the State of Connecticut, which contains 4,965 square miles. About one half of the park is owned by the State; 28 per cent. is owned by lumber and pulp companies; 15 per cent. is in private parks; and 6 per cent. in small private holdings.

Six counties come more or less within the "blue line" of the park—all of Hamilton, most of Herkimer and Essex, the southern portions of Franklin and St. Lawrence, and a small northern corner of Warren.

The original act of 1892 creating the Adirondack Park reads as follows: "All lands now owned or hereafter acquired by the State, etc." This excludes all private lands, but the amendatory act of 1912 includes *all lands* (both State and private) within the park.

The difference between the Adirondack Preserve and the park may be further elucidated as follows:

¹ The brackets are mine for the sake of clearness.



RAILROAD AND
OF NORTH
NEW YORK
Scale of 100



There are forest-preserve lands outside of the "blue line," but they are *not* part of the Adirondack Park.

The State lands within the "blue line" are parts of *both* the preserve and the park.

The private lands within the "blue line" are parts of the park, but *not* of the preserve.

Here and there, notably in Essex and Warren counties, the mountains overrun the "blue line" of the park, but a line including all such juttings would have been not only extremely tortuous but very costly to survey, whereas the one adopted was easily run along the established boundaries of counties and old grants and patents.

As this is the only boundary ever officially set to the Adirondacks, the area within it will be considered here as the geographical entity of which this history treats. In other words, the term "Adirondacks" will be used as synonymous with "Adirondack Park," and excursions beyond the "blue line" will be made only in exceptional cases and for special reasons.

Besides "preserve" and "park" there are other terms that need a word of explanation. "Town" and "township" have distinct meanings and local connotations in the Adirondacks.

"Towns" are the political divisions of a county. Within their boundaries the inhabitants have minor administrative powers—the care of the roads, the schools, the poor, and like matters of community interest. They are always designated by a name, as: the Town of North Elba, the Town of Newcomb; also as one word: Harrietstown, Elizabethtown, etc. This latter form lends itself to confusion. Harrietstown covers a large area, being approximately fifteen miles wide and twenty miles long. In the northeast corner of the Town ¹ there is a stretch of a mile or more where a church, a school, and scattered farm dwellings lie within visual distance of one another along the highway. This expanse of detached and isolated buildings is marked on some maps and is known throughout the region as "Harrietstown"—in the sense of a village or agglomeration of houses—although, strictly speak-

¹ In order to avoid any possible confusion, the word "Town," when used to designate the political division of a county, will be spelled with a capital throughout this work.

ing, it is neither. The village of Saranac Lake lies partly in the Town of Harrietstown, but people there will often speak of "taking a drive to Harrietstown," meaning the remote and straggling settlement above described. This anomaly repeats itself in other localities. We find the village of Elizabethtown in the Town of the same name, and the hamlet of North Elba in the Town of North Elba.

This dual application of the same name to areas lying one within the other is, however, not difficult of explanation. The earliest settlements often had, and needed, no other designation than the name of the Town in which they lay, and this ample identification of pioneer days has, here and there, persisted and outlived the primitive conditions that made it obvious.

"Townships" are purely geographical subdivisions of land, and are always designated by a number. The original tracts and grants were surveyed into townships for purposes of allotment and sale. The average township contains between twenty and thirty thousand acres, and is usually rectangular in shape. The exceptions will be noted later. A few early landholders, from sentimental promptings, gave names as well as numbers to their townships, but such names have for the most part been dropped, and only the numbers survive to-day.

Last, but by no means least, among Adirondack terms calling for exact definition is the word "camp." And it calls loudly and somewhat despondently, as one who is lost; for if ever an exact little word gradually went to seed and ran wild, not only in a wilderness of mountains but in a wilderness of meanings, it is this one. If you have spent the night in a guide's tent, or a lean-to built of slabs and bark, you have lodged in a "camp." If you chance to know a millionaire, you may be housed in a cobblestone castle, tread on Persian rugs, bathe in a marble tub, and retire by electric light—and still your host may call his mountain home a "camp."

The applications of the word have been made so broad and various that exact definition has become impossible. It can only be said that "camp," in Adirondack parlance, has become a loose term applied indiscriminately to anything from a tent to a palace erected in the woods, in more or less isola-

tion, primarily for pleasure and summer recreation. The word traces back, of course, to the log camps of the early lumberjacks—those rough buildings of unpeeled logs laid lengthwise and chinked at the point of contact with sticks and moss to keep out the cold.

CHAPTER II

THE DISCOVERY

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, as far as history records, was the first white man to look upon the Adirondack Mountains, and may, therefore, be credited with their discovery. His first far-off glimpse of the range was incidental to an episode which seemed trivial at the time, but soon proved to be pivotal in the shaping of future events.

In 1608 Champlain made his third visit to America and founded the settlement of Quebec. Here he spent the winter, and often listened to stories which the Indians told of a wonderful inland sea lying far to the southward in the dangerous land of the Iroquois. He became eager to see this spot for himself, and set out on a voyage of discovery in the spring of 1609.

With a band of Indian guides and followers he sailed up the St. Lawrence and thence into the Richelieu. After a forced carry around the rapids of this river the party, reduced by desertion to three Frenchmen and sixty Algonquin braves, entered the lake that was to bear their leader's name forever after. They moved down it with great caution; hiding often by day, and advancing for the most part stealthily at night. Late one evening, however, they ran across a roving band of Iroquois—the lords of the land and the lake, and the hereditary enemies of the Algonquins. Both sides prepared to fight, but, as it was growing dark, it was mutually agreed to postpone battle until the morning. The night was spent by the savages in war-dance and song, interspersed with much antiphonal vilification. Sunrise found the opposing parties ready for the fray. Champlain led his to the attack, clad in the French armor of the day, and bearing in his hand an arquebuse. This he raised and fired, bringing down two of the Iroquois chiefs. Consternation ensued. Even the fierc-

est and bravest of all Indian warriors stood appalled before this apparition in shining steel, who flashed miniature thunder and lightning from a supernatural death-dealing weapon. While Champlain was reloading, one of his companions fired another shot from ambush. This completely demoralized the Iroquois, who turned and fled.

And thus from a clumsy arquebuse, on the shores of an unknown lake, on a quiet July morning over three hundred years ago, was fired a shot that was to reverberate half round the world. Its echo penetrated the far-off courts of England and of France, and its rumble never died in the Long House of the Iroquois. It made them the implacable enemies of the French; the powerful allies of the English; and cast the die of a doom that was to culminate one hundred and fifty years later with the fall of Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham.

In the narrative which Champlain has left, and from which the above facts are taken, he speaks of seeing, from a certain point on the lake, mountains to the east and the south. Those to the east must have been the Green Mountains; those to the south, without much doubt, some spur of the Adirondacks. And when in time the latter came to bear this name, it is interesting to note that it was one that had been applied in contempt and derision to the Algonquin tribe, to which belonged the very Indians who were guiding Champlain when he caught his first glimpse of the range. Another coincidence of interest is the fact that only a few months later the *Half Moon* sailed up the mouth of the Hudson River, whose sources flow from the highest of the Adirondack peaks. Thus, from opposite sides and at remote angles, the two great explorers of the time established the first recorded links between the Dismal Wilderness and the westward march of empire.

Three hundred years later, while the drills and dredges on the Isthmus of Panama thundered a distant anvil-chorus of accomplishment, the man who had first dreamed of a Panama Canal was being tercentenaried for other things on the shores of the lake that bears his name. In accurate and elaborate pageantry the stirring and picturesque scenes of long ago were re-enacted for modern eyes. Leaders of thought and action in the nation, with many a guest of honor from abroad,

rehearsed in verse and prose the romance of the pioneer, and pointed the moral of the vanished years. Thousands foregathered to listen and observe. Among them no small contingent came from the adjacent Adirondacks—from its city-like metropolis, from its scattered villages and hamlets, from its crowded hotels and clubs, from its vast preserves and palatial camps—from that unguessed Garden of the Gods toward which Champlain had looked without even a wild surmise.

CHAPTER III

TWO CENTURIES OF SURMISE

FOR nearly two hundred years after the foregoing incident the Adirondacks remained virtually unrealized and unpenetrated by the white man. Along Lake Champlain, along the St. Lawrence and the Black River, along the Mohawk and the Hudson, the militant march of colonization went steadily and at times rapidly forward, but within this circle of increasing population lay a vast, mysterious, undiscovered territory. Stanley had found Dr. Livingstone and familiarized the world with the depths of Africa before the average New Yorker knew anything definite about the wonderful wilderness lying almost at his back door. Considering its location, its natural resources, and its unique scenic beauties, the tardy subjugation of the Adirondack region to the uses and pleasures of man is somewhat of an anomaly.

The earliest map to show the region at all is one published in 1570, by Abraham Ortelius, later geographer to Philip II of Spain, and next to Mercator the greatest geographer of his age. In his "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum," the "first modern atlas" of fifty-three maps, there is one of New France, and in the divisions of territory which it shows, the name "Aval" covers what is now northern New York. In 1616, on a map of the New Netherlands in the royal archives at The Hague, the name "Irocoisen" appears, as applied to the country on each side of Lake Champlain. As "Iroquoisia" the name persists through later maps, and means, of course, "the land of the Iroquois."

From Beauchamp's "Aboriginal Place Names of New York" I quote the following:

In 1609 the Indians told Champlain that the Vermont shore and mountains belonged to the Iroquois. Yates and Moulton cite a map of 1671 in which the lake was called *Lacus Irocoisi*; a description in 1662 in which it appears as *Lacus Ironcoiensis*; and later a map calling it *Lac Champlain ou mer de Iroquois*.

In Brodhead's "History of the State of New York," which ends with the year 1691, is a "Map of New Netherland, According to the Charters granted by the States General on October 11, 1614, and June 3, 1621." From this map the designation "Irocoisia" has disappeared, and the large blank space west of Lake Champlain is called "Hodenosaunee or Konoshion," the first appellation meaning the "People of the Long House," the second, the "land of the Konosioni," a name used to designate the Iroquois by the Seneca chief Canassatego. The Iroquois were called the "People of the Long House" because they built long, narrow dwellings, containing many families and many fires, and this peculiarity of their wigwams soon became symbolic of the powerful league stretching for over two hundred miles through central New York.

According to Morgan they called their country "Hodensaunee," and it extended as far north as the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, and as far south as the Delaware and Susquehanna. It included the Great Wilderness of northern New York, but as this was also claimed by the Adirondacks, a Canadian nation of Algonquin lineage, and as bitter conflicts of unvested title were the consequence, the region became known to tradition as the "dark and bloody ground" and "the Dismal Wilderness." Sylvester gives "Ganeagaonoga"—the land of the Mohawks—as another designation that included a large part of the Wilderness.

In a map published for Governor Tryon in 1771, there is no sign of mountain or lake in the Adirondack region, and a note says: "The Boundary of New York not being closed, this part of the country still belongs to the Mohawks." Later, on Governor Pownall's map of the British colonies of 1776, we find the following inscription across the same area:

This Vast
Tract of Land
which is the Antient
Couchsachrage, one of the Four
Beaver Hunting Countries
of the Six Nations,
is not yet
Surveyed.

Beauchamp says: "The name [Couchsachrage] may be from Koghserage, *winter*, in allusion to the cold climate or the hunting season there." According to French, it means, "the dismal wilderness"; according to Sylvester, "the beaver-hunting grounds"; according to Hewitt, "at the place of beaver dams."

Sauthier's map of 1777 shows northern New York divided between the short-lived, unremembered counties of Tryon and Charlotte, and lying partly in each. In the Adirondack region Lake Scaron (the present Schroon) and the Hudson River are named and sketched in. Their position and the scattering of unnamed lakes and tributaries that surround them are merely the figment of an approximate guess.

In this map, however, with all its sins of omission and inaccuracy, we see the faint dawn of definiteness that now begins to break over the mystery of the Great Wilderness. Its existence, at least, is realized. From its populous and restless borderland, and from foreign countries even, incursions are made into its virgin recesses, and the white man and the Indian begin to spread stories of its natural wonders and vast wealth of game, of timber, and of ore. The ear of the visionary, of the forest-empire builder, is caught, and he contributes the inevitable page of prolific intent and barren fulfilment to the pioneer annals of the Wilderness.

CHAPTER IV

TRYON AND CHARLOTTE COUNTIES

THE most striking feature of Sauthier's map is the division of northern New York into two immense counties—Tryon and Charlotte—the former named after the colonial governor of the time, William Tryon; the latter after the eldest daughter of George III. They are shown in green and yellow on the map, but red would have been a more fitting color, for their short-lived history of twelve years was writ in blood.

Previous to 1772 the northern part of the State was included in Albany County, but in the spring of that year the colonial government divided the upper part into two new counties.

The easterly line of Tryon County began on the Canadian border at the Indian village of St. Regis, and ran south through Upper Saranac Lake and along the present westerly bounds of Essex, Warren, and Saratoga counties, striking the Mohawk ten miles west of Schenectady. Thence the line ran southwesterly around the present Schenectady County, through the center of Schoharie County to the Mohawk branch of the Delaware River; thence along that stream to the northeast corner of Pennsylvania. From there the line turned north along the west boundary of Delaware County, passing through Chenango and Madison counties into Oneida to a point west of Fort Stanwix, the present Rome; thence, in a general westerly direction, to and along the north shore of Oneida Lake, then following the Onondaga River to Oswego. From there the shores of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River carried the boundary line to the point of beginning, thus giving this enormous county an area equal to half of the present State. The territory north of Pennsylvania and south of Oneida Lake is not included in the county on Sauthier's map, but is marked "The Country of the Six Nations."

Charlotte County included all that part of the State east of Tryon County and north of the present counties of Saratoga and Rensselaer. It included, therefore, part of the present county of Franklin and all of the present counties of Washington, Warren, Essex, and Clinton. It also included the old New Hampshire Grants, now part of the State of Vermont.

These two now almost mythical counties once held, equally divided between them, the entire territory of the Adirondacks, and for this reason a brief summary of their history has passing interest and pertinency.

Tryon County was the larger and soon became by far the more conspicuous of the two in the stirring events that quickly followed their creation. At the county-seat, Johnstown, lived the famous Sir William Johnson, Bart., his Britannic Majesty's Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, Colonel of the Six Nations, a major-general in the British service, and, by his second marriage, husband of Mollie Brant, dusky sister of the noted Mohawk border chief Joseph Brant.

Sir William, born in Ireland in 1714, had come over as a poor young man, in 1734, to manage an estate in the Mohawk Valley owned by his uncle, Sir Peter Warren. He soon began trading in furs with the Indians, and started a store where the neighboring settlers found it convenient to buy. All his enterprises prospered, and gradually wealth, honor, and fame came his way. He rose high in the esteem of his sovereign and in the affairs of state, and his remarkable, almost hypnotic, influence over the Indians gave him a dominance in their control and affection which no white man before or after him ever achieved. He died in 1774, two years after the erection of Tryon County, in the full flush of power and success. Soon after, the Revolution broke out, driving his family and retainers across the Canadian border, and sowing the whirlwind amid his vast estates.

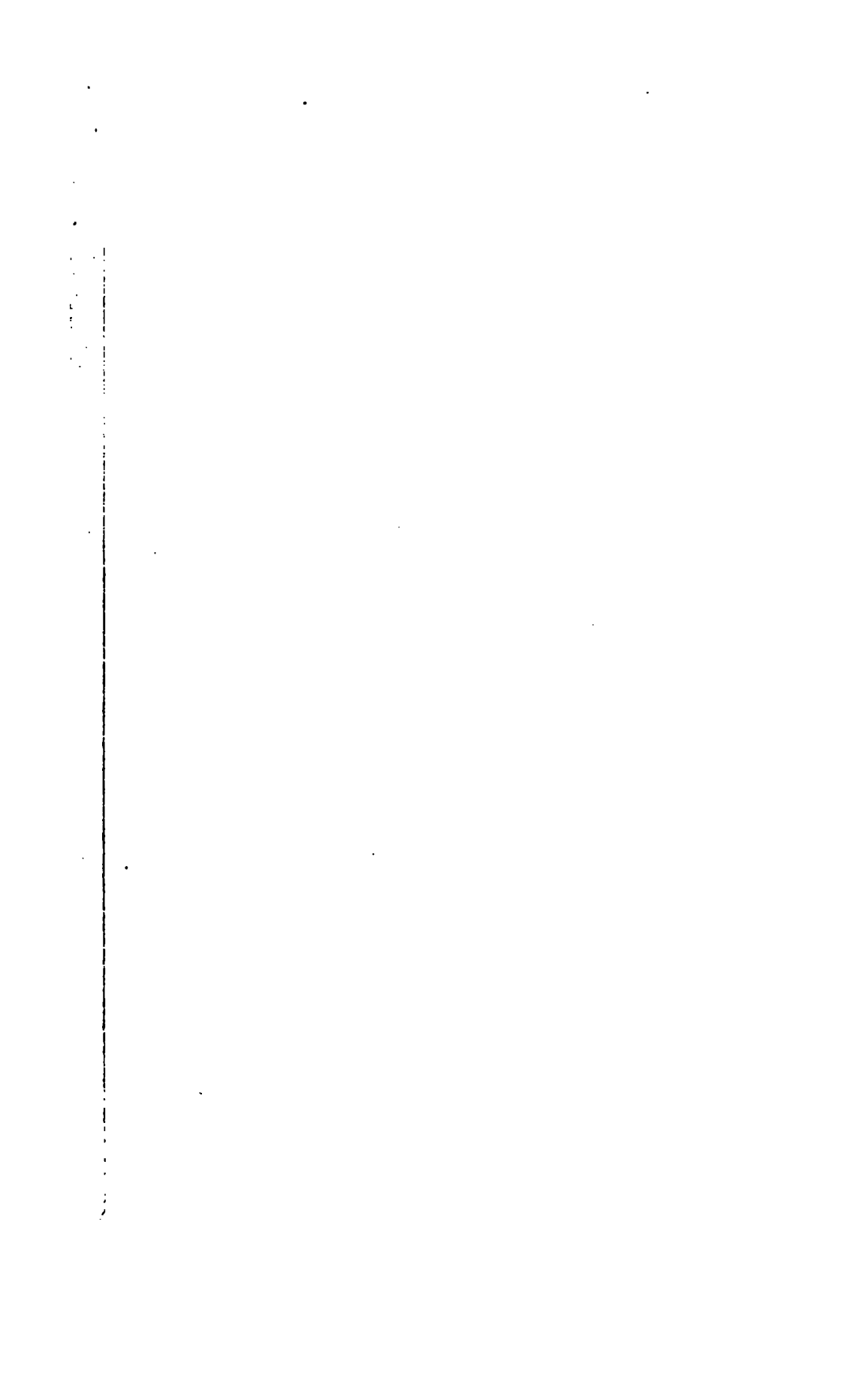
Among the neighbors and friends of Sir William were many Dutch immigrants who had settled in the then wilderness of the Mohawk Valley. Along with these, to the north, were the Palatines, who had a flourishing settlement at German Flats, now Herkimer. They had moved there, some fifty years before, from their original homes in Livingston Manor. Such

was the foreign element in the county at the time of the Revolution, but the preponderant one was aboriginal.

From Johnstown in the south to Niagara in the north stretched the Long Houses of the Six Nations. This league had always been the firm friend of the English, and in the war about to come they did not change their allegiance. The horrible details of those seven years of internecine warfare do not come within the province of this history, for the Adirondacks played no part in them. Those who seek the particulars will find them in Campbell's "Annals of Tryon County." It is the record of a holocaust.

There were ten thousand whites and two thousand Indian warriors within the borders of the county at the beginning of the war, but these latter were routed and scattered long before it ended. One third of the white inhabitants espoused the royal cause and fled to Canada; one third were driven from their homes or killed in battle; and of the remaining third three hundred were widows and two thousand were orphaned children. So ends the story of Tryon and Charlotte counties, for the record of the former applies in lesser degree to the latter. Soon after the close of hostilities their names were changed, and the two largest counties that ever existed passed from the memory and the speech of men into the musty oblivion of ancient archives. No two names of those that once loomed large in the history of the State are so little known and so seldom heard to-day. The most recent encyclopedias do not record them, and they are mentioned only incidentally in Spafford's Gazetteer of 1813, a noted geographical compilation of the time.

In 1784 the name of Tryon County was changed to Montgomery, in honor of the popular general who fell at the attack on Quebec during the Revolution. At the same time Charlotte County was renamed Washington. By the Organization Act of 1788 this part of the State was divided into fourteen counties. Montgomery included what are now Fulton and Hamilton counties. Fulton was taken from the northern part of Montgomery in 1838. Hamilton County was provisionally erected in 1816, but was not organized till many years later, 1838. With Hamilton County, the last one to be organized



and the only one lying entirely within the "blue line," we complete the list of those that come within the radius of this history—Franklin, Essex, Warren, Hamilton, Herkimer, and St. Lawrence—all offspring of the short-lived, unhappy parents whose tragedy, because of our interest in their children, we have briefly outlined.

Part of the old boundary line between Tryon and Charlotte counties was rediscovered by Verplanck Colvin in the course of a survey made for the State in 1895, and reported to the Legislature in 1896.

CHAPTER V

WILLIAM GILLILAND

THIS name and the romantic pioneer story connected with it are closely associated with the events in Charlotte County. William Gilliland settled on the Bouquet River before the county was erected, and died within its borders after its name had been changed, so that the tragic events of his life are conspicuous among those of the county.

Strictly speaking, his story does not belong to the Adirondacks, but it touches them so closely as to demand at least brief notice here. In his journal occurs the most probable derivation of "Saranac" and the first record of a visit to the Ausable Chasm, and Elizabethtown was named after his wife. The two last-named places are not within the "blue line," but Elizabethtown was for many years a favorite gateway to the mountains, and so became intimately associated with them in most minds.

A life of Gilliland, including copious extracts from his journal, was published in 1863 by Winslow C. Watson, the historian, under the title of "Pioneer History of the Champlain Valley." From this we learn that he was born in Ireland about 1734, and appears to have been banished from his native country for having aspired to the hand of a young lady far above him in station and wealth. He came to this country; but just when, it is impossible to say. The only record of this period is found in his discharge at Philadelphia, in 1758, from the 35th Regiment of the line, after a service of four years. He next turns up in New York, making a hand-to-hand fight for existence. But he has the qualities that win—charm of manner, breadth of view, alertness of mind, and strength of character. He is soon the partner of a wealthy merchant named Phagan, and, in 1759, marries the charming daughter, who brings him a dowry of fifteen hundred pounds.

But he is not content with all this. He has large dreams. His ambition runs to the founding of a baronial estate, such as he has seen in his native land, and saw again in the southern manors of New York. He buys land on Lake Champlain—3,500 acres at first, many more later on—between the Bouquet River and Split Rock. He himself describes the region as being then “a howling wilderness, more than one hundred miles removed from any Christian settlement, except the military posts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.”

His plan of settlement was to hold the land in fee and lease to tenants at a small annual rent. He induced many “enlightened mechanics and enterprising laborers” to join in the venture, and an expedition, fully equipped, left New York for the new colony on May 10, 1765.

For several years things prospered, and his feudal dream seemed likely to come true. But when the War of the Revolution broke out he found himself and his estates caught between devastating armies and ruthless Indians. The result was ruin, and he was obliged to flee to New York for safety. After seven years he returned to find his tenantry scattered and his large possessions laid waste. He made a fruitless attempt to retrieve his shattered fortunes. He petitioned Congress for some measure of redress; but Congress had more sympathy than money to offer him. He was imprisoned for debt in 1786, and not released till 1791.

Upon regaining his freedom he returned once more to the shores of the Bouquet—no longer as the intrepid interpreter of a baronial dream, but as one broken by adversity in both mind and body. He found a home in the family of his son-in-law at Essex. From there he would wander over his former possessions, believing he was still their owner, and planning for their improvement and rehabilitation. There was nothing aggressive in this delusion, however, and his knowledge of the country was so intimate and accurate that he was employed by a land company then operating in the region, to help them in locating lots and making surveys. In this work he often made long journeys, alone and on foot, through the wilderness. On one of these he became lost, or was overcome by exposure, and perished in the woods. His body,

bearing horrible marks of the last lone struggle with hunger, exhaustion, and cold, was found only after a search of several days. Watson says:

Such was the last sad and tragic scene in a singularly variegated drama of a remarkable life. The career of Gilliland was a romance. Its strange vicissitudes not only invoke our sympathy and compassion, but are calculated to impart solemn and salutary admonition. The pioneer of the Champlain Valley thus piteously perished, in what should have been the ripeness of his years, and the plenitude of his powers and usefulness—for his age was scarcely three score. The former lord of a vast domain, the generous patron and tender father, the dispenser of munificent hospitalities, the associate and counselor of vice royalty, died far away from human care, of cold and famine, with no voice of love to soothe his sufferings, and no kind hand to close his dying eyes. A simple stone marks his grave in the cemetery of the village of Essex, bearing this scroll:

Sacred to the Memory of
WILLIAM GILLILAND, ESQ.,
who departed this life the 2nd Feb. 1796,
aged 62 years.
Erected by W. and H. Ross.

Such is a very brief outline of the career of the remarkable man who gave his own name to Willsboro, his wife's to Elizabethtown, and scattered those of his children throughout the region.

In October, 1765, he set out to explore his possessions north of the Bouquet River, and advanced up the Ausable to the natural wonder offered in its curiously walled banks. His journal records an exact description of the trip, giving the progressive distances in chains and the angles in degrees, and furnishing us with the first known record of a visit to the now world-famous Ausable Chasm. The last part of the record reads as follows:

Then from south-east to south-west about 120 chains to the falls, which we judge to be about 12 feet; in this place the river formed into a most curious canal; this is a prodigious rock. It is a most admirable sight, appearing on each side like a regularly built wall, somewhat ruined, and one would think that this prodigious cleft was occasioned by an earthquake.

CHAPTER VI

INDIAN OCCUPATION

THE consensus of authoritative opinion seems to be that the Indians never made any part of what is now the Adirondack Park their permanent home.

J. N. B. Hewitt, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and an authority on the Indian tribes of New York State, wrote as follows in reply to an inquiry on the subject: "So far as I am aware the wilderness and the mountainous region now commonly called the Adirondacks was never occupied by any Indian tribe or tribes during the historical period, if ever before."

Beauchamp, referring to Indian occupation of northern New York and the country around Plattsburg, says: "There were no towns in this region."

David Cusick, the Indian historian of the Six Nations, speaking of the Adirondack wilderness, says: "This country was never inhabited by any kind of people in the winter season."

But if the Indians never made permanent settlements in the Adirondacks, there is some evidence that they made temporary ones and visited many parts of the wilderness in their hunting and warring expeditions. Relics both of war and of peace have been found in some abundance in various localities.

Mr. James M. Wardner,¹ the pioneer who built Rainbow

¹ Mr. Wardner came to the mountains on account of his health in 1849, and after wandering around for a time, settled on the shores of Rainbow Lake—so called from its shape. Here, in 1855, he bought land and built himself a rough shanty. In this he lived alone, supporting himself by hunting and trapping. In 1858 he married, and then built a larger and more comfortable home. This gradually developed into the Rainbow Inn, which for thirty years was a choice and favorite resort for sportsmen. It burned in 1873, but was immediately replaced by a larger structure.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Wardner were expert taxidermists and they had a wonderful collection of mounted birds and animals, comprising a specimen of every

Inn, had a most extensive and valuable collection of Adirondack Indian relics. He had gathered specimens for years around his place and on his many hunting and trapping expeditions. At the close of the Civil War he was induced to send the collection to Albany, where it was placed on exhibition in one of the State buildings. An admission fee was charged and the proceeds were to be given to a fund then being raised for the returning soldiers. At the close of the exhibition, however, those who had the handling of the collection sold it in broken lots, and decamped with the money. Thus what would have been most valuable and informing for the purposes of this chapter was scattered and lost forever.¹

Mr. Jesse Corey, the original proprietor of Rustic Lodge on the Indian Carry, also had a small collection of Indian relics, but appears to have given it away little by little to passing visitors. This Indian Carry, which runs from the lower end of Upper Saranac Lake to the Stony Creek, or Spec-

known species in the Adirondacks. This collection, like the one of Indian relics, was scattered and lost.

James M. Wardner was born in Chesterfield, N. Y., in 1831. He taught school as a young man, and continued to do so after settling in the mountains. He was as much interested in education as in hunting and trapping—which is saying a good deal. For several years he was a school commissioner of Franklin County. He died in 1904.

In 1910 his property, heavily mortgaged at his death, was bought by the Independent Order of Foresters, and the buildings were turned into a sanatorium for its members.

The Wardner family has been rather strangely immortalized by a picture of them that appeared in the 1896 edition of Wallace's *Descriptive Guide to the Adirondacks*, p. 235. The four members of the family are shown in a group, under which runs the legend: "Salutary Effect of Adirondack Air in the Wardner Family," followed by the weight of each member:

Mr. James M. Wardner.....	220 lbs.
Mrs. James M. Wardner.....	218 "
Mr. Charlie Wardner (son).....	276 "
Miss Kittie Wardner (daughter)....	216 "

Total family weight..... 930 lbs.

¹ I have been told by a member of Mr. Wardner's family that, during the exhibition and in connection with it, he wrote a series of explanatory articles for the *Troy Times*. Inquiry at the *Times* office, however, and a search of the files of that paper in the Troy Library have both failed to discover the articles or to reveal any clue to them. If they could be located they would have an interest secondary only to the collection itself.

tacle, Ponds, connecting with the Raquette River, undoubtedly owes its name to the fact that the Indians once had a summer village at the lake end of the carry.

A few years ago this ancient of carries was theoretically closed to the public through legal proceedings and the opening of a substitute road by way of Bartlett's. As a matter of fact, however, the original Indian Carry is still used by the comparatively few travelers that pass that way, and no objection is made to their use of it. Its desuetude is due mainly to the tearing down of the famous Rustic Lodge which stood for many years at the lake end of the carry.

In 1897 Messrs. E. P. and S. A. Swenson, of New York, purchased the property including the Indian Carry and Rustic Lodge. They continued to rent the lodge to Charles H. Wardner (who had rented it from Corey), and left the carry open to the public. In 1913, however, they decided to restrict it, nominally at least, to their own private use and to tear down the old lodge buildings. The boat-house, the laundry, the popular little "grocery" at the landing, as well as the venerable lodge itself, are now but a memory of the bygone days, and a golf-course is the modern attraction that brings visitors to the spot to-day.

So ended the long career of one of the most modest but best-loved resorts in the mountains. Rustic Lodge was a most unpretentious-looking place, built long and low of squared logs chinked with plaster, in the most primitive style. But there was no spot more dear to the heart of its patrons, and none that radiated a finer spirit of good cheer and woodsy brotherhood.

It was built by Jesse Corey in 1850. He was the pioneer settler on Upper Saranac Lake, having built his first home on the Sweeney Carry about 1830. After living there a while he sold out and went West, but only to return a few years later and settle on the Indian Carry. There he lived and prospered till 1894, when he leased his lodge and retired to Axton, where he died on May 28, 1896.

The lessee was Charles H. Wardner (a relation of James M. Wardner), who ran the lodge with notable success, making it more popular than it was before. He continued to lease from

the Swensons after they had bought from the Corey estate. In 1911, being forewarned of impending changes, Mr. Wardner gave up his lease and bought the Rice Hotel property on Lake Clear.

Alfred B. Street the author, for over thirty years State Librarian, published two of the early books on the Adirondacks. He was not only a lover of the mountains but a student of their lore. In his "Woods and Waters" (1860) he writes as follows:

About a hundred years ago, a large tribe of the Saranac Indians inhabited the forests through which runs the Indian Carrying-Place; an old path, named by them the Eaglenest Trail of the Saranacs. The site of the clearing held their village and Council-Place. They claimed as their exclusive hunting-grounds, not only the Eaglenest Forests, but those of the Wampum Waters (the Stony Creek Ponds), the Stream of the Snake (Stony Creek), and the Sounding River (the Raquette), from the Lake of the Blue Mountain to Wild Mountain at the Leap of the Foaming Panther (Piercefield Falls).

Some books refer to traces of an Indian burying-ground on the carry, but I find among the oldest guides no support for the belief that one existed there. Mr. Chas. H. Wardner, who succeeded the Coreys at Rustic Lodge and ran it for seventeen years, writes me as follows in reply to certain inquiries:

I have always understood that there was an Indian village on the carry, and that is what gave it the name of Indian Carry. Mr. Corey did have some Indian relics. I myself found several arrowheads and a knife, which, I have been told, the Indians used to skin deer with. I still have the knife, but the arrowheads I gave to different people who took a fancy to them. One was as perfect as anything I ever saw. It was a reddish colored flint. I gave that one to a collector who came to the Lodge once looking for relics. He told me it was the finest one he had ever seen.

I never saw anything that looked like a burying ground, but there is n't the least doubt in the world that the Indians had a village there. Some years ago two old Indians came to the Lodge from Canada and stayed with me two or three days. They said they were looking for lead, and that *the Indians who used to live there* knew where there was lead. But they could not find it, although they spent all the time in the woods; and they never came back again.

The reference in this letter to a possible lead mine gains interest and probability from a story Mr. James M. Wardner used to tell of an old Indian who came to his place, Rainbow Inn, in the early days, and who would offer quantities of lead ore as a medium of exchange. If he failed to have enough to complete the bargain in hand, he would disappear for a while and return with a new supply. Mr. Wardner naturally tried to discover the location of the mine, but the old Indian guarded his secret with the greatest care and cunning. Nothing could be wormed out of him, nor was he ever successfully followed.

One day two prospectors, who were stopping at the inn and had heard the story of the Indian and his mysterious mine, resolved to find out where it was. They waited for him to put in an appearance, and when they had reason to believe he was going after lead, they were prepared to follow him. They had conceived the clever idea of filling their pockets with white beans and dropping them as they went along. After tramping for about an hour through dense woods at a pace that the white men found decidedly rapid and exhausting, the Indian, who had not appeared conscious of their pursuit before, turned on them suddenly and announced that he would shoot any one who attempted to trail him farther. The prospectors were quite ready to desist. They felt sure, moreover, that they must be pretty near the mine, and knew that they could retrace their steps that far at any time. As they started to turn back, however, they were surprised to find that the old Indian's squaw had been trailing *them*! She silently handed them all the beans they had dropped, and offered to conduct them back to the inn—which turned out to be very near in a direct line. The location of the lead mine was never discovered.

Confirmation of its probable existence, however, occurs in the following story from Frederick J. Seaver's "Historical Sketches of Franklin County" (J. B. Lyon Co., Albany, 1918). The author tells how, before the Civil War, a Major Man used to hunt and fish at Mountain View Lake, which lies south of Malone. The major employed an Indian guide, known as "Old Aleck," who, when the need arose, would disappear from

camp for half a day and return with a quantity of pure galena, which he would reduce and cast into bullets. Aleck claimed that his source of supply was a lead mine, known to himself and a few Indians who were under the most sacred vows never to reveal its whereabouts to a white man. Besides this story from Major Man, several old settlers told Mr. Seaver that the same Indian used to come to their homes from time to time and offer native lead for sale.

All this, it will be seen, corresponds closely to what Mr. Wardner related. If the mysterious mine was north of Rainbow Lake and south of Mountain View, somewhere about halfway between them, it might easily be reached from either place in a few hours by a swift-footed Indian, for the total distance between the two lakes was not more than fifteen miles. This general location, moreover, would agree with the Indian's repeated statement that the mine was "in the mountains."

I cannot identify Old Aleck with the Indian that Mr. Wardner told about, for the latter had died long before I heard of the former. But their identification is not of importance, whereas there is value in having two separate Indians attest the existence of this hidden treasure.

In view of the foregoing it seems highly probable that the two old Indians who went to Rustic Lodge in recent years were looking for this same mine. The fact that they had heard about it and had undertaken a long journey in the hopes of finding it, seems strong corroborative proof of its existence even though they failed to discover its location. Our main interest in their visit, however, centers in their assured reference to the *Indians who used to live there*, as being competent confirmation of former Indian occupancy of the lake end of the carry. But even if this and the other evidence be accepted as conclusive of the fact, it must be remembered that the settlement could only have been a summer encampment, or headquarters during the hunting-season, vacated of necessity during the long and severe winter.

North Elba is the only other spot to which tradition assigns the claim of an Indian settlement in the Adirondacks. The hamlet of North Elba is in the Town of North Elba in Essex County. The lesser community is localized around the farm

and burial place of John Brown, the abolitionist; and here, or near here, tradition says that there was an Indian village prior to the year 1760, when, in the absence of the warriors, it was destroyed by a captain Robert Rogers and his band of roving soldiers. On their return the Indians pursued Rogers and gave him battle on the banks of the Bouquet River.

Referring to this, Sylvester says: "Before and during the colonial period it [the mountain hamlet of North Elba] was the summer home of the Adirondack hunting bands. In all the old maps an Indian village is located near the spot."

This statement I have been unable to verify. A thorough search among the maps in the New York State Library fails to reveal one that shows an Indian village near the site of North Elba—or anywhere else in the Adirondack region, for that matter. It is true that a few of the maps of this period were destroyed in the fire of 1911, but enough are left to confirm the assertion if the generalization were accurate. Furthermore, there is a life of Captain Rogers by Caleb Stark, with an account of his services in America during the Seven Years' War, but no mention of the destruction of an Indian village occurs in the rather minute record of his exploits. In short, there is no documentary evidence in support of this tradition.

Winslow C. Watson, in his authoritative "History of Essex County," refers to it in a note only. He says: "The vestiges of Indian occupation in North Elba, and the territory around the interior lakes which remain, leave no doubt that at some former period they [the Indians] congregated there in great numbers." He then refers to the Rogers episode as "an obscure tradition," and concludes by saying: "Relics of both European and savage weapons of war found on the scene of the supposed conflict (near the Boquet River) seem to corroborate the legend, or at least indicate the probability of an engagement between Europeans and Indians having occurred at that place."

H. P. Smith, a later historian of Essex County (1885), has evidently discovered nothing new on the subject, and contents himself with quoting Watson, as above. Even Wm. M. Beauchamp, the authority on Indian matters, has no original con-

tribution to offer on this point. In his "Aboriginal Occupation of New York," a bulletin of the State Museum, published in 1900, under North Elba he merely quotes Watson again. He prefaces the quotation, however, by saying: "There are no important sites in this county, but many traces of early and late passage. On early maps the New York wilderness is called the hunting ground of the Five Nations, and it was their tradition that it had never been otherwise used."

In his concluding paragraph on North Elba, Sylvester says: "There was also another Indian village not far away, near the Indian Carry between the waters of the Saranac and the Raquette. The remains of the last-named village, with its burying ground, may still be traced."

This was in 1877, and it would seem that Mr. Sylvester was misled into quoting an unverified report, for, as I have said, old guides who lived on the carry long before that time, assure me that they never saw any traces of an Indian burying-ground there.

On the other hand, they tell me of a row of tall pines that stood on or near the carry many years ago. These trees showed strange knotty protuberances in their trunks at a height of seven or eight feet from the ground. Many people noticed them, but no one could explain them, until some passing Indians, who claimed to be descendants of earlier dwellers on the spot, gave a solution of the mystery. They said that when these tall pines were saplings, the young warriors of the tribe would show their strength by twisting and tying the slim trees into knots, which were never untied, and so caused the weird bunches on the matured trunks.

All the evidence tends to show, I think, that there was once a temporary Indian settlement on the Indian Carry; but there is none to prove that there was one anywhere else. In conclusion it should be mentioned that the historians Watson and Smith, as well as other writers, contend that many of the relics found in the Adirondacks indicate the presence of a people antedating the Indians, and possessing a skill in the rude arts far ahead of theirs.¹

¹ Some facts of interest bearing on this theory will be found in the latter part of Chap. XXXVII, "Alvah Dunning."

CHAPTER VII

INDIAN LEGENDS

I KNOW of but five legends, at all worthy the name, that are referable to the Indians in the Adirondacks. In C. M. Skinner's "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land" they are grouped together, and I transcribe that gentleman's version of them. Mr. Skinner spent a lifetime in making his very complete collection, and yet he discovered apparently but these five Adirondack legends. It is interesting to note that they all came to him as localized around the Indian Carry, or making mention of the Saranac lakes. They give, therefore, such slight corroboration as legends can give to the theory of a red man's settlement in that locality. Some of them contain as mere background, certain incidents which other writers have elaborated into separate legends, but which hardly seem worthy of that distinction.

OLD INDIAN FACE

On Lower Ausable Pond is a large, ruddy rock showing a huge profile, with another, resembling a pappoose, below it. When the Tahawi ruled this region their sachem lived here at "the Dark Cup," as they called this lake, a man renowned for virtue and remarkable, in his age, for gentleness. When his children had died and his manly grandson, who was the old man's hope, had followed them to the land of the cloud mountains, Adota's heart withered within, and standing beneath this rock, he addressed his people, recounting what he had done for them, how he had swept their enemies from the Lakes of the Clustered Stars [the Lower Saranac] and Silver Sky [Upper Saranac] to the Lake of Wandah, gaining a land where they might hunt and fish in peace. The little one, the Star, had been ravished away to crown the brow of the thunder god, who, even now, was advancing across the peaks, bending the woods and lighting the valleys with his jagged torches.

Life was nothing to him longer; he resigned it. As he spoke these words he fell back, and the breath passed out of him. Then came the thunder god, and with an appalling burst of fire sent the people cow-

ering. The roar that followed seemed to shake the earth, but the medicine-man of the tribe stood still, listening to the speech of the god in the clouds. "Tribe of the Tahawi," he translated, "Adota treads the star-path to the happy hunting-grounds, and the sun is shining on his heart. He will never walk among you again, but the god loves both him and you, and he will set his face on the mountains. Look!" And, raising their eyes, they beheld the likeness of Adota and of his beloved child, the Star, graven by lightning-stroke on the cliff. There they buried the body of Adota and held their solemn festivals until the white men drove them out of the country.

THE DIVISION OF THE SARANACS

In the middle of the last century a large body of Saranac Indians occupied the forests of the Upper Saranac through which ran the Indian carrying-place, called by them the Eagle Nest Trail. Whenever they raided the Tahawi on the slopes of Mount Tahawus (Sky-splitter), there was a pleasing rivalry between two young athletes, called the Wolf and the Eagle, as to which would carry off the more scalps, and the tribe was divided in admiration of them. There was one who did not share this liking: an old sachem, one of the wizards who had escaped when the Great Spirit locked these workers of evil in the hollow trees that stood beside the trail. In their struggles to escape, the less fortunate ones thrust their arms through the closing bark, and they are seen there, as withered trunks and branches, to this day. Oquarah had not been softened by this exhibition of danger nor the qualification of mercy that allowed him still to exist. Rather he was more bitter when he saw, as he fancied, that the tribe thought more of the daring and powerful warriors than it did of the bent and malignant-minded counsellor.

It was in the moon of green leaves that the two young men set off to hunt the moose, and on the next day the Wolf returned alone. He explained that in the hunt they had been separated; he had called for hours for his friend, and had searched so long that he concluded he must have returned ahead of him. But he was not at the camp. Up rose the sachem with visage dark. "I hear a forked tongue," he cried. "The Wolf was jealous of the Eagle and his teeth have cut into his heart."

"The Wolf cannot lie," answered the young man.

"Where is the Eagle?" angrily shouted the sachem, clutching his hatchet.

"The Wolf has said," replied the other.

The old sachem advanced upon him, but as he raised his axe to

strike, the wife of the Wolf threw herself before her husband, and the steel sank into her brain. The sachem fell an instant later with the Wolf's knife in his heart, and instantly the camp was in turmoil. Before the day had passed it had been broken up, and the people were divided into factions, for it was no longer possible to hold it together in peace. The Wolf, with half of the people, went down the Sounding River to new hunting grounds, and the earth that separated the families was reddened whenever one side met the other.

Years had passed when, one morning, the upper tribe saw a canoe advancing across the Lake of the Silver Sky. An old man stepped from it: he was the Eagle. After the Wolf had left him he had fallen into a cleft in a rock, and had lain helpless until found by hunters who were on their way to Canada. He had joined the British against the French, had married a northern squaw, but had returned to die among the people of his early love. Deep was his sorrow that his friend should have been accused of doing him an injury, and that the once happy tribe should have been divided by that allegation. The warriors and sachems of both branches were summoned to a council, and in his presence they swore a peace, so that in the fulness of time he was able to die content. That peace was always kept.

AN EVENT IN INDIAN PARK

It was during the years when the Saranacs were divided that Howling Wind, one of the young men of Indian Carry, saw and fell in love with a girl of the family on Tupper Lake. He quickly found a way to tell his liking, and the couple met often in the woods and on the shore. He made bold to row her around the quieter bays, and one moonlight evening he took her to Devil's Rock, or Devil's Pulpit, where he told her the story of the place. This was to the effect that the fiend had paddled, on timbers, by means of his tail, to that rock, and had assembled fish and game about him in large numbers by telling them that he was going to preach to them, instead of which moral procedure he pounced upon and ate all that were within his grasp.

As so often happened in Indian history, the return of these lovers was seen by a disappointed rival, who had hurried back to camp and secured the aid of half a dozen men to arrest the favored one as soon as he should land. The capture was made after a struggle, and Howling Wind was dragged to the chief's tent for sentence. That sentence was death, and with a refinement of cruelty that was rare even among the Indians, the girl was ordered to execute it. She begged and wept to no avail. An axe was put into her hands, and she was ordered to

despatch the prisoner. She took the weapon; her face grew stern and the tears dried on her cheeks; her lover, bound to a tree, gazed at her in amazement; his rival watched, almost in glee. Slowly the girl crossed the open space to her lover. She raised the tomahawk and at a blow severed the thongs that held him, then, like a flash, she leaped upon his rival, who had sprung forward to interfere, and clove his skull with a single stroke. The lovers fled as only those can fly who run for life. Happily for them, they met a party from the Carry coming to rescue Howling Wind from the danger to which his courtship had exposed him, and it was even said that this party entered the village and by presenting knives and arrows at the breast of the chief obtained his now superfluous consent to the union of the fugitives. The pair reached the Carry in safety and lived a long and happy life together.

THE INDIAN PLUME

Brightest flower that grows beside the brooks is the scarlet blossom of the Indian plume: the blood of Lenawee. Hundreds of years ago she lived happily among her brother and sister Saranacs beside Stony Creek, the Stream of the Snake, and was soon to marry the comely youth who, for the speed of his foot, was called the Arrow. But one summer the Quick Death came on the people, and as the viewless devil stalked through the village young and old fell before him. The Arrow was the first to die. In vain the Prophet smoked the Great Calumet: its smoke ascending took no shape that he could read. In vain was the white dog killed to take aloft the people's sins. But at last the Great Spirit himself came down to the mountain called the Storm Darer, splendid in lightning, awful in his thunder voice and robe of cloud. "My wrath is against you for your sins," he cried, "and naught but human blood will appease it."

In the morning the Prophet told his message, and all sat silent for a time. Then Lenawee entered the circle. "Lenawee is a blighted flower," she sobbed. "Let her blood flow for her people." And catching a knife from the Prophet's belt, she ran with it to the stream on which she and the Arrow had so often floated in their canoe. In another moment her blood had bedewed the earth. "Lay me with the Arrow," she murmured, and, smiling in their sad faces, breathed her last. The demon of the quick death shrank from the spot, and the Great Spirit smiled once more on the tribe that could produce such heroism. Lenawee's body was placed beside her lover's, and next morning, where her blood had spilt, the ground was pure, and on it grew in slender spires a new flower,—the Indian plume: the transformed blood of sacrifice. The people loved that flower in all years

after. They decked their hair and dresses with it and made a feast in its honor. When parents taught their children the beauty of unselfishness they used as its emblem a stalk of Indian plume.

BIRTH OF THE WATER-LILY

Back from his war against the Tahawi comes the Sun, chief of the Lower Saranacs,—back to the Lake of the Silver Sky. Tall and invincible he comes among his people, boasting of his victories, Indian fashion, and stirring the scalps that hang at his breast. “The Eagle screams,” he cries. “He greets the chief, the Blazing Sun. Wayotah has made the Tahawi tremble. They fly from him. Hooh, hooh! He is the chief.” Standing apart with wistful glance stands Oseetah, the Bird. She loves the strong young chief, but she knows that another has his promise, and she dares not hope; yet the chief loves her, and when the feasting is over he follows her footprints to the shore, where he sees her canoe turning the point of an island. He silently pursues and comes upon her as she sits weaving and moaning. He tries to embrace her, but she draws apart. He asks her to sing to him; she bids him begone.

He takes a more imperious tone and orders her to listen to her chief. She moves away. He darts toward her. Turning on him a face of sorrow, she runs to the edge of a steep rock and waves him back. He hastens after. Then she springs and disappears in the deep water. The Sun plunges after her and swims with mad strength here and there. He calls. There is no answer. Slowly he returns to the village and tells the people what has happened. The Bird’s parents are stricken and the Sun moans in his sleep. At noon a hunter comes in with strange tidings: flowers are growing on the water! The people go to their canoes and row to the Island of Elms. There, in a cove, the still water is enamelled with flowers, some as white as snow, filling the air with perfume, others strong and yellow, like the lake at sunset.

“Explain to us,” they cry, turning to the old Medicine Man of the tribe, “for this was not so yesterday.” “It is our daughter,” he answered. “These flowers are the form she takes. The white is her purity, the yellow her love. You shall see that her heart will close when the sun sets, and will reopen at his coming.” And the young chief went apart and bowed his head.

CHAPTER VIII

ADIRONDACK NAMES

THE following list does not aim at completeness. It is merely a grouping of such familiar names as offer some point of special historical interest. Of these there are not many, as most Adirondack names are either plaintively prosaic or objectionably obvious. The Round Ponds, Crow Ponds, Mud Ponds, and their like, are legion.

Many of the higher mountains bear the names of once prominent men or of suggestive physical peculiarities. The baptism of lakes has followed the same fashion, but occasionally they perpetuate the memory of some first lone dweller on their shores, and thus offer material of interest. Where such stories are worth the telling they will be found in the localities to which the lakes belong.

As the woods became dotted with permanent camps and private preserves there developed a laudable tendency to rechristen pretty lakes with musical Indian names, and so we find many of these in use to-day. But in nearly every case they are recent and haphazard applications, based on the allurements of sound or the poetry of guide-book etymology. They are seldom the names which the Indians used for the same places. These original names have been preserved for us only by the research of scholars, and will be found in William M. Beauchamp's "Aboriginal Place Names of New York," published in 1907, as Bulletin 108 of the New York State Museum.

Ad-i-ron'dacks. The word means "tree-eaters," and was used by the Iroquois as an epithet of contempt and derision for their hereditary enemies, the Algonquins. Sylvester says:

The Montagnais, those wild rovers of the country of the Saguenay, who subsisted entirely by the chase, were often, during the long Cana-

dian winters when their game grew scarce, driven by hunger to live for many weeks together upon the buds and bark, and sometimes even upon the wood, of forest trees. This led their hereditary enemies, the more favored Mohawks, to call them, in mockery of their condition, *Adi-ron-daks* or *tree-eaters*.

I quote from the "Jesuit Relations":

On trouve aussi *Adirondacks*, c'est-à-dire *mangeurs d'arbres*. Ce nom leur a été donné par les Iroquois pour se moquer de leur jeûne à la chasse. Il a été transformé plus tard en celui d'Algonquins.

I also quote from a paper by Professor J. Dyneley Prince, entitled: "Some Forgotten Indian Place-Names in the Adirondacks," published in the "Journal of American Folk-lore" for 1900, pp. 123-128:

The mountainous district known as the Adirondacks takes its name from a well-known Mohawk word, *ratirontaks*, "they eat trees" or "those who eat trees" (masc. plur.). This term is in regular use at the present day among the Mohawks at Caughnawauga, P. Q., and elsewhere, to denote the so-called Algonquin tribe who formerly had their headquarters at Oka (Lac des Deux Montagnes), not far from Montreal, but who are now, with the exception of a few families still resident at Oka, scattered throughout the whole of eastern Canada. These Algonquins, who are really a branch of the Ojibwe-Ottawa division of the Algie family, were wont in former days to hunt extensively in the Adirondack region, which was accordingly named after them by the Mohawk-Iroquois, who also ranged through the same territory.

The term *Ratirontaks*, "tree" or "wood eaters," as applied to this sept, simply indicates that the Algonquins, like the rest of their eastern Algie congeners, were essentially forest Indians, in contra-distinction to the Iroquois, who called themselves *Ratinonsionni*, "those who build cabins." There can be no doubt that *Ratirontaks* was originally a term of opprobrium in the mouth of the Iroquois, whose whole history shows an unceasing warfare with the Algie clans. A curious but probably incorrect tradition still exists among the Mohawks of the St. Regis Falls Reserve, that the Algonquins were called "tree eaters," owing to their habit of clearing streams for their canoes by cutting trees and logs which had fallen across the water-ways. This is of course not a distinctively Algonquin trait.

The Indians, as we have seen, designated the wilderness as "Couchsachrage," and the name "Adirondacks," although it

perpetuates the memory of an important branch of the Algonquin family, was first given to the mountains which they claimed as a hunting-ground, by Professor Ebenezer Emmons of Williams College. In the "Report of the Geological Survey of New York," published as Assembly Document No. 200, in February, 1838, Professor Emmons writes as follows, on page 242:

The cluster of mountains in the neighborhood of the Upper Hudson and Ausable rivers, I propose to call the *Adirondack Group*, a name by which a well-known tribe of Indians who once hunted here may be commemorated.

This is the origin and first application of the name that gradually has been extended to include the large area known to-day as the Adirondacks. The Indian tribe has been more widely and lastingly commemorated than Professor Emmons could have dreamed of, and as the author of this accomplishment he himself is entitled to a word of commemoration here. Not only did he conceive a local name which has grown to be generic, but he was the first to ascend Mount Marcy and give it and many lesser peaks the names which they still bear. He was the first to herald authoritatively the scientific wonders, the scenic beauties, and the natural resources of the region.

He was born at Middlefield, Mass., in 1800. He went to Williams College, and was graduated with the class of 1818. Later he became conspicuously identified with the growth and history of that institution. He was a man of remarkable gifts, who applied and developed them with remarkable results to the teaching and systematizing of the natural sciences. For his day he was a good botanist, a good geologist, a good mineralogist, and a good chemist. He also studied medicine, and became a successful practitioner in the village of Chester.

From here, in 1833, he was called to his Alma Mater to take the chair of Natural History, which was the first one created in this country. In 1836 he was appointed geologist-in-chief of the second district of the geological survey of New York. It was in the progress of this work that he came to the moun-

tains of Essex County and established his important connection with them.

It was also at this time that he started the famous "war of the geologists" by becoming convinced himself, and then attempting to convince others, that there was an older system of stratified rocks than the Silurian, which he called the "Taconic." His startling announcement met with the usual fate of such innovations. It aroused not only skepticism but abuse. He weathered the storm, however, and lived to see his theory vindicated and to have it accepted by most of his detractors.

At the close of the geological survey of New York, in 1842, the Legislature appointed Professor Emmons to make an agricultural survey of the State. This occupied four years, and the results were published in two large quarto volumes. Following this came a call from the Legislature of North Carolina, inviting him to undertake a geological survey of that State. He accepted and went South. During his stay there the Civil War broke out and his Northern friends lost track of him. It is said that he made an attempt to return home, but that, being in the pay of a Southern State, he was prevented by gubernatorial interdict. At all events, his last days became shrouded in mystery, and it is known only that he died at Brunswick, N. C., on October 1, 1863.

No life of him, so far as I know, has ever been written, but an intimate and trustworthy sketch of his career appeared in "The Williams Quarterly" for June, 1864, Vol. XI, No. 4. To this article, written apparently by one of his former students, I am indebted for much in the foregoing outline of his various activities.

Al-gon'quin: originally the name of a tribe on the Ottawa River. Colden made it the alternative of Adirondack, and Charlevoix applied it to the Canadian Indians around Montreal and lower down. No satisfactory derivation of the name has ever been offered.

A mountain in Essex County bears the name, which is more widely known as that of one of the most beautifully situated hotels in the Adirondacks. It is in Franklin County, on a

commanding eminence at the easterly end of Lower Saranac Lake. The view from it is of great breadth and beauty, and it has long been one of the most popular summer resorts in the mountains. It was built in 1884, by Jabez D. Alexander, and for several years bore his name. It was purchased in 1890, by Mr. John Harding, who had been connected for many years with Paul Smith's Hotel. Mr. Harding called his new purchase, "The Algonquin," and made for it the reputation which it has long enjoyed. In the spring of 1913 it was leased to a syndicate who converted it into a sanatorium for the Friedmann treatment of tuberculosis.

During the previous winter Dr. Friedmann of Berlin had made copy of all the newspapers by announcing that he had discovered a turtle serum that was highly efficient as a cure for tuberculosis. Around his name and his claim a wordy warfare immediately began to rage. Later the German doctor visited America and sold the bottling rights of his cure to an American syndicate. An outgrowth of this was the leasing of the Algonquin and the advertising of it as "The Lower Saranac Lake Health Resort." The venture proved ill-advised and ephemeral. It closed its doors abruptly, and without honor, on January 21, 1914; and the hotel's brief career as a sanatorium passed into history. It was reopened by Mr. Harding in 1915, and has since been run by various lessees. In 1920 it was bought by William N. Hanes of Winston-Salem, N. C.

Am'persand: the name of a mountain, a lake, a brook, and formerly of a large hotel. The first three are in the southeast corner of Franklin County, near Round Lake.

The name is one of the oldest, most familiar, and most puzzling in the Adirondacks. Two theories of derivation exist. One makes it simply a corruption of "amber sand." Verplanck Colvin favors this one. Discarding the second theory (to be discussed presently) he says: "I attribute the name to the bright, yellow sandy shores and islands, which make it truly *Amber-sand lake*."¹ This, taking everything

¹ "Ascent of Mt. Seward," by Verplanck Colvin, in the 24th Annual Report of the N. Y. Museum of Natural History for the Year 1870.

into consideration, seems the most probable and plausible derivation of the name.

The other theory is far more complex. It presupposes familiarity with the unfamiliar word *ampersand*. This is used to designate the character &, formed by combining the letters of the Latin *et*, and is a corruption of "and per se—and," meaning, "& by itself—and." The application of so unusual a term is said to have arisen from the fact that the brook that bears the name was so crooked as to suggest it. It is scarcely conceivable, however, that such a comparison would occur to any ordinary woodsman, and so it has been attributed to one of the distinguished members of the "Philosophers' Camp," who built a club-house on the shores of the lake. This would seem to lend the theory some plausibility, but unfortunately the recorded facts do not support it. The lake bore its present name in 1857 (and probably much earlier), before any of the group mentioned had ever seen or even heard of it.¹

In "Harper's," for July, 1885, Dr. Henry Van Dyke has a delightful description of a climb up Ampersand Mountain. The article was later incorporated in his book of woodland saunterings, called "Little Rivers." In it he gossips most charmingly about the place and the name, but admits that he does not know who stood sponsor for it. He says:

Which of the three Ampersands has the prior claim to the name I cannot tell. Philosophically speaking, the mountain ought to be regarded as the father of the family, because it was undoubtedly there before the others existed. And the lake was probably the next on the ground, because the stream is its child. But man is not strictly just in his nomenclature; and I conjecture that the little river, the last-born of the three, was the first to be called Ampersand, and then gave its name to its parent and grand-parent. It is such a crooked stream, so bent and curved and twisted upon itself, so fond of turning around unexpected corners and sweeping away in great circles from its direct course, that its first explorers christened it after the eccentric supernumerary of the alphabet.

¹ See Chap. XVI. See also Stillman's *Autobiography of a Journalist*, p. 282, where Mr. Stillman, who chose the site for the others, speaks of it as "then [1857] known as the Ampersand Pond."

But who were the first explorers? If there had been any traditions afloat in the neighborhood touching so interesting a point we may be sure the good doctor would have brought them to the net of his inquiry, as surely—as surely as he lands the biggest fish in all his stories.

The hotel that later appropriated the name was structurally one of the finest in the Adirondacks, and for many years one of the most fashionably popular. It was built in 1888, and stood on the opposite shore from the Algonquin, at the extreme easterly end of Lower Saranac Lake, commanding a distant view of Ampersand Mountain. It was completely destroyed by fire on the night of September 23, 1907, and has never been rebuilt. The season had just closed, and no guests were in the hotel when it burned. Some cottages escaped the fire, however, and are still kept open for some of the old patrons of the hotel. The fire resulted in prolonged litigation with the insurance companies, and a final decision in favor of the hotel company was not reached till April, 1914. The suit involved \$100,000. In 1920 the property, comprising 450 acres, was sold by Mr. Charles M. Eaton, who had owned it for thirty-three years, to Mr. S. D. Matthews, president of the Filmart Laboratories, a moving picture concern.

Ausable: river, ponds, and chasm. The name is derived from two French words now written as one, *au sable*, meaning "of sand" or "sandy." It was probably suggested to the early French explorers by the remarkably sandy delta of the river a few miles north of Port Kent on Lake Champlain. The river has two branches. The West Branch rises in the Indian Pass and flows through Wilmington Notch; the East Branch rises in the twin Ausable Lakes and flows through Keene Valley. Both branches meet at Ausable Forks, just outside the "blue line." Below Keeseville the enlarged river passes through the famous Ausable Chasm, one of the uniquely beautiful natural wonders of the world.

Hon-ne-da'ga: lake. The word means "hilly place." It is a recent application to Jock's Lake, now owned by the Adirondack League Club.

Ki-was'sa: lake. This was formerly Lonesome Pond, a small but lovely sheet of water lying between the Saranac River and the Lower Lake. The new name was supposed to be that of an Indian god of love; but the usual cold water is poured on this poetic conception. Beauchamp says the only meaning is "a new word."

Kush'a-quā: lake. This was formerly Round Pond, lying just north of Rainbow Lake and south of Loon Lake. The name is a white man's recent application, and the guide-books say it means "a beautiful resting-place"; but the prosaic Beauchamp derives the name from *Gaw-she-gweh*, "a spear." For many years a summer hotel stood on the shores of this lake, but the site is now occupied by the Stonywold Sanatorium.

Ne-ha'sa-ne: station, park, and lake. This is the name given by Dr. W. Seward Webb to his vast estate in the northern parts of Herkimer and Hamilton counties. He gave the same name to the railroad station and to one of the larger lakes on his preserve, formerly Albany Lake. Morgan assigns the Indian name to the Beaver River, and defines it as "crossing on a stick of timber"; but another Indian authority, Forbes, says it means simply "that is so (*c'est bien ça*)," and has no connection with the word "beaver."

On-chi-o'ta means "rainbow." It is the name recently given a station on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad at the easterly end of Rainbow Lake.

O-see'tah: lake. The name means "gray willow," and is a name recently given what was formerly Miller's Pond, a widening of the Saranac River just below the State Dam, but due to the raising of the water by the dam in the village of Saranac Lake.

Pi-se'co: lake. This lake lies in the extreme south of Hamilton County and its name is one of the earliest lake names to appear on any map. Spafford, in his *Gazetteer* of 1824, calls it Pezecko Lake, and says it bears the name of a singular

and venerable old Indian who lived alone on its shores, a sort of hermit from the ranks of savage life, for some cause unrevealed to the few who knew him. In Gordon's *Gazetteer* for 1836 the name appears as Pisceo Lake, but no comment is made. In the *Gazetteer* of 1842 the name first appears as Piseco Lake, but again no reference is made to derivation. French says it was named by Joshua Brown, a surveyor, after an Indian chief of his acquaintance. Others have derived the name from *pisco*, "a fish," but Beauchamp is inclined to refer it to a word meaning "miry places."

Raquette: river and lake. The Raquette is, next to the Hudson, the longest river in the State. It really starts at Blue Mountain Lake in the northern part of Hamilton County, although, until it reaches Raquette Lake to the west, it is called the Marion River. From Raquette it flows in a northeasterly course through Forked and Long Lake, then turns northwesterly into Big Tupper Lake, and then zigzags away through St. Lawrence County to the St. Lawrence River.

The lake is one of the most beautiful in the Adirondacks, owing largely to its irregular shape. It is in places almost as broad as it is long, which is about six miles. Its many bays and promontories give it a broken shore line aggregating forty miles. The origin of its name is somewhat uncertain, and several theories of baptism exist.

Raquette is a French word for snow-shoe, and this meaning is undoubtedly linked with the naming of the lake, which one tradition refers to the following well-authenticated historical incident. In May of 1776, Sir John Johnson, son of Sir William, fled from Johnson Castle with a number of followers and retainers. The little band took the old Indian trail from Fish House to the then unnamed Raquette Lake. Passing through it and Long Lake, they went down the Raquette River into the St. Lawrence and so reached Montreal, after nineteen days of intense hardship and suffering.

There was still snow in the woods when the party started through them on their snow-shoes. But on reaching the lake they were overtaken by the spring thaw and had to abandon their *raquettes*. They piled them together in a great heap

on the shore of South Inlet, where traces of them were to be seen years after. Of the discarded snow-shoes there is little doubt; but that they caused the naming of the lake is by no means certain.

The theory recurs in different forms. In "The Hudson," speaking of Raquette Lake, Lossing says:

Around it the Indians, in the ancient days, gathered on snow-shoes, in winter, to hunt the moose, then found there in large droves; and from that circumstance they named it "Raquet," the equivalent in French for snow-shoe in English. This is the account of the origin of its name given by the French Jesuits who first explored that region.

Setting aside all minor objections to this general theory of origin, it assumes that the lake was named before the river. This assumption not only violates the natural and usual course of geographical events but is documentarily contradicted by the evidence of early maps and gazetteers, which indicate and name the Racket River long before they do the lake.

The most authentic and plausible solution of the problem is given by Dr. Hough in his "History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties." He says that the name was suggested by the shape of a morass or wild meadow at the mouth of the river, and was applied to it by a Frenchman named Parisein, in the early days of French occupancy. Later the lake was named after the river.

One other theory of origin, not infrequently advanced, may be given in conclusion as a matter of curiosity. The Indian name for the river was Ta-na-wa-deh, meaning "swift water." This was easily extended to mean "noisy water," and then followed the explanation that the river was called Racket on account of the noise it made. Surely a delightful bit of folk-etymology! Lossing also refers to this derivation, but treats it with scant courtesy.

Sabat'tis. This is the name of an old Indian guide and hunter, whose life story is told in a later chapter. There is also a mountain that bears his name, lying south of Long Lake Village; and a post-office of Sabattis at Long Lake West on the New York Central Railroad.

The name, Professor J. Dyneley Prince tells me, is the common Indian corruption of "Jean Baptiste," as "Jean" appears with an *s* (San) in most of the northern Algonquins.

Sa'ranac: lakes, river, and village. Upper and Lower Saranac lakes lie in the southern part of Franklin County. Out of them flows the Saranac River, emptying into Lake Champlain at Plattsburg.

About a mile east of the Lower Lake lies Saranac Lake Village, and in Clinton County, some forty miles to the northeast, on the Saranac River, lies a tiny hamlet called Saranac. This smaller place of similar name causes the residents of Saranac Lake to suffer frequent annoyance from misdirected letters and packages. It has been suggested that the lesser community should abdicate its title in favor of the larger one, but it justly claims priority of baptism and refuses to relinquish its more rational name. The habit of calling villages lakes, when they are often not even on the waters whose name they share, is a marked peculiarity of Adirondack nomenclature. Many instances of it occur and will be pointed out later. The name of Saranac Lake for the village is merely a perpetuation of its early designation as "the settlement at Saranac Lake" in days when no nicer identification was necessary.

The derivation of Saranac is a moot question. The name is often supposed to be of Indian origin, but this appears doubtful. Sabattis told Professor Prince that it was a corruption of an Abenaki form *S'nhalo'nek*, which meant "entrance of a river into a lake." This would apply to the river at Plattsburg.

"Some Abenakis," says Professor Prince, "derive *Saranac* from *Salonak*, 'Sumach buds,' which are very common in the neighborhood, but this is doubtful, as the term is not exclusively applicable to the Saranac region and, moreover, smacks of popular etymology."

There is a tradition, fostered if not invented by the guide-books, that the Indian name for Upper Saranac Lake meant "The Lake of the Silver Sky," and that of Lower Saranac

Lake "The Lake of the Clustered Stars." It is a poetic fiction, nothing more.

Sabattis gives Indian names for these lakes, but they have no such meaning, nor do they contain any possible derivative of *Saranac*, or any relation to *S'nhalo'nek* as applied to the river. This may, of course, have been the original of *Saranac*, but it seems more likely to be a corruption of some of the early French names given to the river by missionaries and explorers. In the early maps and papers the following variations appear—*Serindac*, *Salasanac*, *Savaniac*, and *St. Aranack*.

In his journal William Gilliland, the pioneer settler of Essex County, speaks of the Savaniac River. W. C. Watson, the editor of the journal, makes the following comment:

This is the modern Saranac. The derivation of the name of this valuable and now historic stream is doubtful; until the researches of late years I had attributed it to an Indian origin. The river is called St. Armand on some old French maps. In the Gilliland papers the name St. Aranack appears, but is applied, perhaps erroneously, to the Salmon River. Has not the French term by a gradual corruption been changed into Saranac, and transposed from the smaller to the more important stream?

This seems at least a plausible solution of the enigma. We have *Sabattis* corrupted from "Jean Baptiste"; *Sandanona* from "St. Anthony"; why not *Saranac* from "St. Aranack"?

Schroon: the name of a mountain, a river, and a lake. The river rises north of the lake and flows into and through it, uniting with the Hudson at Thurman, in Warren County. The lake lies partly in the latter, and partly in Essex County, the southern line of which, being here identical with that of the Adirondack Park, cuts the lake almost in half.

In the name we find another moot problem of derivation, and are offered a possible choice again between an Indian and a French ancestry. The spelling, as usual, has undergone various changes. Spafford, in his *Gazetteer* of 1824, spells it *Scaroon*, and has this to say:

A northern Indian, a tolerable English scholar, says the Indian name of this lake is Ska-ne-tah-no-wah-na, merely, *the largest lake*; but somebody has told me the lake was named in honor of a French lady, *Madame Skaron*.

Beauchamp quotes this and comments as follows:

The Indian name here given is correctly defined, and is Iroquois. Skoo-na-pus is an Algonquin name given by Sabele [another very old and reliable Indian guide]. In this the first syllable seems to represent the present name, and the others a pond or lake. The first may be from Se-qun-neau, *it is left behind*. Thus it is left behind or away from other lakes. The derivation is uncertain.

As to the "Madame Skaron" theory, it is mentioned as a mere legend by most writers on the subject, but Sylvester accords it apparent credence and considerable space in his history, ignoring the possible Indian derivations given above. The name is written *Scaron* or *Scarron* on many early maps, and the French story is that it was given to the river and the lake by early French settlers at Crown Point, in honor of Madame Scarron, young and beautiful wife of the famous wit and comic writer Paul Scarron. There is no documentary evidence in support of the theory, nor does Sylvester offer any. He seems to rely on the analogy in spelling and the persistence of the tradition.

I am not alone, I fancy, in wishing the story might be true—that this humble but fascinating goose-girl, who became the wife of a physically misshapen poet, and later, as Madame de Maintenon, the wife of a morally misshapen king, had given the imprint of her memory to a lovely lake in the American wilderness. I still hope some delver among musty, half-forgotten papers may run across some letters of this uncrowned queen and discover the dingy record of this naming. Why not? Who knows but some brave youth, hopelessly in love with the poet's fair young wife, sought forgetfulness amid new scenes in a new land, and there, coming upon an unknown lake waiting to be named, gave it the name of Scarron? And then, when he had grown famous and she had grown old, he wrote, perchance, and told her of the thought-flower he had planted to her memory in the American wilderness!

Ta-ha'wus means "he splits the sky," and Beauchamp derives it from *Twaweston*, "to pierce." It is an Indian name for the highest peak of the Adirondacks, in Essex County. The mountain is more generally known as Mount Marcy, a name given to it by Prof. Ebenezer Emmons in honor of Governor Marcy, who inaugurated the first geological survey of the State.

We find the Indian name used in several of the early books of travel, and the writers generally introduce it with some unction, as if here were a truly aboriginal find—a genuine and impressive legacy from the red man's picturesque nomenclature. As a matter of fact it was probably invented or first applied by Charles Fenno Hoffman, the versatile Indian scholar, who devised and compounded many another Indian name to meet the needs and whims of his poetic fancies. No less an authority than Henry R. Schoolcraft inclines to this view of its origin.

The early scientists, moreover, reveal no knowledge of an Indian name attaching to the mountain. Professor Emmons clearly assumes to have given the first name to it, and Professor Redfield, writing in 1837, appears ignorant of any existing name, and uses the "High Peak of Essex" as a designation. Yet both these men were piloted to the summit by John Cheney, the Indian guide, who would certainly have told them of any aboriginal name for the mountain then current. Furthermore, it is ten years later that we find the Indian name first used in printed descriptions of the locality.

Tahawus is now the name of a post-office on the site of the "Lower Works" of the long defunct Adirondack Iron Company, ten miles below the "Upper Works," where the Tahawus Club now has its headquarters, controlling the surrounding property as a game preserve. Further details will be found in Chapter XIV.

Tupper. Two large lakes and a village bear the name. Big Tupper lies half in St. Lawrence, half in Franklin County. Little Tupper lies to the south, in the northern part of Hamilton County. Both lakes were named after a surveyor who worked around them in the early days. Tupper Lake Village,

following the usual Adirondack custom, is a mile away from the lake whose name it bears, and not only that, but it is on another lake called Raquette Pond. The latter lies just north of Big Tupper, and is connected with it. Tupper Lake Village was started by becoming the terminus of John Hurd's railroad, details of which will be found in Chapter XL.

U-to-wan'ne means "big waves." It is usually written *Utowana* now, and is the name of the most westerly lake in the Eckford Chain, comprising Blue Mountain, Eagle, and Utowana lakes, in Hamilton County.

Waw'beek means "a rock." It is the name of a post-office, and was the name of a once famous hotel on the old Sweeney Carry, between the west side of Upper Saranac Lake and the Raquette River. This carry in the very early days was more used than the somewhat less convenient Indian Carry at the head of the lake. In 1878 a famous fight for possession took place on the Sweeney Carry. Captain James H. Pierce, of Bloomingdale, claimed the land, and so did C. F. Norton, the lumber king. In those days, and in this case, possession was nine points of the law. Norton hired O. A. Coville, a well-known guide, to settle on the lake end of the carry, and Oliver Tromblee to settle on the other. This decisive move ended the fight.

Coville and his wife saw there was a good chance for business on the carry and decided to stay there. They bought forty acres from Norton, and built a half-way house that became very popular with summer visitors. They ran it for thirteen years. Tromblee also took a fancy to his end of the carry, and stayed on there. His old place still appears on the maps as "Tromblee's."

In 1891 T. Edmund Krumholtz and a Mr. Smith bought out the Covilles and put up the Wawbeek Hotel, which was considered one of the finest in the mountains at the time. For a while it was very popular and successful, but it was soon overtaken by the fate of many summer hotels, and interest and up-keep began to outrun the income from short seasons and





One of the first air-pictures ever taken
in the Atlantic. Exposed here
by Francis of T. Morris Langford.

Photograph: 2nd, 1899
Taken by T. Morris
Langford, Capt. H. H. Wood

uncertain patronage. It changed hands several times and had many excellent managers, but they could not turn the ebbing tide of events. The hotel was sold in 1914 for old lumber, and torn down, but a few cottages remain on the site.

Whiteface: mountain. It is 4,871 feet high, and is the eighth highest peak in the Adirondacks. It lies near the head of Lake Placid in Essex County. The name is said to come from a slide which occurred early in the last century and left a glare of naked rock from the summit part-way down one side of the mountain. Harvey Moody, the old guide, placed the date of this about 1830, and said it was witnessed by an early resident of North Elba, Uncle Joe Estes, who was roofing his barn at the time. He heard a tremendous roar and rumble, and looking up, saw smoke and dust rising from the mountain. As they cleared away, a fresh and glittering scar became visible.

There may have been a slide at this time, but not the one that gave a name to the mountain, for it was known as Whiteface many years before. The first geographical work to make specific mention of this region is Spafford's Gazetteer of 1813, and as early as this the name of Whiteface occurs.¹ I quote from the introduction, page 10:

It only remains now to notice the Mountainous country around Lake George and to the W. of Lake Champlain, called the Peruvian Mountains; which furnish the northern sources of the Hudson, and form the height of land that separates the waters of the Hudson and St. Lawrence. The greatest altitude of any part of this tract is found in some summits of Essex County. The highest of these is probably that called WHITEFACE, in the Town of Jay, which commands a view of Montreal, at the distance of near 80 miles. The altitude of this summit is little short of 3,000 feet from the level of Lake Champlain. These mountains were named PERU by the early French inhabitants, in allusion to their supposed mineral treasures, as were also their settlement and the Bay on Lake Champlain.

¹ "The Giant of the Valley" (Keene Valley) is also mentioned as one of the Peruvian Mountains, so that these two peaks would seem to bear the earliest recorded names.

The Indians had various names for Whiteface, but none of them has survived in popular speech. Beauchamp gives *Wah-par-te-nie* as an Algonquin name for this mountain; from *Waapenot*, "it goes upward," or *Woapen*, "it is white."

In 1921 arrangements were completed for the purchase of Whiteface by the State, including a surrounding area of 4,500 acres covered to a large extent by an original stand of virgin spruce. This acquisition not only adds much easily accessible land to the forest preserve, but it saves one of the most conspicuous and picturesque peaks from the lumberman's axe. The north half of the mountain belonged to the J. & J. Rogers Company; the south half to Calvin Pardee of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER IX

TOTTEN AND CROSSFIELD PURCHASE

BEFORE the Revolution the colonial government, and after it, the State, made large sales of its "wild lands" in the Adirondack region. "Macomb's Purchase" involved the greater area, but the one under consideration claims priority of date, and, therefore, of notice here.

Totten and Crossfield were shipwrights doing business in New York. How they came to be connected with this purchase does not appear, but that they acted merely as dummies in the deal is well established. There still exists an affidavit signed by Crossfield, admitting that he and his partner only lent their names to the transaction for a consideration, which was to be one township divided between them. But it brought them something entirely unexpected—immortality. Their names still appear in every transfer of the lands they once nominally owned, and bid fair to be written forever across the face of Adirondack maps. On the other hand, the name of those most interested in the venture did not survive in connection with it, although in the early day the area was often properly called "Jessup's Purchase," and sometimes even "Jessup's Totten and Crossfield Purchase."

There were two brothers, Edward and Ebenezer Jessup, who were interested in this and many lesser land deals in northern New York. They were the sons of Joseph Jessup, of Stamford, Conn., who in 1744 moved to Dutchess County and bought considerable property there. In 1764 the sons moved to Albany, where, following in their father's footsteps, they engaged in extensive real-estate transactions, both on their own account and as agents for others. They were astute and successful business men, and acquired both wealth and social position. They became intimate friends of Sir William Johnson, and were on a close footing with many of the English colonial officials, especially with Governor Dunmore and

General William Tryon. To these gentlemen they owed many favors in helping to secure the grants for their land purchases, in which official mediation had come to play an important part.

So much injustice and consequent ill-feeling and mischief had resulted from land deals made direct between individuals and the Indians, that the king had decreed that all such transactions must be sanctioned by the Crown. The Indian right and title to any desired lands had first to be vested in George III, and he then issued his patent to the purchaser. He would do so only upon the recommendation of his representatives, and on this account their friendship was of substantial value to the Jessups.

At the close of the French and Indian War, in 1759, the region about Lake George and the upper Hudson was considered safe again for settlers, and in order to call attention to the fact a royal proclamation to that effect was issued. This induced the Jessups to begin operations in that section, and they gradually acquired extensive holdings in Hamilton, Essex, and Warren counties.

Around the year 1770 they located on one of their grants on the Hudson River, ten miles above Glens Falls. Here they erected sawmills, and became the first lumbermen in the region. They rafted their logs down the Sacandaga, Schroon, and Hudson rivers as far as the "Big Falls" of the latter. Here, because the driving of single logs was yet unthought of, the lumber was placed on teams and hauled around the rapids. The spot therefore came to be known as "Jessup's Landing," and in time a considerable settlement grew up there. It became a post-office, and the name will be found on early maps. There was a "Jessup's Ferry" above the falls, and they were often referred to as "Jessup's Falls." Farther north, at what is now Luzerne, the Jessups built a grist-mill and had their separate homes. Ebenezer's, which was a spacious log dwelling, is thus described by Dr. Holden in his "History of Queensbury":

There, until after the Revolutionary war, he maintained a state and style of living which bespoke opulence, taste, culture, and familiarity



with the elegances and customs of the best provincial society. If tradition is to be credited, his commodious and comfortable dwelling, however rude may have been its exterior, was the frequent theatre of hospitable entertainments, its rooms garnished with elegant furniture, its walls embellished with costly paintings and choice engravings, its capacious tables arrayed in spotless linen and imported covers, and loaded with massive silver plate.

But the Revolution changed all this. Soon after it broke out the house was plundered and burnt, and the whole neighborhood laid waste, so that one of the earliest settlements in Warren County was virtually obliterated. The Jessups were quite naturally loyalists, and the victory of the Colonies cost them everything in worldly possessions. Their names are among those in New York's famous Act of Attainder. They escaped to Canada, fought with the English troops and received respectively the rank of Major and Colonel. After peace was declared they were given a grant of land for their services.

Major Edward Jessup settled in what is now the city of Prescott, which was surveyed and laid out by him in 1810. It is opposite Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence River. Descendants of the family still live there, and its principal thoroughfare, Dibble Street, still bears the maiden name of Major Jessup's wife. He died there in his eighty-first year in 1816. He was the elder of the two brothers.

Colonel Ebenezer Jessup did not stay in Canada after the war. He went to England and from there to India, where he is thought to have died in 1818. It is of interest to note that he was the grandfather of Morris K. Jesup (the name is now spelled with one "s"), a wealthy banker and philanthropic citizen of New York, who was one of the first influential men to interest himself in the preservation of the Adirondacks.¹

Those wishing for further details of the Jessup family will find all that is known concerning them in a genealogical history entitled: "Edward Jessup and His Descendants," by Rev. Henry Griswold Jesup (John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, 1877). To this most exhaustive work I owe many of the foregoing details concerning the Jessups. We can now turn from

¹ See Chap. XLIV, under year 1883.

this glimpse of the two leaders in the Totten and Crossfield Purchase to the story of the actual transaction. The original application runs as follows:

To his Excellency, the Right Honorable John, Earl of Dunmore, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the province of New York, and the territories depending thereon in America, Chancellor, and the Admiral of the same, in council:

The humble petition of Joseph Totten and Stephen Crossfield, in behalf of themselves and associates, humbly sheweth:

That your petitioners have discovered that there is a certain tract of land lying and being in the county of Albany, on the west side of the most northerly branch of Hudson's river, beginning at the northeast corner of a tract of forty-six thousand acres of land petitioned for by Thomas Palmer and his associates; thence running south, 60° west, to the northwest corner of a tract of land petitioned for by John Bergen and his associates; thence running north, 30° west, till it shall intersect a line coming west from ten miles north of Crown Point; thence east to Hudson's River; thence down the said river to a tract of land, petitioned for by Edward Jessup and Ebenezer Jessup and their associates, of forty thousand acres; thence westerly and southerly round the said tract of land until it shall come to the northeast bounds of said tract of land petitioned for by the said Thomas Palmer and his associates, being the place of beginning.

That the said tract of land hath not been purchased of the Indian proprietors thereof, but that the Indian right thereto still remains vested in them.

That your petitioners and their associates are willing and desirous at their own expense of vesting the Indian right and title to the lands before described in his Majesty, in hopes of being able to obtain his Majesty's letters patent for such parts of the said tract of land as shall be found fit for cultivation.

Your petitioners, therefore, in behalf of themselves and their associates, most humbly pray your Excellency's lysence, enabling them to purchase in his Majesty's name of the Indian proprietors thereof the tract of land before described, in order that your petitioners and their associates may be able to apply for and obtain his Majesty's letters patent for the same, or such parts thereof as upon an accurate survey may be found fit for cultivation, and your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray, etc.

JOSEPH TOTTEN,

STEPHEN CROSSFIELD.

In behalf of themselves and their associates.

New York, April 10, 1771.

It will be noticed that the lands in question are said to lie in Albany County. This was because the division and erection of Tryon County was just taking place. The later Indian deed describes the lands as lying "in Tryon and Albany counties."

It will also be noticed that the Jessups had previously petitioned for a tract of 40,000 acres, and as this had been done in their own name and was pending at the time, it may help to explain the use of other names for the larger and later application. A patent for the smaller tract was issued on September 10, 1774, and the price paid was 186 pounds, or a little over twopence per acre. This is now a part of Athol and Warrensburg in Warren County. The original deed was signed at the same time as the Totten and Crossfield one, and by the same Indian chiefs.

The desired license for the latter purchase was granted on June 7, 1771, and the Indian deed¹ was passed in July, 1772. This event took place at Johnson Hall, amid the ceremonial solemnities that such a transaction between white and red man then called for. Chiefs of the Mohawk and Caughnawaga tribes were present; Sir William Johnson presided, and Governor Tryon witnessed the deed. The price paid was 1,135 pounds for, supposedly, 800,000 acres, but a later survey showed the tract to contain 1,150,000 acres, which made the price per acre less than threepence.

The error is often made of assuming that this low price was the ultimate cost to the buyers, but it was merely what it cost them to get the land away from the Indians—to get it away from his sacred Majesty was a much more expensive matter. It involved the payment of seemingly exorbitant fees and perquisites. In this case they amounted to no less than £8,774 10s., and we find that as early as April 11, 1771, Ebenezer Jessup made an agreement with Governor Dunmore to remit £2,012 of the total amount. In other words, over a year before the Indian title was vested in George III that sacred gentleman demanded \$10,000 in preliminary fees from his "humble petitioners," and was ultimately to receive over \$40,000 for transferring to them land which cost him nothing and

¹ A copy of this deed will be found in Appendix A.

which cost them less than \$6,000. The advantage which the Indians derived from this triangular process of so-called protection was, therefore, much less obvious than the fat fees which it provided for the Crown or its intermediaries.

Their payment, moreover, does not appear to have expedited or even to have assured the ultimate granting of letters patent. This is clearly set forth by a petition still on file among the State papers. It bears date of March 3, 1773, is addressed to Governor Tryon, and is signed by Totten and Crossfield and 167 other interested parties. It refers to lands petitioned for in 1768, 1770, and 1771, and actually purchased from the Indians in 1772, but for which no royal letters patent have yet been issued. It points out the heavy outlays which have been made and calls attention to the fact that many persons of small means have sold their homes and farms in order to invest in these Indian Lands. It then concludes:

That Your Petitioners have with Great Concern lately Understood that Your Excellency was pleased to Declare that you did not Conceive yourself at Liberty to Issue Letters Patent for the Lands so Purchased, which from the peculiar Circumstances before mentioned, and the Large Sums of Money Expended will necessarily involve the Parties in General in Very Great Difficulties and many of them in total Ruin.

Your Petitioners therefore Most Humbly pray that Your Excellency will be favourably pleased to take Your Petitioners case into Consideration, and adopt such Measures as to Your Excellency shall seem Meet for Your Petitioners Relief in the Premises.

To this plea for relief in a most unjust situation, there was no response. We find the matter still a subject of discussion among the crown officials as late as April 21, 1775. Under this date the Earl of Dartmouth, then First Lord of Trade, informs the governor, who was then in London, "that in consequence of the conversation he had with him the day before as to the proposition of making grants to Messrs. Totten, Crossfield, Van Rensselaer, Low, Jessup, and others, of land purchased of the Indians in 1772, he shall advise his Majesty that his faithful and well disposed subjects in New York should be gratified in every reasonable request; and when they shall make humble application to his Majesty, with a disavowel

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of all association to obstruct the importation or exportation of goods to or from Great Britain, it may be advisable to confirm to them such lands by letters-patent, and not otherwise.”¹

They were never so confirmed. Letters patent for the Totten and Crossfield Purchase were never issued by the English Crown. The war had already broken out, and gave these lands to a new government. They had, however, been surveyed and divided among those who expected to own them. On January 14, 1773, the “associates” in this deal met at the house of Robert Hull in New York City, and balloted for twenty-four of the townships which had been laid out. The drawings resulted as follows:

ALLOTMENT OF TOWNSHIPS ON JANUARY 14, 1773

Township 1	Stephen Crossfield	Township 18	Jacob Watson
Township 2	Samuel Hake	Township 19	John T. Kempe
Township 3	Col. Edmund Fanning	Township 20	Col. Edmund Fanning
Township 7	William Hawxhurst	Township 21	Philip Livingston
Township 8	Joseph Jessup, Jr.	Township 22	Theophilus Anthony
Township 9	James Leadbetter	Township 25	Francis Dominick
Township 10	Phillip Livingston	Township 26	Goldsbrow Banyar
Township 11	Col. Edmund Fanning	Township 30	Peter Van B. Livingston
Township 12	Alexander MacDonald	Township 32	John T. Kempe
Township 15	Nicholas Brouwer	Township 33	John T. Kempe
Township 16	Christopher Duyckink	Township 35	David Valentine
Township 17	Ebenezer Jessup	Township 40	Martin Voesburgh

The boundaries of the tract had been surveyed by one Archibald Campbell, but Ebenezer Jessup himself, who also was a surveyor, laid out the townships and received twenty-five cents per acre for his services. The tract was finally divided into fifty townships, which were supposed to contain 24,000 acres each. A striking and unique feature about their lines is that they all run in a diagonal slant, northeasterly and northwesterly, instead of due north and south and east and west as in all other Adirondack townships.²

The Revolution, as we have seen, put an end to all negotia-

¹ *Edward Jessup and His Descendants*, p. 213.

² I have heard that there was some special reason for these diagonal lines, but I have never been able to discover it. I have been told that they were called ten-o'clock or two-o'clock lines, because if you got on the right line at those hours and followed your shadow you could trace the boundary of the township. But this could obviously be done on lines that were not diagonal.

tions connected with this tract. A few years after the close of the war, however, the State made an effort to dispose of its wild lands, and we find Crossfield and some others, who had presumably been loyal to the Colonies, petitioning Governor Clinton for a recognition of their claims to certain townships in the Totten and Crossfield Purchase. This petition is dated May 9, 1785. It goes back to the original application for the lands and rehearses all subsequent disappointments connected with them. It then concludes:

That your Memorialists conceive that they respectively have an equitable Claim to a Preemption of Part of the Lands so purchased from the Indian Proprietors in Behalf of themselves and their Associates as aforesaid. Wherefore in pursuance of the Act of the Legislature of the State of New York Entitled "An Act to facilitate the Settlement of the Waste & unappropriated Lands within this State and for repealing the Act therein mentioned" passed the 11th April 1785; Your Memorialists do hereby exhibit their respective Claims to a part of the Tract of Land aforesaid and pray Your Excellency and the other Commissioners of the Land Office aforesaid that a Day may be assigned to them to prove their said Claims, that Warrants of Survey and Letters Patent may issue to them for such Lands in the Tract aforesaid as in Equity and good Conscience they shall be fairly entitled to under the Act aforesaid.¹

STEPHEN CROSSFIELD,
FRANCIS DOMINICK,
JOHN W. VREDENBURGH.

The result of this petition appears to have been a general redistribution of the townships, with several reallotted to those who had originally drawn them, and others sold to new buyers, as shown in the following list:

PATENTEES OF THE TOWNSHIPS IN THE TOTTEN AND CROSSFIELD
PURCHASE AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Township	Patentees	Year
No. 1	Stephen Crossfield	1786
No. 2	Robert Livingston	1786
No. 3	Sir Jeffrey Amherst	1774
No. 4	Isaac Norton and others	1787
No. 5	N. Norton and others	1787

¹ Under "Old Military Tract," Chap. XI, more information concerning this and allied acts will be found.

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Township	Patentees	Year
No. 6	Sackett's Harbor & Saratoga R. R.	1855
No. 7	Robert G. Livingston	1787
No. 8	John Leake and others	1786
No. 9	Frederick Rylander	1786
No. 10	Philip Livingston	1786
No. 11	John Leake	1786
No. 12	John Thurman	1777
No. 13	John Thurman	1787
No. 14	Jacob Watson	1787
No. 15	Frederick Rylander	1786
No. 16	Rylander & Franklin	1786
No. 18	Jacob Watson	1786
No. 19	Thurman & Rockafeller	1787
No. 20	Enoch Markham and others	1774
No. 21	Ph. P. Livingston and others	1786
No. 22	Livingston and Anthony	1786
No. 23	1848
No. 24	White Matlack and others	1786
No. 25	Francis Dominick and others	1789
No. 26	Goldsbrow Banyar	1786
No. 27	Richard Hyslop and others	1808
No. 28	Thomas Franklin (of Phila.)	1786
No. 29	Henry Balfour and others	1775
No. 30	Livingston and Benedict	1786
No. 31	Joshua Mersereau	1786
No. 32	Alexander Macomb	1786
No. 33	Jonathan Lawrence	1787
No. 34	Alexander Macomb	1787
No. 35	Alexander Macomb	1787
No. 36	Alexander Macomb	1787
No. 37	Sackett's Harbor & Saratoga R. R.	1855
No. 38	Alexander Macomb	1787
No. 39	Benjamin Brandreth	1851
No. 40	Robert G. Livingston	1786
No. 41	Alexander Macomb	1787
No. 42	Sackett's Harbor & Saratoga R. R.	1855
No. 43	Sackett's Harbor & Saratoga R. R.	1855
No. 44	Thomas Franklin (of Phila.)	1786
No. 45	Zephaniah Platt	1786
No. 46	Jacob Watson	1786
No. 47	Effingham Lawrence	1786
No. 48	Zephaniah Platt	1791
No. 49	White Matlack	1786
No. 50	A. H. R. Westerlo and others	1811

I cannot explain why, in the foregoing list, Townships 3 and 20 (1774), 12 (1777), and 29 (1775), should bear dates which obviously do not belong to this schedule of a later re-adjustment. It would seem as if they were errors of trans-

scription, for it is certain that the State did not begin re-allotting these lands till 1786.

Two of the townships under the new dispensation, unless recently sold, have never since changed hands. Township 9, patented to Frederick Rylander (now Rhineland) in 1786, is still owned by the same family. The same is true of Township 39, which was sold to Dr. Benjamin Brandreth in 1851. This was a grandson of Dr. William Brandreth, the English physician, who originated the famous pills that bore the family name and made its fortune. Dr. Benjamin Brandreth was born in Leeds in 1807. He came to this country in 1835, and became well known as a philanthropist. He died at Ossining in 1880. He is said to have paid about \$3,000 for his Adirondack township, which contains some 26,000 acres. The present heirs are Franklin Brandreth, Ralph Brandreth, and E. A. McAlpin, all of Ossining, N. Y., who own their inheritance as tenants in common.

Each had a hunting-lodge on the preserve, which, until recent years, was used for pleasure purposes only, and had never been lumbered. In 1912, however, the stumpage rights to all trees of ten inches or more in diameter were sold to the Mac-a-Mac Lumbering Company, who planned cutting operations that would extend over several years, involving 310,000 cords of pulp-wood and 84,000,000 feet of pine and hemlock. This huge lumber job turned the deserted flag-station called Brandeth—at the entrance to the township on the New York Central Railroad—into a bustling little village. Houses and stores were built and a post-office established, and from this center a logging railroad with many branches spread back among the doomed timber.

Alexander Macomb, who received patents in this deal for six townships, amounting to 150,000 acres more or less, is the same who gave his name to the great "Macomb Purchase," to which we shall next turn our attention.

It will be noticed that as late as 1855 the State still owned three townships, which it sold to the Sackett's Harbor and Saratoga Railroad at five cents an acre, thus disposing of its last holdings in this tract. But to-day it has reacquired in one

way or another a large part of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase.

Within its boundaries lie such well-known places as Racquette, Long, Blue Mountain, and Indian lakes; Mount Marcy, the Indian Pass, and the deserted Adirondack Iron Works. Jessup's Lake and Jessup's River—the latter flowing out of the former and into the southern end of Indian Lake—are the only reminders to-day of the two men whom fate has strangely robbed of their rightful prominence in this great purchase.

CHAPTER X

MACOMB'S PURCHASE

THIS vast transaction, involving nearly four million acres of land, is unique in the history of the State, for the original Totten and Crossfield Purchase was a colonial grant from the English Crown. Macomb's Purchase comprised territory lying within the counties of Lewis, Jefferson, Oswego, Herkimer, St. Lawrence, and Franklin. The first three are entirely outside the "blue line"; portions of the last three are within it. The price paid was eightpence per acre. The territory was divided into six "Great Tracts," as follows: ¹

Great Tract I in Franklin County	comprising	821,819 acres
Great Tract II in St. Lawrence County	comprising	553,020 "
Great Tract III in St. Lawrence County	comprising	458,228 "
Great Tract IV in Herkimer, Lewis and Jefferson counties,	comprising	450,950 "
Great Tract { V in Oswego, Jefferson, Lewis, and VI Herkimer counties	comprising	1,409,738 2 "
Total		3,693,755 acres 3

Alexander Macomb, whose name still attaches to this vast purchase, had but a transitory connection with it, and, as in the case of Totten and Crossfield, won an immortality which others might logically have shared. He was a son of John Macomb, who emigrated from Ireland in 1755, and settled first in Albany. He brought with him two sons and one daughter. One of these sons was Alexander, born in 1750. Later the family moved to New York, where Alexander was educated, and where the father became a prominent and respected citizen.

Alexander developed into a youth of adventurous spirit and

¹ See accompanying map of Grants and Patents.

² The division line between Great Tracts V and VI was never run.

³ These figures are taken from the original "Macomb Patent." Later surveys brought the total acreage up to 3,934,809 acres and introduced what was called "the Remainder," in which Tracts V and VI were sometimes included.

into a man of vast schemes and daring initiative, with a marked bent for land speculation. He went to Detroit as a young man, and amassed a considerable fortune in the fur trade. While there he met and married Catherine de Navarre, whose father, a man of great learning and of noble family, held a position under the French Government. There was one son by this union, who was killed in action at sea.

The first Mrs. Macomb did not live long, and Alexander married, as his second wife, Christina Livingston. She was a daughter of Philip Livingston, of New York, who was an "associate" in the Totten and Crossfield Purchase, and later became interested in the larger deal put through by his son-in-law. Macomb had eight children by his second wife, one of whom, also named Alexander, had a brilliant career in the army, distinguishing himself at the battle of Plattsburg, and rising ultimately to be Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.

A Memoir of Major-General Macomb, written by George H. Richards, appeared in 1832. It makes but little mention of the father, and even that little is tainted with inaccuracy. The author appears to have no knowledge of the second marriage, and attributes all of the children to the first wife, thus making Catherine de Navarre, instead of Christina Livingston, the mother of his hero. He also gives the date of John Macomb's emigration as 1742, whereas the correct one is undoubtedly 1755.

While living at Detroit, Alexander Macomb made frequent excursions into Canada and along the frontier, and it is said that on these trips his attention was first called to the enormous tracts of "waste lands" in the northern part of New York State and the possibility of buying them at a very low figure. After leaving Detroit he settled in New York City, and came in contact there with other men who felt the lure of speculative opportunity in the Adirondack region. He was, as we have seen, very largely interested in the second allotment of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase, and soon after he was planning a bigger deal on his own account. The first patents in this transaction were issued to him on January 10, 1792. Scarcely a week later we find him concerned in an-

other scheme of large proportions. "The New York Journal and Patriotic Register" for January 18, 1792, contains the following:

Last Monday evening (Jan. 16,) a plan for a new bank in this city first made its appearance. At ten o'clock a number of citizens assembled at Corre's Hotel, and appointed Alexander Macomb, Brockholst Livingston, Abraham Duryee, Moses Rogers, and John McVicker, commissioners to receive the subscriptions.

The capital of this bank was to be one million dollars, divided into two thousand shares. It was styled "The Company of the Million Bank of the State of New York." When the subscription books closed, upward of 24,000 shares had been subscribed, amounting to an excess of over eleven million dollars! This led to talk of another "*Two Million Bank*," and to sarcastic comments by the above-mentioned journal. "By all which banks and tontines," it says, "the stockholders and particularly the possessors of scripts and original subscribers, without a farthing, are soon to become richer than eastern nabobs, and the favored city of New York like Peruvian mounts."

This sarcasm appears to have been warranted. The "Million Bank" proved to be nothing but a huge bubble that was not long in bursting. By April of the same year Macomb was lodged in jail, and we are told that nothing but the thickness of his prison walls saved his life. The part he played in blowing the bubble may be deduced from this assertion. About the same time he was declared insolvent, and began transferring his interests in his northern New York lands to William Constable.

By 1798, however, he appears to have rehabilitated himself, for in that year we find that he "began to acquire the historically and once geographically interesting tract bordering on the north side of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, known as Paparinemin."¹

¹ See 23rd [1918] Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, to which several rare documents and some unique data concerning the Macomb family were contributed by Mr. Macomb G. Foster of New York. I am indebted to this source for many of the details in the early part of this chapter.



LITCHFIELD PARK
Château from Lake Madeleine

The north side of Spuyten Duyvil Creek near King's Bridge, at what is now the northwest corner of Broadway and 230th Street, being on the old highway to Albany, was long a site of famous taverns. Here Macomb, having acquired about one hundred acres of the surrounding land, built a fine stone mansion fifty feet square. The house later passed into the possession of Joseph Godwin, and so became known as the Macomb-Godwin house. In 1917 it was announced that it was to be torn down and replaced by a modern apartment building. The farm which surrounded the Macomb house was called "The Island," as it was encircled on three sides by water, and its great variety of fruit trees and fertile soil made it one of the most valuable estates near the city.

In 1800 Macomb applied to the Common Council for permission to use part of Spuyten Duyvil Creek for the erection of a mill. Consent was given, and he built a five-story grist-mill west of the old King's Bridge. It stood there in a dilapidated condition till about 1855, when it was blown down by a high wind.

One of Macomb's sons was named Robert. He became a colonel in the New York Militia. Like his father, he appears to have had a taste for hydraulics and some knowledge of them. In 1819 he offered to supply New York City with water from the Bronx River and Rye Pond. His proposition was accepted, but for some unknown reason nothing ever came of it. Just before this he had built a dam across the Harlem River near 155th Street. This was long known as Macomb's Dam Bridge, and the name is still sometimes applied to the viaduct over the river at that point.

Alexander probably had a share in projecting both of these schemes, but it is doubtful if he had any in completing the one that was consummated, for the scanty records which we have indicate that by this time he was a poor man again. His house and lands appear to have passed into possession of his son Robert, but whether the latter took care of his father or not the records fail to show. We only know that Robert in his turn became financially embarrassed and was sold out by the sheriff. Our last glimpse of Alexander occurs in a brief passage in Richard's Memoir of the soldier son. In 1821 Gen-

eral Macomb took up his residence in Georgetown, D. C. Soon after he moved there his wife died, and his biographer says:

On her decease, the General sent for his aged father and mother, then residing in New York, and who had been reduced from affluence to poverty. He received them under his own roof; and subsequently enjoyed the satisfaction, which none but a grateful son can appreciate, of discharging in some degree those obligations, which can never be entirely cancelled, of filial piety, by placing them in a situation of comfortable competency.

Under these conditions Alexander Macomb continued to live for ten years, dying at Georgetown in 1831, and leaving as his memorial a name that will probably never fade from Adirondack maps.

Two prominent and wealthy men were associated with him in his great purchase—William Constable and Daniel McCormick. Constable was born in Dublin in 1761. He was a son of John Constable, a surgeon in the English Army, who took a commission in the 1st Regiment of the Province of New York in 1762. William married Ann, a daughter of Townsend White, of Philadelphia, by whom he had seven children—Anna, Eweretta, William, John, Harriet, Emily, and Matilda—whose names are mentioned because they all reappear in the townships of Macomb's Purchase. William Constable was a very successful merchant, and is said to have been one of the first to send trading-ships from this country to China. His connection with Macomb will appear later. He died in 1803. The Town of Constable, in Franklin County, and the village of Constableville, in Lewis County, perpetuate his name. His only brother, James, owned five Towns in this county, which were known as "Constable's Towns."

Daniel McCormick was also of Irish birth. He came to New York a poor boy, but amassed a large fortune. Interesting facts concerning him are given in Walter Barret's "Old Merchants of New York City." He was president of the St. Patrick's Society for many years, and a member nearly all his life. When the Bank of New York was started he was among the first directors, and continued on the board for two decades. Constable also was a director in this bank, and this connection may have led to the two men being in the same land

deal. In 1792 McCormick moved into a house at No. 57 Wall Street, which he had acquired two years before. It was three doors from Pearl Street, and was destroyed in the great fire. Here McCormick lived until his death in 1834. He saw his neighbors move up-town and their houses change from homes to business centers, until he was the last resident owner in the neighborhood. But he held to his old home as he did to old habits of dress. He wore knee-breeches, white stockings, buckled shoes, and powdered hair to the last. He loved a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and a good game of whist. He was honored and respected by all, and sincerely loved by his friends. He never married.

The primary relation of these two men to Macomb's Purchase it is now difficult to determine. The final deed or patent speaks of McCormick as "an original proprietor with said Macomb," but of Constable merely as "a purchaser under Alexander Macomb." But there are said to be letters of Constable in existence which tend to show that he was the originator of the whole scheme, and had carefully planned it several years before it was consummated.¹ He must have had an interest in it from the first, because his name appears in connection with the earliest resales of the acquired property. McCormick's name, on the other hand, does not appear till much later. The records as a whole, however, give the impression that the two men were sharers in the venture from the beginning, but played the rôle of silent partners till Macomb's misfortunes forced them to protect their interests in person.

The first patents issued to Macomb on January 10, 1792, were, rather oddly, for Great Tracts IV, V, VI, and the Remainder, making a total of 1,920,000 acres. Barring a few minor sales that were almost immediately made, Macomb conveyed his entire interest in the above lands to William Constable on June 6, 1792. His actual ownership, therefore, lasted less than six months, and included but about half of

¹ This statement I have been unable to verify. It occurs in the article on "Tracts and Patents" in the Forest Commission Report for 1893. I. 85. This article is unsigned, but I have reason to believe it was compiled by Col. William F. Fox, who, as I have pointed out in the sketch of his life, contributed much historical matter to the State Reports.

the total purchase. He never received title to Great Tracts I, II, and III. He assigned his interest in these to Daniel McCormick, to whom the patents for them were issued direct. The patent for Great Tract III is dated March 3, 1795; the one for Great Tracts I and II bears date of May 17, 1798.

This is the final deed or patent in the whole transaction, and covers and confirms all previous ones. It is therefore known as the "Macomb Patent." A copy of it will be found in the Forest Commission Report for 1893. It is not given here on account of its great length and because a glance at the map more readily reveals the minute details of boundaries which it contains.

Macomb made two applications to the Commissioners of the Land Office for the lands he wanted. The first, made in April, 1791, was refused; the second, made the following May and considerably modified, was accepted. This application, being comparatively brief, but embodying all the essentials of the deal, I quote in full:

At a meeting of the commissioners of the land office of the state of New York, held at the City Hall, in the city of New York, on Wednesday, the 22d day of June, 1791.

Present: His Excellency George Clinton, Esquire, Governor; Lewis A. Scott, Esquire, Secretary; Gerard Bancker, Esquire, Treasurer; Peter T. Curtenius, Esq., Auditor.

The application of Alexander Macomb, for the purchase of the following tract of land, was read, and is in the following words, to wit:

To the commissioners of the land office of the state of New York,
GENTLEMEN:

I take the liberty of requesting to withdraw my application to your honorable board, of April last, and to substitute the following proposal for the purchase of the waste and unappropriated lands comprised within the bounds herein after mentioned, and all the islands belonging to this state, in front of said lands, viz: Beginning at the northwest corner of the township called Hague, on the river St. Lawrence, and thence extending southerly along the westerly bounds of said township, and the township called Cambray, to the most southerly corner of the latter, thence extending easterly, northerly and southerly along the lines of said township Cambray, and of the townships of De Kalb, Canton, Potsdam, and Stockholm, to the easternmost corner of the latter; thence northwesterly along the line of said township of

Stockholm, and the township of Louisville, to the river St. Lawrence; thence along the shore thereof to the line, run for the north line of this State, in the 45th degree of north latitude; thence east along the same to the west bounds of the tract formerly set apart as bounty lands for the troops of this State, serving in the army of the United States; thence southerly along the same to the north bounds of the tract known by the name of Totten and Crossfield's purchase; thence westerly along the north bounds of the tract last mentioned to the westernmost corner thereof; thence southerly along the southwesterly bounds thereof to the most westerly corner of township number five in said tract; thence westerly in a direct line to the mouth of Salmon river where it empties into Lake Ontario; thence northeasterly along the shore of said lake and the river St. Lawrence to the place of beginning, including all the islands belonging to this State, fronting the said tract in Lake Ontario and the river St. Lawrence, five per cent to be deducted for highways, and all lakes whose area exceeds one thousand acres to be also deducted, for which, after the above deductions, I will give eight pence per acre to be paid in the following manner, to wit, one-sixth part of the purchase money at the end of one year from the day on which this proposal shall be accepted, and the residue in five equal installments on the same day in the five next succeeding years. The first payment to be secured by bond, to the satisfaction of your honorable board, and if paid on the time limited and new bonds to the satisfaction of the board executed for another sixth of the purchase money, then I shall be entitled to a patent for one-sixth part of said tract, to be set off in a square in one of the corners thereof, and the same rule to be observed as to the payments and securities and grants or patents, until the contract shall be fully completed. But if at any time I shall think fit to anticipate the payments, in whole or in part, in that case I am to have a deduction on the sum so paid, of an interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, for the time I shall have paid any such sum before the time hereinbefore stipulated. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER MACOMB.

(Interest rate 6 per cent.)

New York, May 2nd 1791

I do hereby consent and agree that the islands called Carlton's or Buck's islands in the entrance of Lake Ontario, and the Au Long Saut, in the river St. Lawrence, and a tract equal to six miles square in the vicinity of the village of St. Regis, be excepted out of the above contract, and to remain the property of the State. Provided always that if the said tract shall not be hereafter applied for the use of the

Indians of the said village, that then the same shall be considered as included in this contract, and that I shall be entitled to a grant of the same on my performance of the stipulations aforesaid.

ALEXANDER MACOMB.

As soon as patents were issued, the tracts they covered were immediately offered for sale by the new owners. Macomb himself made but a few minor sales, but Constable began at once making large ones. For instance, in December, 1792, he conveyed to Samuel Ward 1,281,880 acres, embracing all but 25,000 acres of Great Tracts V and VI. Within a year Ward reconveyed these lands back to Constable, less 685,000 acres which he had sold. And so it went throughout the entire purchase—sales and resales, conveyances and reconveyances, contracts only partially completed or entirely broken, mortgages that had to be foreclosed. The story of it all would fill another volume. The larger tracts that were carved out of the Macomb Purchase are: The Bolyston Tract; the Chassanis Tract; the Brantingham Tract; the Watson Tract, and John Brown's Tract.

The last one only is wholly within the "blue line"; Watson's and the Chassanis Tract come slightly within it. These will all receive some notice later.

Macomb's Purchase was laid out in townships, except that portion which was resold into the tracts already mentioned, before the township surveys were completed. These townships were made, as far as possible, of equal size, and were supposed to contain about 32,000 acres, making them somewhat larger than those in the Totten and Crossfield Purchase. Most of them were given names as well as numbers, but in most cases the numbers only are in use to-day.

Great Tracts I, II, and III were never subdivided into new tracts with distinctive names. They alone, moreover, (excepting Brown's Tract), come within the "blue line." Great Tracts II and III lie wholly in St. Lawrence County; Great Tract I wholly in Franklin. The latter contains the most populous and popular section of the Adirondacks to-day—the Saranac and St. Regis lakes. It was divided into twenty-seven townships, to which, besides numbers, were given a motley collection of historically interesting names, as follows:

No.	Name.	For.
1	Macomb,	Alexander Maccomb.
2	Cormachus,	Daniel McCormick. (A play on the name.)
3	Constable,	William Constable.
4	Moirá,	A place in Ireland.
5	Bangor,	A town in Wales.
6	Malone,	A family name.
7	Annastown,	A daughter of Constable.
8	St. Patrick,	The Irish Saint.
9	Shelah,	A place in Ireland.
10	Williamsville,	A son of Constable.
11	Westerly,	A point of the compass.
12	Ewerettville,	A daughter of Constable.
13	Dayton,	Jonathan Dayton, interested in the tract.
14	Ennis,	A place in Ireland.
15	Fowler,	Theodosius Fowler, interested in the tract.
16	Johnsmanor,	A son of Constable.
17	Gilchrist,	Jonathan Gilchrist, interested in the tract.
18	Brighton,	A place in England.
19	Cheltenham,	A place in England.
20	Margate,	A place in England.
21	Harriestown,	A daughter of Constable.
22	Lough Neagh	A lake in Ireland.
23	Killarney,	A lake in Ireland.
24	Barrymore,	A place in Ireland.
25	Mt. Morris,	A mountain in the township.
26	Cove Hill,	A place in England.
27	Tipperary,	A county in Ireland.

Several of the original township names have been perpetuated in the designation of later formed Towns, as in Harriestown, for instance. The large proportion of Irish names is accounted for, of course, by the nationality of the namers. The distorted survival of one name has an interesting story. Between Big Tupper Lake and the outlet of Raquette Pond is a stretch of stillwater about two miles long. This was sometimes called Lothrop Stretch—a distortion of Lathrop, which was the name of one of the pioneer families of Saranac Lake, a member of which lived on the stillwater for a number of years. But it was better known as Long Neck, which is a distortion of Lough Neagh. According to tradition this name was transplanted from the Emerald Isle to the Adirondacks in the following manner:

An Irish nobleman, who lived on the shores of Lough Neagh in the old country, had occasion to fight a duel. He wounded his antagonist, as he supposed, mortally. He fled in conse-

quence and sailed for Montreal. From there, for greater safety, he penetrated into the Adirondack wilderness and settled on the stretch of water which he named Lough Neagh, in memory of the beautiful lake in his native county of Antrim. After living there in utter seclusion for several years, he was discovered by friends and informed that the duel had not resulted fatally after all. On learning this, he returned home. When Township 22 was surveyed, the name which he had introduced was given to it. In his "Guide to the Adirondacks" of 1875, on page 220, Wallace says: "Tupper Lake has two outlets, both entering the Raquette River within a half-mile of each other. Take the first channel to visit Lough Neak." In this spelling we find the pretty Irish name fairly launched on its degeneration into "Long Neck." "Lothrop Stretch" was a later application. Both names have gradually fallen into disuse. Neither appears on the latest maps.

A sale of such vast extent as the Macomb Purchase, at little more than a nominal price, was not likely to pass unnoticed or uncriticized by the enemies of the administration. They at once seized upon it as a handle for attack, and accused the land commissioners not only of dishonest motives of personal gain but of complicity in a deep-laid plot to bring about the annexation to Canada of the territory sold. Even Governor Clinton was accused of conniving at this treasonable scheme and of expecting to profit by its consummation. The charge was indignantly denied by him and his friends, and an imposing array of exculpating evidence was quickly produced. Among it were affidavits from both Macomb and McCormick, denying that the governor had the remotest direct or indirect interest in their purchase. A hothead in the Assembly offered a number of defamatory resolutions, with the obvious intention of making them the basis for impeachment proceedings; but they led only to a thorough legislative investigation and the complete whitewashing of all concerned. Even so the same cry was raised against the governor at the next election, and his Attorney-General, Aaron Burr, had to bear the brunt of similar aspersions.¹

Such in brief is the tempest that was raised in the political

¹ See Hammond's *Political History of New York*, and Parton's *Life of Burr*.

tea-pot by the Macomb Purchase. It is not to be denied, however, that Macomb paid only eightpence per acre for his land, whereas adjoining tracts had been sold a short time before to the Roosevelts for three shillings, one penny, and to Adgate for two shillings per acre. The only other cloud that hovers over the transaction is the fact that, in 1794, a law was passed fixing the minimum price of the remaining 2,000,000 acres of the public lands at six shillings per acre. This, of course, enhanced the value of the Macomb Tract, and the influence back of the act is asserted by Hough, in his "History of Lewis County," to have come from the owners of that vast area.

There is something else connected with Macomb's Purchase that, while not bearing directly on the Adirondacks, still touches them nearly enough to warrant brief mention here. What the disappearance of Charlie Ross was once to America, the far more important mystery of the lost dauphin, Louis XVII, was to France, where a monthly magazine was published in Paris for many years with the title: "*Revue Historique de la Question Louis XVII.*"

It will be recalled that Macomb reserved for the use of the Indians a tract six miles square around the village of St. Regis, at the junction of the St. Regis and St. Lawrence rivers on the Canadian frontier. This is still known as the "St. Regis Reservation," and in it live virtually all of the Indians that are left in northern New York to-day. Here, too, the mystery of the lost dauphin made for itself a temporary home.

After the death of his royal parents, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, in 1792, the dauphin was kept in solitary confinement. After three years he was reported dead, and a funeral was held. It is asserted, however, that the real dauphin neither died nor was buried, but, through a trick of substitution, was enabled to escape. What became of him is, of course, the great mystery. According to one story he was taken to the St. Regis Reservation, and brought up in the family of a half-breed Indian named Thomas Williams. The dauphin was given the name of Eleazer Williams, and became a missionary. A clergyman named J. H. Hanson made a thorough investigation of this theory and published a book, in 1854, entitled: "*The Lost Prince: Facts tending to prove the Iden-*

tity of Louis XVII of France and the Rev. Eleazer Williams." The book, like most of its kind, was credited by some and totally discredited by others. The truth probably never will be known; but there is some ground for believing, if we wish to, that the lost dauphin of France once played in an emptied corner of the Great Macomb Purchase.¹

LITCHFIELD VS. SISSON

This famous case involved the boundary line between Macomb's and Totten and Crossfield's Purchase—a line stretching through the heart of the forest for fifty miles and forming the boundary of five counties. When, in 1900, suit was brought in the courts to test its accuracy and, if possible, change its ancient course, very wide-spread interest was naturally aroused in the case, and it became historically one of the most important in Adirondack annals.

The story begins in 1893, when Edward H. Litchfield, a wealthy and retired lawyer of Brooklyn, acquired the south one third of Township 25, Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract I, and started to convert it into a beautiful private park. The property is in the Town of Altamont, near Tupper Lake. It contains 8,654 acres, is rectangular in shape, and has been completely enclosed by a wire fence eight feet high. There are fifteen and a half miles of macadam road and five lakes in the park. The largest of these, formerly Jenkins Pond, now bears the name of Lake Madeleine, in honor of Mrs. Litchfield.

Here, completed in 1913, stands the most pretentious and palatial residence in the Adirondacks. It is a château embodying the most attractive form of French medieval architecture. It is built of stone, steel, and concrete, and the massive walls are from three to six feet thick. Two high towers flank the main building, which has a frontage of one hundred and forty-six feet, where three terraces slope down to the shores of the lake. Surrounded by the great forest, backed

¹ An excellent summary of this interesting mystery, with many more details than I have given, and much of the evidence on both sides, will be found in Frederick J. Seaver's *Historical Sketches of Franklin County*, J. B. Lyon Co., Albany, 1918. XXX. 677.

by billowy masses of primeval trees, this fortress of a modern fancy looms up on the lonely lake with an old-time splendor and a bygone beauty. It reminds one of those castles of delight that Ludwig of Bavaria was wont to conjure up in the remotest depths of his royal woods. The interior of this Adirondack castle is filled with decorative treasures imported from historic homes in the Old World, so that an atmosphere of artistic antiquity breathes from both its outer and its inner walls. The latter are hung, moreover, with many trophies of big game which the owner and his son, both mighty hunters, have gathered in the wilds of distant lands.

It was this love of the chase which, as early as 1866, first brought Mr. Litchfield to the Adirondacks. But the desire for bigger and wilder game took him later to the Rockies and to Asia and Africa. When he returned to these woods it was no longer to kill but to breed. He hoped to restore to them the moose and the elk, and other vanished game. He stocked his preserve with many varieties of wild animals and rare birds, and hoped to propagate them. Adverse influences arose, however, and the experiment as a whole did not prove successful.

The fence along the south boundary of his preserve stands on the dividing line between Macomb's and Totten and Crossfield's Purchase. The suit concerning it was nominally an action for trespass brought by Mr. Litchfield against George W. Sisson, who owned the land south of Litchfield Park; but in reality it was intended to prove that the north line of Totten and Crossfield's Purchase, being also Sisson's north line, had been erroneously surveyed no less than one and a quarter miles too far north. This contention was not sustained, but the case brought to light much of historical interest.

According to the Indian deed the north line of Totten and Crossfield's Purchase was to be "a line coming west from a point ten miles north of Crown Point." Such a line was surveyed by Archibald Campbell in 1772, and agreed to by all the interested parties. When the case came to trial some newspapers announced that it would hinge largely on the fact that the Indians who had run this line were drunk at the time, and so had been tricked into placing it over a mile too far north. No such claim was advanced, but some of the

evidence introduced showed that it might have been. According to an entry in Campbell's field-book, when he started the line in question he requested a few Indian chiefs to go with him and confirm it. They followed him to "a high hill, which gave a full view to the east, and they was fully satisfied with the course to be continued, and so chose to return home without going any further along said line." This would seem to be sanction secured in the most honorable manner. But the matter is put in a less favorable light by another entry in the field-book, referring to the same high hill. "At this point," it says, "the rum gave out." It is possible, therefore, that the turning back of the Indians was due, not to approbation of the long line of survey, but to disapprobation of the short line of drinks.

Campbell started from the northwest corner of the tract and ran east, and after traversing nearly thirty miles of forest he met the end of another line previously run by an independent survey in the same year, coming fifty-five miles from the southeast, the end of which line was intended to mark the north boundary of the tract. This fifty-five-mile line was a diagonal one which had been run by Ebenezer Jessup, who, as we know, had been commissioned to divide the Totten and Crossfield Purchase into townships. The meeting of these two independent lines at a given point was considered strong evidence of the correctness of both.

In 1796 another surveyor, Medad Mitchell, was engaged to run the south line of Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract II, which was conveyed to McCormick in 1798. This south line was described in the deed as the north line of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase, and Mitchell re-marked (blazed) for his south line the *same trees* that Campbell had marked for his north line.

In 1800 Benjamin Wright made a survey of the south line of Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract I, and he used the line run by Campbell, and re-run and re-marked by Mitchell. There were, therefore, four independent surveys, all establishing the north line of Totten and Crossfield's Purchase in identically the same place.¹ This was held to be conclusive evidence that

¹ Mr. Litchfield informs me that after the case was decided against him, his

it had been correctly run in 1772, and was exactly where all the parties interested had intended that it should be. The plaintiffs attempted to show that variations in the magnetic needle had caused the line to be incorrectly run, but in this they were not successful. The case first came to trial before Referee Henry T. Kellogg of Plattsburg, who, in closing his opinion, said:

It may be observed here that Campbell's line is not a straight line, for, according to the testimony of the witnesses Wood and Lynch, the line makes no allowance for local variations, but follows the compass according to its "head sight." The plaintiff claims that the line in question must have been a straight one, and, therefore, that all local variations must be deducted; but there is nothing to show that "coming west" meant other than coming west as the needle itself pointed, without regard to the curves which it might take through local attractions. Indeed, the witness Wood says that Campbell's line followed the head sight without deductions from local variations, "as was the custom in ancient surveys." This is not contradicted. And, in the light of such custom, the phrase "coming west" may have meant west as the magnetic needle actually pointed as well as any true or theoretical magnetic west.

For all these reasons I think it clearly established that the plaintiff's land is bounded on the south by the line of marked trees blazed by Benjamin Wright in the year 1800, and that the plaintiff having shown no trespass north of this line, must fail in this action.

Appeal was taken from this decision, but the appeal was dismissed by the higher court. The dividing line between Macomb's Purchase and the Totten and Crossfield Purchase remains to-day, therefore, as it was laid out one hundred and fifty years ago.

lawyers discovered in a dusty pigeonhole at Albany an old grant which mentioned the line "running due West from ten miles north of Crown Point," and contained notes of a survey of it made by the State's Surveyor General. The blazes of this survey were located by Mr. Litchfield's surveyors, and were found to lie within a few feet of the line they had run by his order. His lawyers knew of this old document, but it was not in the proper office at Albany, and they were unable to unearth it in time for the trial.

CHAPTER XI

THE OLD MILITARY TRACT—GOSPEL, SCHOOL, AND LITERATURE LOTS—THE LESSER TRACTS

THE Old Military Tract was not a part of Macomb's Purchase, but formed its eastern boundary. It contained 665,000 acres, lying in Clinton, Franklin, and Essex counties. Nearly half of it lies in the last two, and comes within the "blue line" of the park. It was the outcome of Chapter 32 of the Laws of 1781, entitled: "An Act for raising two regiments for the defense of this State on bounties of unappropriated lands."

This measure was made necessary by the unprotected condition of many of the outlying frontier settlements and their frequent pillage by the Indians. Congress was too poor to furnish troops for their protection, and so the State sought to raise them and pay for their services in the above-mentioned manner. The act covers all the conditions of the proposed grants, but sets aside no special lands for the purpose, except those that fall under the vague designation of "unappropriated." For several years following, a number of amendatory acts, bearing on the first, were passed, but the net result was only to intensify the existing confusion and uncertainty.

These acts of a hundred years ago were strikingly like many of our own time in their utter failure to express a clear intention or to define an exact meaning. Even the legislators finally awoke to a realization of this, it would seem, for in 1786 they passed "An Act for the speedy sale of the unappropriated lands within this State and for other purposes therein mentioned." Then follows this preamble:

Whereas experiment has evinced that the settlement of the unappropriated lands in this State, in the manner directed in former acts, is subject to great embarrassment and inconvenience and productive of controversy. For prevention whereof, etc.

In this act the Old Military Tract is defined and ordered surveyed for the first time, but the above name is not officially applied to it. Indeed, it is set aside primarily for sale, and only incidentally for satisfying bounty claims. The designation "Old Military Tract" is entirely of popular origin. At first it was called simply the "Military Tract," but later the State set aside another tract in central New York for the purpose of satisfying bounty claims. As this lay in a much more fertile and accessible region claimants showed a unanimous preference for locating their claims there, and the other gradually became known as the "Old" Military Tract, and this name ultimately crept into official use.

The act of 1786 defines the area to be surveyed as follows:

Beginning at a certain point in the north bounds of Jessup's purchase [by which is meant Totten and Crossfield's] 30 miles distant from the N. E. corner of two certain tracts of land granted to Philip Skeene by letters patent bearing date the 6th day of July, 1771, and running thence to the north bounds of the State, thence easterly along the same 20 miles, thence south to the north bounds of Jessup's purchase aforesaid continued easterly, thence to the place of beginning; all of which tract of land shall on a map thereof, to be made by the surveyor general, be laid out in townships of ten miles square, etc.

These townships were the largest in the Adirondacks, containing 64,000 acres each. No part of the Old Military Tract was ever awarded on bounty claims, and it was ultimately all sold by the State as "wild lands." Within its boundaries lie such well-known places as Keene Valley, Lake Placid, Franklin Falls, and Loon Lake, which is just on the "blue line." Beyond this, to the north, are Chazy and the two Chateaugay Lakes.

GOSPEL, SCHOOL, AND LITERATURE LOTS

The previously mentioned act of 1786 contained the following provision:

That in every township so laid out, or to be laid out as aforesaid, the surveyor general shall mark one lot on the map "gospel and Schools" and one other lot "for promoting Literature" which lots shall be as nearly central in every township as may be, and the lots so marked shall not be sold, but the lot marked "gospel and schools" shall be re-

served for, and applied to, promoting the gospel and a public school or schools in such township; and the lot marked "for promoting Literature" shall be reserved to the people of this State, to be hereafter applied by the legislature for promoting literature in this State.

For some reason only a few of these lots were reserved and they were all located in the Totten and Crossfield Purchase. Some of them were sold—without warrant—by Town boards; others were claimed by squatters. Much litigation concerning them has been the result, but the courts have finally decided that they belong to the State, and are therefore part of the forest preserve.

THE LESSER TRACTS

Macomb's Purchase, Totten and Crossfield's, and the Old Military Tract were the three primary and by far most important divisions of Adirondack territory. Their surveys, townships, and numbers are still used as the starting-point in local land descriptions. The old surveys have, of course, in most cases been verified and corrected by more accurate and permanent modern methods than were possible with chain and compass and blazed trees, and the result is shown in the maps of to-day by the location of so-called "gores," where gaps in the old surveys have been found to exist.

Besides the three large areas which have been considered, the State made a number of grants or sales of comparatively small tracts which have retained their original names. They nearly all lie along the borderland of the park, and offer nothing of special interest, but are mentioned here for the sake of completeness.

On the east the "blue line" runs through four small tracts in Essex County—Roaring Brook Tract, North River Head Tract, Paradox Tract (containing Paradox Lake), and the Brant Lake Tract (containing Brant Lake, although the lake itself is outside the "blue line" in Warren County). West of the Paradox Tract in Essex County lies the triangular-shaped West of Road Patent, and south of this lies the Hoffman Tract.

In the extreme south of the park we find Palmer's Purchase lying part in Warren and part in Hamilton County. This is

one of the largest and oldest of the lesser tracts. It contains 35,000 acres, and was a colonial grant under an Indian purchase, similar to Totten and Crossfield's and almost synchronous with it.

Adjoining this on the southwest is a long, narrow strip called Bergen's Purchase; and next to this is the Benson Tract. Then come Lawrence's Tract, the Oxbow Tract, and the Arthurborough Tract, all at the extreme south of Hamilton County. Passing into Herkimer County, we have the Nobleborough Tract, Adgate's Tract, a large part of the Remsen Patent, and a small strip of the Woodhull Tract. North of these lies the largest of them all, the Moose River Tract, containing 207,360 acres. This tract remained the property of the State till 1847, when 60,801 acres in it were granted to Anson Blake. About one half of the Moose River Tract later became the property of the Adirondack League Club.

This makes a total of 17 lesser tracts, wholly or partly within the "blue line," and strung along its southeastern and southern borders. The Totten and Crossfield Purchase and the Old Military Tract were never subdivided into extensive new areas with new names as was Macomb's Purchase. Here, however, the immediate process of partition resulted in large tracts with a separate historical interest, and the three which come within the scope of this work will be treated in the following chapters.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHASSANIS TRACT AND WATSON'S TRACT

BOTH the Chassanis Tract and Watson's Tract were carved out of Macomb's Purchase. The former, strictly speaking, lies outside of the "blue line," in Lewis County. But it is triangular in shape, and the northeast corner juts over into Herkimer County, so that we have some excuse, if one is needed, for outlining very briefly its most interesting story here. It is told at great length and with a wealth of detail in Dr. Hough's "History of Lewis County," and by Sylvester in his "Historical Sketches of Northern New York." I have drawn freely on both of these works for the following summary.

William Constable was in Paris in the summer of 1792, and negotiated for the sale of 630,000 acres in Macomb's Purchase to a French gentleman named Pierre Chassanis. Owing to lack of funds, however, the area had to be reduced, and the final purchase consisted of a triangle of only 210,000 acres. This lay south of Great Tract IV, and was bounded by the Black River on the west and the James Watson Tract on the east.

Pierre Chassanis was the agent for a French land company which styled itself *La Compagnie de New York*, and directed that its holdings there should be known as "Castorland." The name, says Sylvester, is a literal translation of the old Indian word *Couch-sach-ra-ge*, which means, in the Iroquois tongue, the "Beaver Land." "Castor," meaning a beaver, was a name often applied, formerly, to high silk-hats.

The Company of New York was formed to carry out a transcendental scheme of emigration and settlement on a grandiose scale. It was intended to make a strong appeal to the exiled nobility and clergy of the old régime, and to all whom the outbreak of the French Revolution was filling with

aspirations to be elsewhere. The number was rapidly increasing. Even while Constable and Chassanis discussed the preliminaries of their deal, the noise of rioting rose from the blood-stained streets of Paris, and caused Constable to say that if they parted before the purchase was completed they might never meet again.

Chassanis thought the moment highly opportune for asking people to invest their money in making a new home for themselves in a far country, and he lured them with a prospectus of which, considered as imaginative literature, Victor Hugo need not have been ashamed. No one of the French company had ever seen any of the broad acres of Castorland, but these were described as being unusually fertile and well watered. Great emphasis was laid on the facilities for commerce, the proximity to older settlements, and the security of the laws. The company was said to have been formed "for the purchase and settlement of 600,000 acres of land granted by the State of New York, and situated within that State, upon Lake Ontario, 35 leagues from the Port of Albany, where vessels land from Europe." Land was set aside for the building of two cities, and of roads and bridges there was to be no end.

This coloring may have been a little too flamboyant for even French taste. At all events, the prospectus failed to bring many fish to the net. There were not enough subscribers to meet the first payment on the land when this was due, and Constable declared the deal off. New negotiations were begun, however, and they resulted in the payment of £25,000 for the triangle of 210,000 acres previously described.

On June 28, 1792, forty-one shareholders, representing 1808 shares, met in Paris at the rooms of citizen Chassanis, and proceeded to organize their company on a broadly co-operative basis; to establish its rules, and provide for the opening, management, and development of its lands. The result was a lengthy document called *La Constitution de la Compagnie de New York*, which covers ten finely printed pages in Hough's History.¹

One of the articles provides that the resident commissaries,

¹ The original was printed by Froulle, Quai des Augustins. Cap. quarto. 32p.

or directors, in Paris shall receive no salary, but an attendance fee (such as bank directors in this country receive) for their presence at meetings. This fee was fixed at "two Jettons of silver, of the weight of 4 to 5 gros." These tokens were made at the expense of the company and engraved by the Duvivier brothers, eminent coin and medal artists of Paris, one of whom was a shareholder in this venture to the extent of five hundred acres. The tokens soon passed into the realm of curios, and have been eagerly sought by collectors. They have been called "Castorland half-dollars," but of course they had no legal sanction as coin. They were merely keepsakes, or *jettons de présence*—tokens of presence.

They bear on the obverse a woman's head and the inscription: "Franco-Americana Colonia," and beneath the head: "Castorland, 1796." On the reverse is the figure of a lady, laden with fruits of the soil, beneath a tree. Under this figure is a small animal—presumably a beaver. The circular inscription is: *Salve Magna parens frugum*. This is part of a quotation from Virgil, of which the full translation reads: "Hail Saturnian Land, great Parent of Fruits, great Parent of Heroes." "The apostrophe thus addressed to Italy," says Hough, "was intended to apply to Castorland, a country situated in nearly the same latitude, and for aught these Parisians knew to the contrary, equally adapted to the vine and the olive."

The constitution appointed two commissaries to go to America as representatives of the company, and set things going in Castorland. These were Simon Desjardins and Peter Pharoux. They left France on July 7, 1793, and reached New York just two months later. There they ran across an exiled countryman, who, having nothing better to do at the moment, joined in their expedition from the mere lust of adventure. His name was Marc Isambard Brunel, and he was twenty-four years old at the time. Later he became famous as an inventor and engineer. He suggested and superintended the construction of the Thames Tunnel, and was knighted in 1841. His son, also noted as an engineer, designed and built the *Great Eastern*—the mammoth ship of her day.

So the two commissaries and their new-found friend started for Castorland, about which they knew nothing except that it lay between the Black River and latitude 44° N. They soon learned more by going through a series of surprises, disappointments, and hardships which can readily be imagined. The sequel was correspondence, controversies, recriminations, and compromises, voluminous and manifold.

Finally a little order was brought out of the chaos, and the first settlers came to the tract in June, 1794. The following year Pharoux was drowned, and his death gave a decided check to further growth. For a while Desjardins acted as managing agent, and then Chassanis appointed one Rodolphe Tillier, in that capacity. This gentleman's administration was nothing but a series of wrangles and jangles. He and Chassanis quarreled from the start, and each sought to justify his stand by lengthy memorials of accusation and defense. Finally, in 1799, Chassanis induced Gouverneur Morris to take control of the property. This Morris did vicariously, appointing a manager but never visiting the tract himself.

There was in fact not much to visit. The French dream of waving fields and fair cities had become in reality a large and increasing debt, one sawmill, eighteen log houses, and eighty-two acres of cleared land. Some roads had been built, and one of them was unique. It led to the top of an impassable precipice and then continued at the bottom of it. Nothing but an *aéroplane* could have used it. It was only typical, however, of the many absurdities arising from a policy of dictatorial map-management from a head office in Paris.

Chassanis died in Paris in 1803, and the death of his enterprise soon followed. The company's charter expired in 1814, and what lands it still owned were sold to satisfy its debts. All that remained of Castorland a few years ago was a desolate little station of the name on the old Utica and Black River Railroad.

Before the final crash much of the property had passed into the possession of James Donatianus LeRay de Chaumont, a distinguished French courtier and polished gentleman. He was a brother-in-law of Chassanis and one of the original shareholders in his land company, in which he ultimately ac-

quired a controlling interest. He had also purchased from Constable large tracts of land in St. Lawrence, Jefferson, and Franklin counties. In the latter he owned all of Township 21, the present Harrietstown, in which part of the village of Saranac Lake is situated. He also built the first good road in Franklin County—the old St. Lawrence Turnpike from Malone to the Black River, opened in 1810. He established his headquarters in Jefferson County, founded the village of Le-Rayville, and built a manor-house there which is still standing.

It was of LeRay, in 1815, that Joseph Bonaparte, Ex-King of Naples and of Spain, and brother of the great Napoleon, purchased over 100,000 acres in the northern New York wilderness. Here, in 1828, the royal exile built himself a hunting-lodge on the banks of a beautiful lake, now called Lake Bonaparte. He also gave the present name of Diana—a homage to his favorite goddess of the chase—to the Town in which it lies. His main residence was in Bordentown, New Jersey, but in summer he drove to his distant hunting-grounds in a coach and six, attended with a pomp and ceremony that must have made America's primeval forest imagine it had been mistaken for Fontainebleau.

Madame de Staël and her father also made large investments in wilderness lands at LeRay's suggestion and through his instrumentality. In 1836 he turned all of his American properties over to his son Vincent, and retired to France, where he died at eighty years of age in 1840.

WATSON'S TRACT

Crossing the eastern line of the Chassanis Tract, we come into Watson's. It contains 61,433 acres, and consists of two triangles connected by a narrow isthmus. What is known as the East Triangle lies in the extreme northern part of Herkimer County and forms the northern boundary of John Brown's Tract. The West Triangle lies in Lewis County and forms the upper half of the westerly boundary of John Brown's Tract.

In 1796 James Watson bought the tract that bears his name. His only son, James Talcot Watson, inherited the lands and

sought to settle them in 1809. Of this attempt Sylvester says:

Like Gilliland on the Bouquet River, like Herreshoff on the Moose River, like Arthur Noble on the head waters of the East Canada Creek, young Watson attempted to found a great landed estate on the River Independence, in what is now the town of Watson, where he could live in something like the old baronial splendor, surrounded by numerous dependents, and dispensing in his mansion house a generous hospitality. Like his father, in early life, Watson was a wealthy merchant of New York, being a member of the firm of Thomas L. Smith & Co., East India traders, in which capacity he once made a voyage to China.

The scheme only left another name to spell failure in the history of these untractable tracts. Watson was a man of great personal charm and refinement. He loved to entertain on a lavish scale, and endeared himself to many by substantial deeds of kindness. But his life was deeply shadowed by an early sorrow—the loss of his fiancée. This bereavement left a scar that never healed, and showed its effect in marked but harmless irrationalities. It was one of the causes, with other disappointments, of his death by suicide in 1839. His lands had the unusual fate of being divided among forty-four cousins.

CHAPTER XIII

JOHN BROWN'S TRACT

IN the preparation of much of the following chapter I have been greatly assisted by Hon. Amasa M. Eaton of Providence, and Mr. Lewis Herreshoff of Bristol, R. I. Both of these gentlemen are great-grandsons of John Brown, and Mr. Herreshoff is a grandson of Charles Frederick Herreshoff, who, as will appear, played a conspicuous part in the history of John Brown's Tract.

Mr. Eaton died soon after becoming interested in my work, but Mr. Herreshoff kindly continued the task of supplying me with such family data and traditions as would make this record as complete and accurate as possible. For his untiring labors in my behalf I owe him a large debt of gratitude.

He also loaned me, with the author's consent, a valuable paper¹ on Brown's Tract, written by Mr. Charles E. Snyder, of Herkimer, N. Y. This gentleman, who is a lawyer, had occasion to delve into the records of the tract at the time Dr. Webb was buying land within its borders for his vast Nehasane Preserve, and he became historically, as well as legally, interested in his researches. The result was the interesting paper mentioned above.

John Brown's Tract contains 210,000 acres, and lies east of Watson's West Triangle and the Brantingham Tract. A straight narrow strip of it, containing 40,000 acres, is in Lewis County; a triangular peak, containing 3,000 acres, runs into Hamilton County; the remaining 167,000 acres are in Herkimer County, and the tract, according to Mr. Snyder, comprises one sixth of the total area of that county.

There are two John Browns whose names are closely associated with the Adirondacks, and whose identity of name has

¹ Read before the Herkimer County Historical Society, Dec. 8, 1896, and subsequently published in Vol. I of the transactions of the society.

given rise to a confusion of personalities. John Brown of Osawatomic, the abolitionist, owned a farm on which he is buried, at North Elba, in Essex County, but he is not related in any way to the John Brown of Providence, R. I., who gave his name to the tract under consideration.

The mere name of John Brown, however, so inevitably suggests the slave question that it is interesting to note that the Providence merchant held views on the subject diametrically opposed to those of his fanatical namesake. Though a man of mental breadth and a philanthropist, he could never be brought to see anything inherently wrong in the principle of slavery, and he is known to have vigorously defended the system in Congress when he was chosen a member of that body. So much for the radical difference between the two men. But they had points of similarity no less striking. Both were personally brave and fearless, and were willing to risk their lives and their all for a principle. For one this was the freedom of the slaves; for the other the independence of the colonists. Each, oddly enough, struck the initial blow in the respective contests that were later to rage about these two vital questions.

John Brown of Providence was born there in 1736. He was a great-grandson of Chad Brown, the famous preacher and surveyor, who joined the colony at Providence soon after its settlement by Roger Williams.

His father was James Brown, who married a Miss Hope Power, the daughter of another old Providence family. The father died not very long after, and left the widow with a family of six young children to bring up. There had been six boys and one girl, but one of the boys died in childhood and another only lived to be twenty-one. The four that grew to manhood—Nicholas, Joseph, John, and Moses—became leading and distinguished citizens of their State.

Their business training was looked after by their uncle Obadiah Brown, their father's younger brother, and they all made the most of their opportunities. Success and prominence came to each of them, and with it the desire, shared by many others of their faith, to found a seat of learning under Baptist control. The movement resulted in the founding of

Rhode Island College in 1764. It was located originally at Warren, ten miles from Providence, but later, in 1770, as a result of lands and funds furnished by the Browns, it was removed to its present site. In 1804, in recognition of the increasing benefactions of various members of the Brown family, the name of the college was changed to Brown University. Nicholas (not the brother, but a nephew of John) is said to have given the institution no less than \$160,000—a large amount for those days. John laid the corner-stone of the first permanent building on the new site—the present University Hall—and was treasurer of the college for many years.

Even as a boy John was unusually bright. When he was only twelve years old, his instructor told John's mother that he could teach the lad nothing more. And in later life he kept the promise of his youth. He became one of the greatest and most successful merchants of his day. His ships are said to have been the first from Rhode Island that traded with China and the East Indies. He also became prominent in politics. He was a member of the Assembly during the entire war of the Revolution, and served on its most important committees—on the Naval Committee, the Committee on Taxation, Parole of Prisoners, and Division of Captured Stores. After the war he was a representative in Congress from 1799 to 1801.

He was on terms of comparative intimacy with Washington, who appears to have held him in high esteem and to have corresponded with him freely. John Brown naturally held the First President in great veneration, and named three of his largest trading-ships after him. He was also able to lend him material help in large supplies of powder during the war; for the shrewd merchant, foreseeing the inevitable outcome of the increasing friction with England, had for some time been ordering his captains to bring back from foreign ports all the powder they could buy. When the crisis came, therefore, he had an unusual store of this valuable accessory of independence. And he gave liberally of it, and of everything else, to the cause which he espoused.

One of his acts was unsurpassed in moral courage and personal daring by any that preceded or precipitated the general

appeal to arms, and for it he deserves a greater credit than is generally known to be his due. In March, 1772, the British armed schooner *Gaspée* sailed into Narragansett Bay. She had been sent by his Majesty to enforce the payment of duties to the Crown, about which there had been considerable trouble. The colonists naturally welcomed neither the ship nor her mission. After making herself conspicuously disliked for a couple of months she finally ran aground one day—June 9th—in shallow water. The Providence packet which she had been chasing brought this good news to town late in the afternoon.

As soon as John Brown heard of it he gathered a party of volunteers, among whom was his brother Joseph, and shipped them in six or seven small boats after dark. He took personal command of the expedition and led it stealthily and warily upon the unsuspecting and stranded schooner. John Brown was the first to board the vessel, it is said, and a few moments later her commanding officer was wounded and her crew overpowered. After removing their prisoners, the attacking party set fire to the ship, and the hated *Gaspée* went up in smoke and flames.

The affair created a tremendous hubbub, of course. Threats were made; rewards were offered; investigations were held; but nothing ever came of them. Locally most people knew well enough who had planned and carried out this bold stroke, but, barring an irresponsible negro whose evidence was finally discredited, the Crown authorities faced an impenetrable silence. John Brown's position, however, was far from enviable. The possibility of betrayal and of being deported to England for trial and hanged as a pirate was always before him. In the daytime, being among staunch friends, he was fairly safe; but at night the danger of treachery and capture dictated the precaution of sleeping in various unknown places. Despite this, he was finally arrested on suspicion and taken to Boston for preliminary trial. His brother Moses, however, immediately posted after him and, to the surprise of every one, obtained his speedy release. Exactly how this was accomplished is not known, but the family tradition is that Moses returned with a much thinner purse than he had started with.

The "*Gaspée* Affair" antedated the "Boston Tea Party" by a year and a half. It was the first open blow struck for independence, and as such parallels the raid at Harper's Ferry. It is a unique coincidence of history, I believe, that two men, unrelated but bearing the same name, should make it famous for heroic acts so similar in quality, however different in kind.

The mad deed of the one gained added notoriety from failure; the sane deed of the other was forced into protective obscurity by its success. But the burning of the *Gaspée* now looms in its true proportions out of the historical perspective and lifts the intrepid John Brown of Providence into the front rank of national heroes. Mr. Eaton made a thorough study of the incident, and embodied his researches in a paper read before the Rhode Island Historical Society. This paper was courteously placed at my disposal, but, owing to its wealth of detail and consequent length, I am only able to offer the above gleanings from it here. A final detail of the incident is the fact that the *Gaspée* ran aground on a point of land on the Spring Green Farm which, ten years later, was purchased by John Brown and ultimately presented to his grandson John Brown Francis.

In 1786 John Brown built the finest house of its day in Providence. It was designed by his brother Joseph, and stood on land belonging to his mother, and on the street named after her family—Power Street. John Quincy Adams said of this house: "It is the most magnificent and elegant private mansion that I have seen on this continent." In it was given for General Nathaniel Greene, "the greatest private dinner ever given in Rhode Island." Much of the interior woodwork is mahogany, imported in John Brown's own ships from San Domingo. The brick and freestone he brought from England. The house now belongs to a gentleman of wealth, who, delighting in its historical traditions, has done nothing to mar them. An elaborate housewarming occurred, before the residence was quite completed, on the occasion of the marriage of John Brown's eldest daughter, Abigail or Abby, to John Francis of Philadelphia. Their son was John Brown Francis, mentioned above, who became governor of the State, and also, as

we shall see, involved in the fortunes, or misfortunes, of John Brown's Tract. John Francis, the son-in-law, became the business partner of John Brown, under the firm name of Brown and Francis.

John Brown had four children: one son, James, and three daughters—Abby, Sally, and Alice. The son, who became a student and gentleman of leisure, does not touch our story. The daughters do. Abby, as we have seen, married John Francis; Sally married Charles Frederick Herreshoff, and both of these gentlemen contributed history to John Brown's Tract. Alice married James Brown Mason, and became the grandmother of the Hon. Amasa M. Eaton, to whose kind help in compiling these records I have already referred.

All of John Brown's daughters received the best education of their day and were ladies of marked accomplishments. Mr. Herreshoff tells me that his grandmother amused herself by calculating eclipses, and achieved remarkable accuracy in this rather unusual diversion. All of the girls were proficient on the spinet and the harpsichord, and later learned to play on the piano. The first one of these modern instruments that came into the State was brought there by John Brown, and is still among the family relics.

In personal appearance John Brown was of striking and unique proportions, but no picture of him exists to-day. He was only of middle height, but weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. On state occasions and in his attendance at Congress he drove around in a coach and four. It was in this style, moreover, that he started for, and returned from, his sole visit to his Adirondack possessions. This old coach or chariot is another relic that can still be seen at Spring Green Farm, in a fair state of preservation.

Ordinarily, however, he drove about in a low-built gig, especially constructed to furnish both convenience and security for his great bulk. His death was the result of being upset in this gig as he was turning into the grounds of his house on Power Street. He died in September, 1803, at the age of sixty-seven.

It is often matter of surprise and comment that so shrewd and successful a business man should have invested late in

life in a large tract of wild forest lands in the remote and inaccessible part of another State. The explanation lies in the fact, but little known, that the investment was neither of his choosing nor to his liking, and was forced upon him by peculiar circumstances. Before enlarging upon these, however, it is of interest to note that this particular tract had previously borne the name and represented the investment of another prominent and successful merchant, living at a much greater distance from it.

On Colvin's map of the Great Land Patents this tract is designated as follows:

J. J. ANGERSTEIN
afterward
JOHN BROWN'S TRACT

John Julius Angerstein was a Russian by birth, who settled in London about 1749. He became a prominent merchant and art collector. At his death, in 1822, the English Government purchased his collection of paintings, consisting of about forty of the choicest canvases, and made it the nucleus of the National Gallery. Although his name was evidently given to the tract at one time, he held title to it only as security for borrowed money. Just when this was there are no records to show, but presumably it was only a short time before John Brown became involved in the tract.

It will be remembered that Macomb conveyed 1,920,000 acres of his purchase to William Constable in June, 1792. The price paid was 50,000 pounds. Six months later Constable sold to Samuel Ward of New York, 1,280,000 acres for 100,000 pounds. Aaron Burr, it appears, was concerned with Ward in this purchase, but, finding his share of the bargain with Constable irksome, he sought release from it by methods which, as Dr. Hough says, "showed him the polished scoundrel." Ward completed the purchase alone.

In November, 1794, he sold to James Greenleaf 210,000 acres—the later John Brown's Tract—for 24,000 pounds. Greenleaf mortgaged the land to Philip Livingston for \$38,000.

It was soon after this mortgage was given that John Brown

became an owner of the tract. The exact details of how this came about can never be resurrected, for all records concerning it have vanished. John Brown's papers were destroyed by fire soon after his death, and the early records in the county clerk's office of Herkimer have met the same fate. No book, moreover, contains the missing facts and figures. Early writers, as we shall see, dipped but superficially into the history of the tract, and avowed it to be shrouded in almost impenetrable mystery. The one work from which authoritative data might confidently be expected, offers nothing. In 1856 was published a "History of Herkimer County" by Nathaniel S. Benton. It is quite a voluminous work, and treats fully and amply of all that pertains to the southern part of the county, but the northern part is clearly not considered worthy of any research. One paragraph alone is devoted to John Brown, and it opens as follows:

In 1792, Alexander Macomb, of New York, purchased of the State 1,920,000 acres of land, at nine pence per acre, lying in the northern part of the State, and the same year, John Brown, of Rhode Island, bought of Macomb, or obtained the title to, about 200,000 acres of that purchase, which was afterwards divided into eight townships, numbered from one to eight inclusive, and townships number one, two, six and seven were also subdivided into small lots.

The next paragraph briefly outlines the career of Charles Frederick Herreshoff on the tract, and thus concludes the scanty notice that the historian of Herkimer County deigns to give this part of its story.

In view of this general dearth of all records, I consider myself fortunate to be able to offer here, through the kindness of Mr. Lewis Herreshoff, an authoritative version of how John Brown came to own the famous tract that bears his name. It is based admittedly on family tradition. It lacks details and connecting links, but in essentials it is probably a more accurate statement of the facts than has heretofore been published.

It will be recalled that John Francis of Philadelphia, married Brown's daughter Abby, and that he was taken into partnership by his father-in-law. The motive of this would appear

to be a strong desire on Brown's part to keep his favorite daughter near him, and the fact that he was disappointed in not having a natural partner in his son James. This son had developed tastes which were emphatically uncommercial.

But in choosing John Francis, Brown only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. The son-in-law proved to have no more liking or capacity for business than the son. He was a young man of pleasing manners and good education. He had a taste for art and literature and the pursuits of leisure. The social side of life appealed to him strongly, and to share high living with the highest livers was his undermining ambition.

For a while the firm of Brown & Francis prospered amazingly—just as it would have done probably without a junior partner. Trade increased and expanded. Then came a day when one of the firm's ships was due to arrive at the port of New York. She carried a valuable cargo which had been sold in transit for \$210,000. Naturally the presence of some one in authority was needed to consummate so important a deal. John Francis was entrusted with the mission.

Of course, in those days, the arrival of a trading-ship from China was an uncertain matter, only to be computed approximately. Francis left for New York about the time the ship was due, and then awaited her arrival. The interim was spent in the social climbing which was his particular weakness. His conviviality brought him in contact with James Greenleaf, Philip Livingston, Aaron Burr, and one of the Morris—*all men, as we have seen, interested in Adirondack lands.*

The details of just what happened after this are lost forever, probably, but the main facts are reasonably certain. Francis received the price of the ship's cargo, but he took no penny of it back to Providence. Instead he brought an imperfect claim of some kind to 210,000 acres of land in the New York wilderness.

It must obviously have been given by James Greenleaf, the then owner of the tract; and it was probably a second mortgage or quit-claim deed, for we know that Brown was able to perfect his title to the tract only after foreclosure proceedings





④ Harold Mason

OLD JOHN BROWN HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

in which he covered the first mortgage and received a deed signed by Thomas Cooper, Master in Chancery, on December 5, 1798. Of this deed a copy still exists.

When Brown was informed of the utterly foolish and incomprehensible thing his trusted son-in-law had done—presumably under the influence of wine—it is reported by an eye-witness of the scene that he dropped his head into his hands and wept bitter tears of mortification and disappointment. He was expecting to use this cargo money in large subscriptions to two home enterprises which he had been active in organizing, the Providence Bank and the Washington Insurance Company. These were started nevertheless, and are both still in existence.

This embarrassment, serious as it was, only marked the beginning of worries and losses connected with the investment itself. John Francis died soon after, in 1796, leaving Brown to struggle alone with his legacy of trouble. It was not till 1798 that he succeeded in getting clear title to the property, and by that time it had cost him over \$250,000. The later expenditures on the tract, it will now be seen, were not the mere speculations of a visionary, but futile efforts to retrieve another's mistake.

How keenly he felt the unworthiness of his son-in-law is shown by a paragraph from his will, which is dated September 13, 1802,—just a year before he died. But before this is quoted mention should be made of the fact that the son of John Francis and Abby Brown—John Brown Francis, who later became governor—was a special favorite with his grandfather. As a child he rode around with him, sitting between his knees on a little stool in the gig or chaise already mentioned. He also rode in the big coach, and is said to have been taken by his grandfather on the Adirondack trip. At an early age he thus became familiar with most of John Brown's property, much of which he was to inherit.

The extract from the will is as follows; the preceding description of property being omitted:

I give and devise to my grandson, John Brown Francis, on his arriving at the age of twenty-one years, his heirs and assigns, but on the express condition, that his deceased father's relations or represent-

atives never make any demand on me as a surviving partner of the late firm of Brown and Francis, or on my heirs or executors, in consequence of such partnership. For they can certainly in justice have no claim for one shilling by reason of said partnership, as John Francis, my late partner and the father of the said John Brown Francis, never put any property into the company's stock, and from his almost constant sickness and our bad fortune during the partnership, I do not think my estate was worth as much, including the whole stock, at the expiration of the partnership as at its commencement.

The schedules in the will disposing of the Adirondack property are as follows:

To my wife, Sarah Brown;

Township

No. 1,	called	"Industry,"	22,689 acres;	value	\$24,689.
" 2,	"	"Enterprise,"	25,480 "	;	" \$25,480.
" 3,	"	"Perseverance,"	25,536 "	;	" \$23,536.

To my son, James, I give and devise:

Township No. 8, called "Regularity," 33,050 acres; value \$32,060.

I give and devise to my daughter, Abigail Francis:

Township No. 4, called "Unanimity," 26,033 acres; value \$24,023.

To my daughter, Sarah Herreshoff:

Township No. 5, called "Frugality," 26,667 acres; value \$24,667.

To my daughter, Alice Mason:

Township No. 6, called "Sobriety," 27,440 acres; value \$26,430.

To my grandson, John Brown Francis, on his arriving at twenty-one years of age:

Township No. 7, containing 23,180 acres, on which are good improvements of cleared land and so forth, a house, a barn, a good sawmill and grist-mill, with a plenty of the best pine timber, so that white pine boards may be procured at the mill for two and one half dollars per thousand feet, being part of my aforesaid tract of 210,000 acres of land in New York State, and on the annexed schedule marked \$29,180.

The difference here between acreage and valuation is greater than in the other townships, because, presumably, more improvements had been made on No. 7. The other variations are not so easily explained, but by adding them together we get \$210,065 or a valuation of almost exactly one dollar per acre. This allows nothing, of course, for the expense of clearing the title and of making improvements, but Brown had

evidently satisfied himself that these enforced outlays had not raised the market value of his wild lands above the sum originally invested in them by his son-in-law.

Two large rivers cross the tract, the Beaver River to the north, and the North Branch of the Moose River at the extreme south. In the central part are Independence River and Otter Creek—two streams of fair size. Smaller streams and little lakes are scattered all over. In the northwestern corner are two large lakes, Beaver and Francis, and in the southeast lies the main part of the famous Fulton Chain. These lakes are eight in number, and the origin of their name has interest.

In 1811 the Legislature passed an act entitled: "An Act for the Improvement of the Internal Navigation of the State for the purpose of establishing a communication by means of Canal Navigation between the Great Lakes and the Hudson River." The object was to make a continuous waterway across the Adirondacks. A commission was appointed to investigate the feasibility of the scheme, and Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, was made a member of it. He visited and explored the remarkable chain of lakes that crosses Brown's Tract, and waxed enthusiastic in speech and pamphlet over their wonderful possibilities. The scheme never materialized, but from that day to this the lakes have been known as the Fulton Chain.

In place of name each is designated by its number. The first four are the largest. They are all connected by water and are in John Brown's Tract. The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth are connected by carries, and lie in the Totten and Crossfield Purchase, in Hamilton County. From Eighth Lake there is a carry to John Brown's Tract Inlet, which connects with Raquette Lake. For years this was a favorite way of reaching the heart of the wilderness from the west and the south, and travel through the eight lakes greatly increased after the building of the Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad. A station, two miles from First Lake, was called Fulton Chain, and so much traffic developed here that a branch of the road was finally built between the two points. Later the Raquette Lake Railroad carried passengers from Carter, on the main line, to the shore of Raquette Lake. This put an

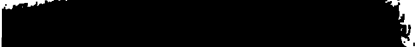
end to the old way of reaching it, of course, and the circuitous water route passed into a memory of the early days.

As such it deserves a last commemorative word of bitter-sweet abuse. No one who ever traveled the old way will forget the intermingling charms and hardships of the twenty-six-mile journey through the eight lakes, where only an occasional habitation greeted the eye. Least of all will he forget the anti-climax to the day's progression—that bit of watery wantonness known as Brown's Tract Inlet.

The last carry seemed provokingly long, and the glimpse of the inlet at the end of it was a welcome sight—when you saw it for the first time. There was n't much of it, to be sure, but it held the promise of smooth and easy gliding to the journey's end. The boat was launched, you took your seat, and asked, of course, the distance to Raquette Lake. "About a mile as the crow flies," would come the cheerful answer, but tinged with something wistful in the guide's expression.

Then gradually you saw the joke and sighed for the wings of a crow. The little stream, that never grew any wider, was so narrow that one oar only could be used, and so tortuous that one only was needed. Progress was made by describing alternate semicircles—and there proved to be four miles of them. Finally you found yourself ready to believe the guide's story of the man who had attempted to leap across the inlet, but soon discovered that he was on the same side from which he had jumped.

Such was, is, and ever will be, probably, Brown's Tract Inlet. But it no longer ruffles the patience of the tired tourist. He may now travel on the railway that runs beside it, and look down with indifference on its tortuous windings. This inlet does not stop at the carry from Eighth Lake, but continues beyond it to Brown's Tract Ponds. These are two little lakes, one of which (the upper) the railroad passes. Some early maps show three of them, but actually there are two only. Their name would also indicate that they were supposed to lie in the tract, but they are only situated near it. They were used in the very early days, however, as a means of communication with it. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that this route was followed by John Brown himself on the



occasion of his first and only visit to his forest possessions, in 1799; and it is not at all improbable that his passing through the inlet and these ponds had something to do with their naming.

At or about the time of this visit Brown had a survey made of the tract and divided it into eight townships. To these he gave both numbers and names, but in the choice of the latter he struck an entirely new note. Instead of following the prevalent custom of calling them after members of his family or localities near his home, he distinguished them by a list of the acquisitive virtues, as follows:

No. 1 Industry
No. 2 Enterprise
No. 3 Perseverance
No. 4 Unanimity

No. 5 Frugality
No. 6 Sobriety
No. 7 Economy
No. 8 Regularity

It is said that he had successfully used these names as mottos in his business, and he evidently hoped that they would inspire emulation in the wilderness. But it appears to have remained adamant, even against such virtuous wooing. There is historical irony in the fact, moreover, that it was in Township 7—Economy—that Brown centered his efforts at settlement and spent large sums of money which resulted in complete loss. I quote the following from Mr. Snyder's paper:

After surveying the land Brown built a road through the forest from Remsen, Oneida County, to Township 7, upon this Tract, a distance of about twenty-five miles. The road terminated near the south shore of the Middle Branch of the Moose River in the center of the Township, about two miles from the south boundary line of his Tract, at which place he planned a settlement. The building of this road for a single individual must have been a great undertaking. It crossed two considerable rivers, the Black River and the South Branch of the Moose River, besides several smaller streams. It crossed the Black River near the place where the Mohawk & Malone Railway now crosses that stream, and went thence in a northeasterly direction to the Middle Branch of the Moose River, crossing the South Branch and following substantially, it is said, the old Indian Trail.

Two settlements on the Tract were started by Brown; one upon Township 1, the other upon Township 7. The one upon Township 1, was known as the Middle Settlement. The Middle Settlement is now

a mere tradition among a few old people. The remains of three houses are said to be still discernible in the woods, about six miles west of the Fulton Chain, along the old Remsen Road. This is all there is left of the Middle Settlement. What was once a clearing has lapsed into a forest with only a few traces that it was ever the abode of man. The only mention made in the records relative to this settlement that I have found is in the will of John Brown, wherein he states that upon Township 1; "There are two log houses, a good barn and a considerable of clear land." In one of the conveyances from Brown's grandchildren of Township 1, three lots are excepted at near the Middle settlement, sold or contracted to be sold to one Wilcox, presumably one of the settlers.

At what is now Old Forge in Township 7, Brown built a saw mill, a grist mill, some houses and a frontier store. All this was done prior to 1802, for in his will dated June 12th, 1802, we find the following in the schedule of assets: "Township 7, Economy, through which the large and fine river called Moose River runs and upon which I have made great improvements of the grist mill, saw mill, store etc."

Brown's aim was to make permanent settlements on the Tract and to convert the wilderness into farms. A mill dam was built across the mouth of the Middle Branch of the Moose River then called Mill Creek on the site of the present dam at Old Forge, for the purpose of obtaining power to run his saw mill and grist mill. The saw mill which he built is said to have been located in about the same place as the present saw mill at Old Forge. His grist mill is said to have been erected on the opposite side of the river, a little lower down stream.

Of all this nothing came. A few settlers were enticed to the place, but the odds of arctic climate, barren soil, and virtual isolation were overwhelming. Helped by Brown, they stuck it out for a while, but at his death they quickly deserted.

CHARLES FREDERICK HERRESHOFF

With the death of John Brown in 1803, the first act of our drama may be said to close. The second opens in 1811 with a new actor in the leading part—Charles Frederick Herreshoff, who married Sarah, a daughter of John Brown, and became grandfather of the famous boat-building brothers of Bristol, R. I.

Although Herreshoff never owned an acre of Brown's Tract in his own right, circumstances so conspired, after his mar-

riage into the Brown family, that he went and lived on the tract in an heroically futile effort to make it productive. He failed as signally as Brown had done, and far more tragically, as will appear from the pathetic story of his later life and death.

Charles Frederick Herreshoff was born at Minden, Prussia, on December 27, 1763. He was named for his father, who was an officer in the famous Potsdam Giant Guard established by Frederick William I, and later abolished by his son Frederick the Great. His mother was Agnes Mühler Herreshoff, of good family, and herself both beautiful and accomplished. The son inherited the dominant traits of both his parents. His fine physique and towering height—nearly six foot four—came from his father; his grace of carriage, charm of manner, and marked artistic inclinations from his mother.

When the boy was only three or four years old, his parents made a journey through Silesia. On this trip an accident of some kind occurred to the carriage in which they were traveling, and Mrs. Herreshoff was so seriously injured that she died soon after. Her sudden death caused the husband to become affected with melancholia. In this condition he started later to make a tour of Italy. But he never returned from the journey, and was never heard of again.

Before going, however, he had placed the little Charles, then about five years old, in the care and under the guardianship of an old and trusted friend. This friend was a professor, a man of marked culture and learning, who lived a short distance from Berlin. He was, moreover, like many of the intellectuals of his time, on a certain footing of intimacy with the ruling monarch Frederick the Great. It thus came about that the king saw the professor's youthful ward and took a strong fancy to the boy. The story runs that the king used to take the little fellow on his knee, and delight in the keen, quick answers he would make to the royal interrogatories.

It is supposed, although not positively known, that this royal favor was the means of getting young Herreshoff later into the most famous and exclusive school of his day. This school was at Dessau, and known as the "Philanthropin." It was founded, under royal patronage, by the famous educator

Johann Bernhard Basedow, as an embodiment of his novel theories for training the young. His plan was to take them in childhood and keep them until manhood, turning out a completed product under one consecutive system. The school was patronized exclusively by the nobility, so that Herreshoff must have owed his presence there to some influence. This particular school did not succeed; it was burned in 1835, and was not rebuilt. Imitations of it sprang up all over Germany, however, and Basedow's theories became a fundamental part of German education.

Although young Herreshoff's school career offers nothing unusual or notable, his family still have in their possession a gold medal which was awarded him at the "Philanthropin," for certain merits inscribed thereon. There is no doubt that he left the school in possession of an excellent liberal education and fully equipped with the accomplishments of a cultured gentleman. Among these were a well-trained voice and the ability to play the flute with taste and skill. This latter accomplishment was undoubtedly traceable to his royal patron, for Frederick the Great was an ardent and excellent flute-player, and encouraged the gift of music wherever he found the germ.

Herreshoff left the "Philanthropin" when he was about twenty years of age. He then traveled extensively over Europe for several years. About 1786 he landed in New York City and settled there. He formed a business partnership with two fellow countrymen named Goch and Emptke. They imported goods from Germany and built up an extensive trade.

Nothing is known of the details of his life during this period. It must have been at this time, however, that he began the study of English, over which in a few years he attained complete mastery. It has been my privilege to see many letters which he wrote. They are models of easy yet dignified English. The idiom is perfect; the spelling impeccable; only here and there in the Teutonic twist of a letter is there a hint of the foreign hand that held the pen. He spoke the language with equal fluency and correctness, and only the pronunciation of "th" remained an insuperable difficulty to his agile tongue.

In 1793 some business transaction took Herreshoff to Providence, with a letter of introduction to John Brown, who was then at the height of his career as a successful merchant. The latter was naturally most favorably impressed by the imposing and cultured foreigner. Herreshoff was shown every courtesy and invited to Brown's house, at the time one of the finest in the country. Here he met the family, including the charming daughters. Sarah, the second, was twenty at the time, and had just finished school. She was not only a girl of beauty and charm, but had a well-trained and well-stored mind. It was she, it may be recalled, who had the hobby of calculating eclipses. She was also a facile musician and devotedly fond of music. This proved a subtle and dangerous bond between her and the distinguished guest who began to frequent her home. For Herreshoff found some excuse for being there a great deal. Business between Providence and New York became very brisk and absorbing.

John Brown did not realize for some time the full import of the romance developing under his roof. When the state of affairs was forced on his attention, however, he was greatly annoyed and disappointed to think that his daughter had fallen in love with a foreigner. His objection to the suitor was solely on this head, however; for, upon careful investigation, he found the young man's name and his record to be as above reproach as were his dress and his manners. The result was that, after holding out for a while, he finally capitulated and gave his consent to the marriage. This took place in royal style at the Providence mansion, on July 1, 1801, and Sarah Brown became Mrs. Charles Frederick Herreshoff.

Soon after things began to go wrong. The newly married couple moved to a hired house in Westchester, N. Y. Herreshoff continued his business in New York, but it had undoubtedly been neglected during his extended courtship. At all events, before the first year of married life was out, the business failed or was dissolved, and the young couple went back to the Providence homestead.

Here the first child, Anna Francis Herreshoff, was born on April 2, 1802. Others followed: Sarah, in 1803; John, in

1805; Agnes, in 1807; Charles Frederick, in 1809; and later a son James, who died in infancy.

After the sudden death of John Brown, in 1803, some family readjustments naturally took place. These led the Herreshoffs to take up their residence at the large farm on Point Pleasant, R. I., which John Brown had bought some twenty years before, and where the family had often spent a part of their summers.

Here Herreshoff, who had not gone into business again, began the pleasant and to him evidently most congenial task of attempting to improve his wife's property. He was admirably fitted for the rôle of gentleman farmer. He had some genuine knowledge and a real love of agriculture, but he excelled in projecting luxurious visions rather than in achieving practical results.

There was once another gentleman farmer who invited his friends to dinner, and then offered them milk or champagne. "Don't hesitate to choose," he added, with a smile, "for both cost me the same."

This is the essence of gentleman farming; but as a poor quality of farming, in practical results, is held to argue a fine quality of gentleman, no serious stigma attaches to inclusion in this class of failure. It was certainly so with Herreshoff. He had many sterling qualities and many delightful gifts, but he lacked the dull practicality that seems essential to successful tilling of the soil.

He at once began to improve the farm at Point Pleasant, to remodel the dwelling-house and alter the driveway leading to it. He also laid out a beautiful garden, an acre in extent. For this he imported from abroad rare plants, and flowers, and vines, making the horticultural display one of the rarest in the country. Later he built a new farm-house of stone, and then he undertook to drain a large swamp which covered about fifty acres on the farm. This, of course, was a costly experiment, and the result fell short of expectations. And so it went. He was always doing something—he had even bought another farm—but the practical things never turned out exactly as planned. He unquestionably made the place

much more beautiful and comfortable to live in, but he added nothing to its productiveness.

This point was presumably neither felt nor realized until his wife's ample income suddenly began to dwindle. Her father had left a large estate, but there was no one to look after his business properly. His son James did not care to bother with it; his favorite grandson John Brown Francis was too young; his son-in-law Mason was unreliable, and Herreshoff was devoting himself to the real estate. It followed, therefore, that the large and flourishing business which John Brown had left soon began to crumble and disintegrate, and within eight years of his death his family was feeling the pinch of vanishing incomes.

The resultant situation was not pleasant. The Brown family had been reared in luxury and wealth, and was not inclined to face enforced economies with indifference. They undoubtedly reproached Herreshoff with having spent money too freely in the days of plenty, and asked him now, in the time of need, to show the increased returns from the farm where he had made so many costly improvements. This he could not do.

The details of all that happened in the family at this time are known to no one to-day. It is only known that somehow a most unexpected course of action was decided upon—that Herreshoff should go to Brown's Tract and attempt to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family there. This was, of course, a most foolish decision in every way. The man who had failed to make a good farm in a thickly settled community pay, was obviously ill fitted to produce income from the barren acres of an uninhabited wilderness.

Who first brought forward the suggestion it is now impossible to affirm. It is believed, however, that it originated with Herreshoff himself, and that the family merely consented to his plan without in any way urging it. This seems most probable. Despite his visionary faults, he was a man of sensitive honor. He was keenly aware of the awkward situation in which he had placed himself, and of the family reproach which attached to his miscalculations. The desire to escape from

these reproaches, on the one hand, and the wish to restore his self-respect by making good, on the other, were undoubtedly the primal causes that led to the Brown Tract venture.

Herreshoff went to the tract in 1811. There was talk at first of his nephew John Brown Francis going with him. Francis was exceedingly fond of his uncle Herreshoff, who had been a second father to the boy since the early death of the elder Francis. This nephew had inherited from his grandfather Township 7, the most developed and promising one on Brown's Tract. It was here that Herreshoff planned to settle, and young Francis, who had just turned twenty-one and come into the title of the property, naturally thought of going with him. It appears to have been a bit of boyish enthusiasm, however, which his uncle did not encourage, and which Francis readily gave up. He visited the tract two or three times while his uncle was there, but shared none of the hardships of its attempted development.

Herreshoff's idea was to offer strong inducements to get settlers to come to the tract and turn their allotted lands into fertile and productive farms. Then he hoped to sell the neighboring acres to eager buyers at rising prices. It was exactly what Brown had tried to do; but where the practical Brown had failed, the unpractical Herreshoff could hardly hope to succeed. And of course he did n't succeed. A few stragglers came and settled, for there are always some people who will try any new scheme. But a graveyard deadlock soon followed: those who were in could n't get out; and those who were out evinced no desire to get in.

Things drifted along in this way for several years. At first Herreshoff used to return home for visits with his wife and children; but gradually these visits became less and less frequent, and he finally stayed permanently on the tract. The reasons for this may readily be imagined.

About 1815, as colonization continued to lag, he conceived the idea that sheep-raising on a large scale would be certain of yielding handsome profits. Extensive and expensive preparations were immediately made for the new venture. An enormous shed, three hundred feet long, was built and a large herd of sheep was started on its way from Providence,

B. I. These sheep were driven all the way to the tract by an old retainer of the family, Aaron Thresher, whose name certainly deserves to be recorded for his unique and remarkable feat. He was six weeks on the road, but finally landed his woolly charges safe in the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. The expected returns from the venture were not forthcoming, however.

Two years later, in 1817, Herreshoff turned his attention to some iron deposits which had been discovered on the tract. His buoyant nature filled with hope again, and he became confident of having at last found the Aladdin lamp of success. His immediate family had become both unwilling and unable to advance more money for his exploitations, but he left no stone unturned to secure the capital he needed to put through his latest experiment. He finally induced the firm of Brown & Ives, cousins of his wife and highly successful merchants, to loan him funds. The original amount had to be repeatedly increased, however, for of course the unexpected, always in the guise of misfortune, began happening to this venture, just as it had to all previous ones.

Finally, however, a forge was built, heavy machinery was hauled to it, at great expense and difficulty, and installed, charcoal-pits were dug, and some iron ore was mined and smelted. But the ore was of low grade, and the cost of the finished product was one dollar a pound. This was on the spot, miles away from any market or any facilities for reaching one. The partial success of the undertaking, therefore, amounted only to the proof of its virtual failure. Even Herreshoff realized that he was a ruined man. After all his efforts and expenditures he had produced nothing salable, and his backers at home, weary of the losing game, had refused to honor further drafts. This meant the end; and the unhappy man fully realized it. The climax now came swiftly and tragically.

The story of the last scene is accurately preserved in a letter written from the tract at the time. This letter was penned by a Miss Sophie Post, who, with her father, worked for Herreshoff during his trials in the wilderness.

The latter, it appears, remained to the end punctilious about

his personal appearance, and always dressed in his best clothes on Sunday. He was so dressing on the morning of December 19, 1819, when a man rushed in and announced that water was flooding one of the most recently opened iron mines, and that it was rapidly caving in. Herreshoff went to the spot, and surveyed in silence this drowning of his last hope. Then he walked slowly back to the house, entered his room, picked up a pistol, and shot himself.

Consternation went hand in hand with sorrow, for there was not one on the place who did not sincerely respect and love the lost leader. And the unanimous tribute means much in the historical retrospect.

Faithful friends carried his body many miles through the woods to the nearest coroner, and it was afterward buried in the cemetery at Boonville. Here later a member of the family erected a simple stone over the grave. In 1867 the same Miss Post who had notified the family of Herreshoff's death, informed them that the graveyard at Boonville was to be taken by a railroad. She was thereupon requested to have the Herreshoff remains exhumed and sent to Providence. Here they were reburied in the North Burial Ground, in the Brown lot, beside those of his wife and near those of his children.

I have spoken of being allowed to read many of the old letters which Herreshoff wrote from Brown's Tract to his family. They are full of allusions to the main incidents of his sojourn there, but they are full neither of detail, nor of the hopes and fears which must have gone with the daily routine. But between the lines we get a clear glimpse of the man who wrote them—of a character proud and self-contained, who bore hardships and misfortune with quiet dignity, yet suffered keenly under the stigma of failure that blighted sheer rectitude of purpose. One feels that the letters are always written to mark time. They never contain the important announcement the writer is anxious to make and the people at home are eager to receive. They gossip of this and that on the wilderness farm—of the pleasant weather and the good crops, but never of the longed-for dividends that should have followed both.

Two of the letters I am permitted to quote. They are typical of all in style and general manner, but they let us see a little more behind the scenes than do the others. They have unique historical interest, moreover, in being the two last he ever wrote to his wife and daughter Anna respectively. They are written on large foolscap sheets of heavy paper—now limp and yellow with age—and so folded as to make their own envelop. The first is addressed to “Mrs. Sarah Herreshoff, Bristol, R. I.,” who, at some later date, added the following superscription: “The last letter I ever received. Dated Sept. 5th, 1818.” The annotation and the letter are both eloquent by suggestion of the sadness of the existing situation. This letter was written on his wife’s birthday, which serves as the excuse for his breaking his determination not to write. The determination was evidently retaken, however, and more strictly kept, for although he lived for over a year longer, he never wrote to his wife again.

BROWN TRACT,
5th September, 1818.

MY DEAR WIFE:

I had secretly determined not to write to you till I could give you the pleasing intelligence that my forge was in full operation. But though I cannot give you such good news yet, I will not let this day pass by without some token of remembrance. I should at least have answered your letter, so full of pleasing information, was it not so much against my inclination to write in an unhappy mood. How true what some celebrated author says, that the best human conjectures are but weak.

When I arrived here on the last day of June, I found myself very unexpectedly farther remote from the accomplishment of my plan than on parting. From a misunderstanding of my orders my overseer had set the rock blowers to work in the mine three weeks before my return. I found to my surprise that things had taken such a turn that I could not proceed without danger that the expense of getting the ore would by far exceed my calculations, nor did I see any prospect of arriving at a certainty for the future. I therefore determined upon a bold and tedious, but decisive manœuvre, the result of which must either realize all my hopes to the fullest, or at once prove them to be out of my reach under present circumstances. I calculated it would take me about three months to accomplish that object; I have already entered the third without having gained any great degree of

certainty. The appearances, however, keep increasing in my favor, in my own judgment.

Everybody that sees this piece of Herculean work exclaims what a grand affair it would be if I succeeded, but, to tell the truth, not one single soul has the smallest belief in a favorable issue. That however operates rather as a spur than a discouragement upon me. I am still full of faith, or else infatuation, that I shall come off triumphantly in a short time.

Like all the rest of the world we have had a most glorious season, fine weather all the time, even during haying, when generally we are here most favored with copious showers. I have made one hundred tons of hay, and left grass unmowed. We might this summer have raised as good corn as any of our neighbors, if any had been planted. Of all the fine weather, however, I enjoyed but little else than the satisfaction that the storms did not interrupt my work in the quarry; there I have spent all my hours from morning till night, Sundays not excepted.

Once however I have been out as far as Trenton, 18 miles beyond Boonville, to stand my trial in the suit of that villain Joy, before Referees under rule of the supreme court. Though it lasted a part of two days, it remained undecided, and an argument of the lawyers on both sides is to take place this very day in Utica, which will bring the business to a close. It will make a difference of about 900 dollars to me whether I gain or lose the case, but I shall feel horribly mortified to have that ungrateful monster triumph over me. So far the case stands entirely in my favor.

Our daughter Anna I suppose is so absorbed by her studies that she never thought of me. How different last year; how grateful I felt then for her frequent letters. I love her more I imagine than I was ever conscious of before.

Sunday 27th September.

I have let several opportunities go by to send out the above. I was constantly in hopes that by waiting a few days longer I might be able to say something rather more decisive in regard to my iron prospects. I can at last tell you that all is well. I am now only waiting for my blowers who stand ready to repair hither at my call, but are at present 120 miles from here. The moment they arrive I shall set the hammer in motion, not to rest again very soon I hope.

I have also gained a victory over old Joy, to his great grief.

Several letters addressed to John Francis have arrived at Boonville; he had not made his appearance there last Thursday. Our summer is over; the nights turn frosty and the woods pale, I keep



CHARLES FREDERICK HERRESHOFF AND WIFE
 Pictures owned by Mr. Lewis Herreshoff



From an etching by Dr. Arpad G. Gerster

RUINS OF THE HERRESHOFF MANOR, NEAR OLD FORGE

however no fire yet in my room. You shall soon hear from me again. Give my love to our dear children and believe me

Affectionately yours

C. F. HERRESHOFF.

The next letter is addressed to his daughter Anna. She was his favorite child, and he wrote to her more frequently than to any other member of his family. She even wished, as the letter makes apparent, to join her father on the tract, but he refused the sacrifice in her case as he had previously done in his nephew's. Both refusals show true nobility of character. He was willing to bear the penalty of his faults alone; unwilling to drag any of his loved ones into the hardships of his self-imposed exile.

This letter bears the following superscription: "The last letter I ever received from my beloved father." It is addressed to: "Miss Anna F. Herreshoff; care of F. B. Francis, Esq., Providence, R. I."

BROWN TRACT,

8th October, 1819.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER ANNA:

And would you really leave so many dear friends, give up all your pleasures and comforts, to go into the wilderness to be a comfort to your poor old father? Heaven bless you. Surely I am better off yet than the poor wretch of a king who cried in the agony of despair: God help me, my own children have forsaken me!

I have yet what a crown can not buy: a heart that remains true to me through all the vicissitudes of life. Remain where you are, my dear child; make the best of your present time, such opportunities for improvement you will never have again. Enjoy the innocent pleasures of your age; the days in which you shall find no pleasure will come without your seeking. [Here the words "This is verified," have been added, years afterward presumably, in a woman's small, fine hand.] I understand your sister Agnes is now with you. She learns with such ease whatever she feels interested in, that it must give you pleasure to assist her in her studies. Her chief aim I hope will be to deserve the love of her friends by an amiable conduct. Be kind to her, my dear Anna, that she may be inclined to take advice from you; let those little explosions of a quick temper never make you for a moment forget that she is your sister, your own blood; nay, to speak the truth, they ought to remind you of it.

Winter is again approaching, and you are not one of those, I know, who hail his grim visage. I never thought much of the heart of young people who prefer winter on account of parties, balls, etc. They ought to be sent to Siberia, without benefit of muffs or tippits. The sociable shade of a tree is to me as far before your sociable fireside, as the sun is before the moon. People who have lost their hearts and are out of their heads, I believe always love the fireside and the moon, and they should be excused.

The season with us has been the finest I ever witnessed here; we raised no large crops of any kinds, but what we raised was remarkably good, as rye, wheat, corn, peas, and potatoes. Though we had much heat, yet we never suffered in the least from drought, which has been very harmful in some places of our neighborhood; neither have we been visited by hailstorms, tornadoes, floods, nor earthquakes, and of mosquitoes and flies we had no more than our usual crop. In fact, the whole season from May until now has been like one fine summer day, nor have the rude winds yet encroached upon it. Even to-day one would think it was mid-summer, walking through the woods, if it were not for the showers of pale and tumbling leaves that drop at every breath of the breeze. They are the tears of a parting friend, mingled with smiles, as if saying: We shall meet again! That we too may meet again, my dear daughter, is the ardent wish of

Your ever affectionate father,

C. F. HERRESHOFF.

So ends the story of Charles Frederick Herreshoff, the last tragedy of whose life is linked forever with the now thriving village of Old Forge, which has gradually grown up around the site of his last failure. It is a peculiarly sad story, for no man was ever better fitted to enjoy the affections of home life and surround it with the interchange of the highest quality of social contact. Could he have spent his life in financial ease among flowers, books, and music, he would have died conspicuous for all that charms and endears. He would have been supremely happy himself and would have made others so. But because he lacked the subtle quality that transmutes the vision into gold, the following of the vision became his undoing, and where pride should have pointed, the finger of scorn was raised.

After Herreshoff's death, his nephew John Brown Francis, who owned Township 7, made an attempt to hold together

there the little community his uncle had founded. But the settlers began to slip away one by one, and the abandoned dwellings began to go to rack and ruin.

Later Francis turned his attention to the northern part of the tract and founded a settlement in Township 4. Still later Orrin Fenton made this locality famous as a summer resort and sporting center, and its story will be told separately in the next chapter.

In Mr. Snyder's paper on Brown's Tract there are interesting data concerning some of the settlers whom Herreshoff lured to the wilderness.

The most notable one was Major Abiathar Joy, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary Army. This is evidently "that villain Joy" with whom Herreshoff had some falling out, and of whom he speaks so scathingly in the letter to his wife. Major Joy came originally from Vermont, and settled in Remsen in 1803. In 1814 he was induced to purchase one hundred and sixty acres on Brown's Tract. Of this he cleared about fifty acres, and built himself a substantial house and barn. But he was wise enough to keep his Remsen place, and resided on the tract only part of the time. Traces of the Joy clearing were for a long time visible along the road leading from Old Forge to Nick's Lake.

Another settler mentioned by Mr. Snyder is Nicholas Vincent. He came from the village of Russia in Herkimer County. He was a nail-worker by trade, for in those days, of course, all nails were made by hand. He opened a shop on the tract, and presumably had a monopoly of supplying nails to the community. He next supplied history by playing the leading male part in the first wedding known to have taken place on the tract. He fell in love with and married Elizabeth, a daughter of Major Joy.

The Vincents and Joys were among the last of the Herreshoff settlers to leave the tract; and their stories of hardships borne and difficulties encountered in getting to and from the place, especially in winter, were long told and retold by their descendants.

Soon after settling on the tract Herreshoff built for himself a comfortable and substantial house made of timber and

boards prepared at the old sawmill John Brown had erected. This residence was the finest thing of its kind on the tract, and became widely known as the Herreshoff Manor. It stood nearly opposite the present station at Fulton Chain. It was here that Herreshoff died, and it was here that the subsequent history of the tract centered for many years. After Herreshoff's death his house was only occasionally and temporarily occupied, and was finally completely abandoned to the ravages of time and weather.

Mr. Snyder also tells of a third and last attempt by the Brown family to settle Township 7. The details were gathered from a very old lady, Mrs. George Hovey, of Forestport, N. Y., who had personal recollections of the venture, as her father, David Sweet, had shared in it. The exact date is no longer known. It is given in Mr. Snyder's paper as 1841, but this would seem to be either a misprint or a lapse of memory on Mrs. Hovey's part, for Otis Arnold moved into the Herreshoff house in 1837, and no other settlers came to the place till after his death. The third attempt at settlement, therefore, probably took place between 1834 and 1837, or even earlier perhaps.

Silas Thompson was put in charge as agent, and took up his residence in the Herreshoff house. He was authorized to offer one hundred and sixty acres of land, a cow, and ten sheep to the first ten families who would settle on the tract and agree to remain there for two years. The bait proved attractive, and ten families were "landed." Among them were the married sons of Silas Thompson, Lewis and Isaac; Ephraim Justin of Boonville; Green White, a hunter and trapper; Robert Pritchard, a blacksmith, and David Sweet, above mentioned. The names of the others are not recorded.

David Sweet settled near and partly on the old Joy clearing. Indeed, most of these settlers built their homes on former clearings; but one is said to have gone upon First Lake, and to have broken virgin ground there.

According to Mrs. Hovey, the sawmill built by Brown had by this time become entirely useless. The grist-mill, however, though in poor condition, was still usable; and each settler used to take his corn there and grind it. The forge-mill,

built by Herreshoff, had become a plaything for the children, who would let in the water for the fun of seeing the old hammer set in motion. A school was started in a deserted barn on the Joy clearing. There were fifteen pupils, and the teacher was Emeline Sperry, from Russia.

These settlers, of course, met with the same discouraging conditions, the same disheartening hardships, and finally the same disintegrating impulses that had scattered their predecessors—and this settlement went the way of all the others.

What actual conditions were on the tract at this time, and what they were held to be in popular imagination, is aptly and interestingly illustrated by an amusing story that has just come to light. John Brown Herreshoff, a son of Charles Frederick, lived in Lowville and practised law there from 1830 to 1838. Some of his letters written during this period have recently been found and gone over. They contain references to Brown's Tract and the utter hopelessness of trying to do anything with it. One of them, alluding to this, contains the following story:

An undesirable citizen of Lowville was repeatedly brought into court for minor offenses, and was admonished or punished accordingly. Nothing that the judge had power to say or do, however, produced any lasting effect. The offender continued to offend. Finally, one day in exasperation, the judge told this man that if he were ever brought before him again he would sentence him to a term on Brown's Tract. It was noticed that the fellow, who had never shown any emotion before, turned deathly pale at this. That night he left the town, and was never seen or heard of again. The threat of Brown's Tract had done what nothing else could do. Surely the history of the place could have no more illuminating footnote than that!

"NAT" FOSTER

After Herreshoff's death his settlement was soon deserted by those left on the tract, and the abandoned dwellings were allowed to go to rack and ruin. In the year 1832, however, Nathaniel Foster leased the old Herreshoff manor, made it habitable, and moved into it with his family.

✓ "Nat" Foster, as he was familiarly called, was a famous hunter and trapper of northern New York. Like Nicholas Stoner and Jonathan Wright, he was renowned for expert woodcraft and deeds of daring. He was one of the last great hunters on John Brown's Tract, one of the last great rangers of the forest, loving it with a rude, unanalyzed passion, knowing it with a keen, intuitive perception, linking it unconsciously ever closer to the line of advance that ultimately makes history of all wildernesses and pioneers.

He came of Rhode Island stock, for his father was born in that State; but he himself was born in Vernon, Vt., in 1767. At the age of twenty-four he married Jemima Streeter, daughter of Amos Streeter of New Hampshire.

About 1793 he moved to the town of Salisbury, in Herkimer County, N. Y. This place was then on the very verge of the wilderness, and the northern part of the county fairly teemed with all kinds of game. Foster, who was already a crack shot and expert trapper, soon began breaking records in his adopted State. One season he killed seventy-six deer, thirty or forty bears, and twenty-five wolves. He was known to have as many as four hundred muskrat traps set at one time. The State at that time paid a liberal bounty for the killing of wolves and other destructive animals, and in one of these years Foster earned no less than \$1,250—an enormous sum for the time and the occupation. The skin of a large moose which he killed was bought by the Albany Museum of Natural History. Both Foster and Stoner had special rifles made for themselves by Willis Avery of Salisbury. These guns had only one barrel, but two locks, so arranged that two bullets could be discharged in quick succession if desired. They were called "double shotters."

Foster stood six feet high and had a body all bone and muscle. His complexion was sallow, and his hair was sandy brown. He had rough-and-ready manners, a pleasant smile, and a kind heart. He was neither quarrelsome nor intemperate, but he had one pet aversion—Indians. In those days a number of these roved through the woods, hunting and trapping like Foster himself, and unfriendly collisions were al-

most inevitable. Foster usually acted only in defense of his rights, but there is little doubt that he was not always prone to distinguish nicely between a red man and other dark-skinned animals. His last affair with an Indian became the celebrated case of Herkimer County.

When he and Mrs. Foster, and his son David and his wife, moved to the Herreshoff place in 1832, they found some neighbors on the settlement. One of these was an Indian named Peter Waters, but generally known as Drid. A little farther off lived three bachelors, William Wood, David Chase, and Willard Johnson; the latter having formerly worked for Herreshoff at the forge. Sometimes others came to the settlement, making occasionally as many as fifteen on the clearing. All depended upon hunting, fishing, and trapping for their livelihood.

At first things went along pleasantly enough, but it soon became evident that the Indian, Drid, had conceived a bitter dislike for Foster. Drid was a surly, quarrelsome fellow, of whom his neighbors stood in some awe, and it would appear that some of them, without intending harm to Foster, had threatened the Indian with the latter's prowess. Drid became more and more inflamed against the old hunter, and finally threatened openly to take his life. There was no excuse for this. Foster had done the Indian no harm in word or deed, and given no just cause for offense. His bearing from the first had been patient and conciliatory, and both he and his wife had shown many kindnesses to Drid's wife, when the Indian was away on his hunting-trips. Despite all this, however, Drid's enmity kept steadily growing.

One morning Foster called on Wood and Chase to see if they were ready to start on a hunting-excursion to Fourth Lake. Drid happened in, renewed a quarrel of the day before with Foster, and suddenly attacked him, knife in hand. The Indian was a powerful, sinewy youth under thirty, whereas Foster was then over sixty. Drid managed to throw the old hunter, and his life was saved only by the intervention of the bystanders. Even so, his arm was badly cut, and his patience flowed out with his blood. "You no live till Christmas!" ex-

claimed the implacable Indian. "And you 'll do damn well if you see another moon!" retorted Foster, now thoroughly aroused.

Foster went back to his house, but Wood and Chase, joined by some others, started on their trip, and Drid went with them. Foster, meantime, had definitely decided to be rid of his troublesome neighbor. He took his trusty gun and set out on foot for a promontory on the north shore of First Lake, which has ever since been called Indian Point. Here he carefully loaded his rifle with two bullets, and waited for his quarry. When the party came in sight it consisted of four men in a rowboat, Wood and Chase in a canoe, and Drid alone in another. As they approached the point the Indian was nearest the shore, but, upon some one exclaiming: "There 's old Foster!" Drid quickly shifted his position so as to place Wood and Chase nearest the point, and himself between them and the party in the boat.

Few men would have risked a shot at the Indian under such conditions, but Foster never hesitated. He raised his gun and fired, and it is said that Drid threw up his hands in despair before the trigger was pulled, for he well knew that old Nat Foster never missed his aim. So true was this that the two bullets, as was revealed at the autopsy, made but one hole entering the Indian's body, but left two where they came out. Both passed directly through the heart, and he fell backward in such a way that he remained in the canoe, his head hanging over it and trailing in the water. After the shooting, Foster returned home by the way he had come, and went to bed.

None of those who had seen Drid shot seemed inclined to touch his body, but left it floating in the canoe, while they rowed back to the settlement. Here they routed Foster out of bed and asked him to go back to the scene of the tragedy with them. He readily assented to this, and, on reaching the spot, recovered Drid's body and rowed it home in his own boat. He then helped to bury it near the Indian's hut. A rude wooden cross was later placed over the grave; but now only a rough fence marks Drid's last resting-place near the State Dam.

Soon after Foster was arrested and brought to trial at the

Circuit Court in Herkimer, in September, 1834. The trial lasted two days, and brought together a great throng of the curious, nearly all of whom were in sympathy with the prisoner. The jury was out two hours, and then returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Foster seemed too dazed at first to understand, but when he did, he rose to his full height, stretched out both hands toward the spectators, and exclaimed fervently: "God bless you all! God bless the people!" He then rushed out of the court-room, amid applause and congratulations, and hurried home.

The verdict was met with joy and approval throughout the county—and justly so. Foster's act was one of self-defense, to which he had been inevitably goaded. If he had not shot Drid, Drid would have shot him.

However, Foster decided that, on account of the probability of Indian vengeance, it would be unwise for him to remain on Brown's Tract, so he removed with his family to Boonville. From there he went to the northern part of Pennsylvania, where he lived for several years following his outdoor pursuits. He died at Boonville, in March, 1841, at the ripe old age of seventy-four. Although Drid was not the only Indian that he had killed, Foster never seemed to forget the affair or to be quite himself again after it had happened.

Minute details of Foster's life and hunting-exploits, as well as the Drid affair and the resultant trial, will be found in Jephtha R. Simms's "Trappers of New York," published in 1871. I have drawn freely on this work for the above synopsis of events. The book also contains a full account of the life of Nicholas Stoner, and much concerning that of Jonathan Wright, two veterans of the Revolution, who in later life became famous as trappers and hunters. They did not live on John Brown's Tract, but often visited it, and were familiar figures in the wilderness. Jock's Lake is named after Wright, who was popularly known as "Uncle Jock." Indeed, he first discovered the lake, and kept its whereabouts a secret for several years; only bringing in immense catches of trout as a sample of its quality. It is now called Honnedaga Lake.

These two men, with Nat Foster, made a trio of acknowledged superiority in woodcraft, at a time when many men

were experts. Mr. Simms asked Stoner if he did not think that Foster had taken a great chance in firing between two white men to kill an Indian. "Pooh!" said Stoner, "Foster would have shot the Indian's eye out had he desired to. The truth is, either of us could send a bullet just about where we chose to." Foster could load and fire an old flint-lock six times within a minute, and his hands had natural pouches of skin between the fingers, in which he used to carry bullets for quick use. Of Stoner it was said that he could kindle a fire, climb a tree, cook a dinner, empty a bottle, shoot a deer, hook a trout, or scent an Indian quicker than any other white man then living.

Another life of Foster was published in 1897 by A. L. Byron-Curtiss. It tells all about the elder Foster and Nat's early days; and shows clearly how by training and experience the boy came honestly and justifiably by his dislike of Indians. One of his earliest adventures was to help save his little kidnapped sister from their intended cruelties. But of his later life on John Brown's Tract and the Drid affair, the book has nothing new to offer, and frankly bases its story of these events on Simms's earlier work.

Mr. Curtiss makes the somewhat novel assertion, however, that Nat Foster was the original of Cooper's *Natty Bumppo*. He bases his belief on striking physical similarities and the fact that others had noticed them. Judge Hurlburt, who defended Foster at his trial, and his son, Gausevort deW. Hurlburt, are cited as supporters of the theory. A letter from the latter is quoted as follows:

James Fennimore Cooper having known Foster in his lifetime (at an early age) it seems not improbable that he took Foster as the original of his famous scout and trapper, commonly called "Leatherstocking," or in other words, that "Nat Foster" and "Natty Bumppo" were identical. Observe the similarity in description, of manners, habits and person. Dread of law, and consequent outward conformity; their laughing in an exactly similar manner, without noise; mouth the same; the style of rifle carried by both; both leaving the State; . . . and through it all, you find points of similarity, hardly the work of chance. After the comparison of the Leatherstocking in the "Pioneers," and the "Deerslayer" with the character of Foster

as described by Simms, there is additional ground for the assertion that they are the same persons; or rather, that Cooper's hero was none other than Nat Foster.

Much of this is plausible in its way, but nothing more. It proves nothing, of course. Over against it we have the assertion of Cooper himself that no one man served as the model for *Leatherstocking*, but that the character was a composite creation from early recollections. That Foster played some part in these recollections is not impossible; but that he alone sat for *Natty Bumppo* is more than improbable.

This assigning of definite prototypes to popular characters in fiction has always been alluring, but is usually fraught with grave danger to the cause of truth. Lacking an author's admission of intentional copy, the case, like this one, must rest entirely on circumstantial evidence, and that method is never more dangerous than when applied to the coincidences of literature and life. How easy it was to find a plausible original for *Natty Bumppo* is shown by the following.

Charles Fenno Hoffman was one of the earliest writers on Adirondack wanderings, and a great admirer of John Cheney, the famous guide and hunter of Essex County. In Hoffman's "Wild Life in the Forest," published in 1839, Chapter VII opens as follows:

I was lately looking over Mr. Cooper's "Pioneers," and reading it after the lapse of years, found myself as much delighted as ever with the best character he ever drew—"The Leather-stockings." If it did not involve an anachronism I could swear that Cooper took the character of Natty Bumppo from my mountaineer friend, John Cheney. The same silent, simple, deep love of the woods—the same gentleness and benevolence of feeling toward all who loved his craft—the same unobtrusive kindness to all others; and, lastly, the same shrewdness as a woodsman and gamesomeness of spirit as a hunter are common to both; and each, while perhaps more efficient, are wholly unlike the dashing swash-buckler of the far West, the reckless ranger of the prairies.

OTIS ARNOLD

After Foster left the Herreshoff Manor it remained deserted till 1837, when another hunter, named Otis Arnold,

moved into it with his wife and child. He stayed there till his tragic death in 1868, raising a large family and making the name of "Arnold's" a household word in Adirondack annals.

It became probably the first house of entertainment in the woods, although it was not opened with any such intention or prospect. But gradually people began passing that way and asking for a meal or a night's lodging, and little by little the old dwelling drifted into being a primitive hotel. There is evidence, however, that traffic was not heavy during the first twenty years.

One of the earliest and most interesting pen-pictures of the place is, rather unexpectedly, from the hand of a lady, and from no less a lady than a maid of honor to Queen Victoria. In 1856 the Hon. Amelia M. Murray published a volume of Letters describing a trip through the United States, Cuba, and Canada. While in America she made a quick journey through the Adirondacks, under the escort and guidance of Governor Horatio Seymour. They went in from Elizabethtown, and "reached Saranac Lake about an hour after dark, conveyed by buckboards and wagons—much too civilized a mode of proceeding; but we go on in boats or on foot, and hope to travel more than a hundred miles with packs on our backs and staffs in our hands—this will be delightful."

At Saranac Lake the party stopped at "Baker's," the famous pioneer hostelry of the place. From here they went through the Saranac Lakes to the Raquette River, and so into Raquette Lake; thence up Brown's Tract Inlet to the carry from Eighth Lake, and through the Fulton Chain to "Arnold's." Lady Amelia calls it the "Eckford Chain." This name was formerly applied to Blue Mountain, Eagle, and Utowana lakes, lying east of Raquette; and Miss Murray was evidently misinformed, or confused this name with that of the chain through which she was actually passing.¹

Lady Amelia records her Arnold experience as follows:

Mr. Seymour remained to make arrangements with the guides while his niece and I walked on to Arnold's Farm. There we found Mrs. Arnold and six daughters. These girls, aged from twelve to

¹ See Chap. XXXVI, under "Blue Mountain Lake."

twenty, were placed in a row against one wall of the shanty, with looks so expressive of astonishment, that I felt puzzled to account for their manner, till their mother informed us they had never before seen any other woman than herself! I could not elicit a word from them; but, at last, when I begged for a little milk, the eldest went and brought me a glass. I then remembered we had met a single hunter rowing himself in a skiff on the Moose River, who called out, "Where on the 'arth do they women come from!" And our after experience fully explained why ladies are rare birds in that locality. At this place we expected to find horses, but owing to our twenty-four hours' detention on Raquette Lake, they had been sent off to bring up some gentlemen from Brown's Tract; pedestrianism was therefore our only resource. Jamie M'Cleland came up from the river and explained that unless we made some further progress this evening, we should not be able to get through the forest during daylight to-morrow, and delay was of importance, so we decided upon trudging on as far as possible. Jamie took the tent on his back, and Mr. Seymour and the guides were to follow as soon as they could select positive necessities from our baggage. Mrs. Arnold was furious—she did all but try to detain us by force—declared we could not get on, and that she should soon see us back again; but necessity has no law: we felt the importance of determination, and we had become too experienced gipsies to fear camping out. For one mile we had a pleasant path, then commenced the series of bog-holes which, with few and short intervals, were to be scrambled through for sixteen miles. The worst was, that as night closed in, we could not find a dry spot upon which to pitch our tent. At last we sent Jamie on, and he brought us the news that, at a short distance, he had found a little knoll above the bogs.

It will be seen from this that ladies—whether from royal or proletarian households—were infrequent visitors on John Brown's Tract in 1855. Indeed, Lady Amelia can undoubtedly claim the distinction of being the first of her sex to make a pleasure-tour through the Adirondacks. And, oddly enough, her name was Murray—a name later to become indissolubly connected with these mountains.

Rev. J. T. Headley, the historian, wrote one of the earliest books of Adirondack adventure. In his "The Adirondac; or Life in the Woods," published in 1849, he says, in speaking of the Fulton Chain:

Near the last of this chain of lakes is a small sheet of water called Moose Lake [now Little Moose Lake] from its being the favorite haunt of moose. . . . A certain judge and his lady are accustomed in summer to come from the western settlements, and camp out for two or three weeks at a time on its shores, and fish. The lady, accomplished and elegant, enjoys the recreation amazingly, and once caught herself a trout weighing 19 pounds.

If this be true—I refer of course to the lady, not to the weight of the fish—then the English woman must yield her claim of priority to the American, but, as Headley gives no names or traceable data, Lady Amelia remains the first lady of record to penetrate the wilderness. And, in any event, she was certainly the first to traverse it. The latter, by the way, saw but a baker's half of the Arnold children, for there were thirteen in all—twelve girls, and one boy. If the girls proved shy before the unwonted sight of a strange lady, there is ample evidence that they were shy of nothing else, especially not of work. In such a life, the men of necessity had to be away hunting and trapping most of the time, and much of the work on the wilderness farm fell to the lot of the gentler sex. It appears, however, that they were quite equal to it, and could plow, sow, rake, and bind with mannish dexterity. “Two of the girls,” says Headley, “threshed alone, with common flails, *five hundred* bushels of oats in one winter, while their father and brother were away trapping for Marten.”

Having unlimited land at his disposal, Arnold kept many head of cattle and a number of very good horses, and Headley, and other early writers, remark upon his girls' astonishing horsemanship. They would ride these rather wild horses astride, without saddle or bridle, guiding them by word of mouth or a stroke of the hand, and making them jump and race in most reckless fashion. Yet, withal, they were not hoydenish girls, but, according to all reports, exceedingly well brought up and well-behaved. Headley calls their mother “the queen of all woodsmen's wives,” and able to hold her own in any company. All travelers bear witness to her goodness of heart and excellent cooking, and to the general merits of her husband.

All the sadder seems the tragedy that came suddenly out of

a clear sky to close his long and otherwise honorable career. Different versions of the affair exist, but in all essentials this is what happened.

A guide named James Short was stopping at "Arnold's." While there he bought a dog-chain and collar from one Bigelow, who was working for Arnold. The latter was away at the time, and as the property sold belonged to him, the sale was made subject to his return and approval. This condition was understood and accepted by Short, but when Arnold came back, it appears nobody spoke to him about the transaction.

A day or two later—September 21, 1868—Short prepared to leave. He called his dog and began putting the new collar on him. Arnold noticed what he was doing, and claimed ownership of the collar and chain. Short, instead of offering to adjust matters according to his agreement, merely announced that he had paid for these articles and intended to use them. Hot words followed, and Arnold became suddenly violent. He drew a knife on Short, but was prevented from using it. Then Arnold secured a gun and put a load of buck-shot into his victim. Short died five hours later in great agony.

He could easily have averted all the trouble by an attempt at explanation. Indeed, the unyielding attitude of both men leads many to think that they were overheated by drink. Arnold was not usually either ugly or quarrelsome, and his remorse for what he had done was swift and tragic.

After the shooting he lingered around the house for a while, and then talked in a dazed sort of way to his daughters about his property. Soon after, he disappeared, and he was never seen alive again. He went to Nick's Lake, a favorite haunt of his, filled his pockets with stones, and tied a heavy stone around his neck. Thus weighted, he got into his boat, rowed into deep water, and jumped overboard. It was a month before his body was recovered. It was then taken to Boonville, and buried beside his wife's.

After his death his house was rented to Sanford Sperry for a short time. Later, Arnold's son Edwin returned to it and ran it for three years. Then it was abandoned, never to be reclaimed, and gradually went to rack and ruin. Finally, in 1895, what was left of it burned to the ground. The cause of

the fire is not known, but it is assumed to have been started by the carelessness of tramps who had sought shelter in the old building for the night. So ended the story of one of the oldest and best-known resorts in the Adirondacks; and so passed into smoke and history the famous Herreshoff Manor, at one time the finest private dwelling in the wilderness.

In 1869 a Mr. Buell of Rochester and a Dr. Desbrow of Port Leyden, bought land and built a hotel called the "Forge House," near the site of the old Herreshoff forge at the foot of First Lake. The new hotel caught the traffic that used to go to "Arnold's," and soon superseded it in popularity.

When Dr. Webb built his railroad a station called Fulton Chain was established near the site of the Herreshoff Manor, about two miles from the hotel. Later, in 1896, a spur of the railroad was built from Fulton Chain (now called Thendara) to the very door of the "Forge House," and the new station was called Old Forge. Around it a bustling little village grew up, and in its name the memory of Charles Frederick Herreshoff lies fossilized forever.

EARLY WRITERS

ON

JOHN BROWN'S TRACT

The term "John Brown's Tract" in the early days was often applied as a generic name to the entire Adirondack region. In "Putnam's Monthly" for September, 1854, appeared an anonymous article entitled: "The Wilds of Northern New York." There is reason to believe, however, that the author was no less a person than Professor F. N. Benedict, of Burlington College, Vermont. This article is the first published attempt at a brief but comprehensive review of the Adirondack territory for the general public—a public, we must infer, which then as now paid little heed to State reports. The article begins as follows:

We all have heard of Brown's Tract; the Adirondack Woods, or the forests of Northern New York. Yet few have ever seen them, few are acquainted with their history, geography and peculiarities. It may seem strange in this age of intelligence and wide diffusion of knowledge of every kind, to talk, as of a new thing, about the

history of our next door neighbors, and the geography of a tract of land, the heights of which we can almost see on a clear day; to attempt to interest one by the characteristics and peculiarities of adjoining counties; to speak of a part of the Empire State, as of the Black Forest of Germany, or the Alpine wilds of Switzerland.

After describing, with scientific precision and unusual topographical accuracy, the larger lakes and mountains, the rock formations, the composition of the forests, and the varieties of fish and game, the author tells of the different ways of approach then used by travelers, and concludes as follows:

There is another route still and probably the best one. Starting from Boonville, Oneida County, or Port-Leydon, Lewis County, going north-easterly across Moose River, to Brown's Tract, some 35 miles; then following up a chain of lakes, eight in number, connected together, forming a boat communication nearly all the way. From Eighth Lake, you must carry your boat about two miles and then strike the Raquette waters.

John Brown's Tract has something of a history connected with it. More than fifty years ago, John Brown, *Governor of Rhode Island*, bought 200,000 acres of wild land in Herkimer and Hamilton Counties, near the waters of Moose River, for the *purpose of opening and carrying on the iron business*. A colony was sent on, 3,000 acres cleared up, veins of iron ore found and opened, a forge built. But the mines were not as productive as expected, soil cold,—much money was expended without a return or prospect of one. *The overseer, sent on by Gov. Brown*, killed himself, the settlers became discouraged, and the place was abandoned. At present, one family by name of Arnold live there, occupying some 2,000 acres, run over with foot shrubs and wild grasses. The place looks desolate, and has not the freshness of nature nor the culture of man to enliven it. The ruined forge, the broken trees and the eddying wind tell of loneliness.

The italicized inaccuracies of the foregoing show how little was known of Adirondack history at the time, and how easily otherwise careful writers accepted the garbled gossip of the woods and gave it the meretricious sanction of print. Many instances of this could be cited, but one other will suffice.

In 1859 Thomas Bangs Thorpe—the Mark Twain of his day—wrote an article for "Harper's New Monthly Magazine" that created more of a stir than anything previously published about the Adirondacks. It was written in a

it produced was without value for the want of market. Remittances of money from Rhode Island finally ceased, the forge met with some extraordinary misfortune, and the son-in-law of Brown, *the prospective inheritor of what was supposed would be literally a princely estate*, closed his struggles and disappointments by blowing out his brains. With this dark tragedy ended any possible hope of making a settlement; the seasons were inauspicious—the summers short, the winters long—and one person after another left, until the silence of the unbroken wilderness again resumed its sway. Years and years passed away. The genius of Clinton, meanwhile, inaugurated the vast internal commerce of New York State, which carried settlements and wealth farther and farther way, and “John Brown’s Tract” became a world forgotten in the midst of the highest civilization.

Again the italics are mine. Thorpe’s picture of Arnold’s, however, has historic value, and I quote the most interesting part of it. He, too, it will be noticed, speaks of the feats of the Amazonian daughters.

Twenty years ago “Old Arnold,” as he is now generally termed, with a young wife and one child, took possession of the only dwelling left of all the original settlement, and without being overparticular about repairs he has lived in it ever since. It was a bold venture thus deliberately to turn with contempt from the clearings, and evinced a great deal of self-reliance to choose such a solitary home. The move was, however, apparently a good one for Arnold, for he has prospered after his fashion—his wife has carefully raised a large family of children, and as he has never seen a tax-gatherer or a sheriff since he has resided in his old castle, he is not altogether destitute of this world’s goods.

Mrs. Arnold received us cordially, and with a dignity becoming to her station as the lady of an old feudal castle. Engaged in the active duties of her household, she never ceased them for a moment, but continued her work, merely interlining her remarks, acting on the good sense rule that the most complimentary thing in her power was to hasten dinner, for our appetite and that of our fellow-travelers was sharp-set, and the steaming coffee and fragrant venison which was by the fire, and a large wheaten loaf on the table, and the busy attentions of three blooming daughters, promised that we should soon be gratified with a most substantial meal. A little rest, some unimportant change in our toilet, and we sallied out to enjoy the few moments which still remained of sunshine. While I was gazing about, Mrs. Arnold’s twin daughters, now seventeen and who have never

been out of the woods, passed near me on horseback. They used no saddles or bridles, but the confident equestrians held such a firm seat that I involuntary expressed my admiration aloud. When they came to the bars that inclosed the yard about the house they beckoned to their mother and a few words passed, and the girls continued down the hill and were soon lost in the woods. While I was still gazing the old lady remarked, that "if I would keep my place I would soon see a fine race on the bottom land." And sure enough a moment afterwards the girls came rushing along at a speed that seemed almost dangerous, yet they displayed the most perfect skill, and sat so gallantly, and enjoyed the excitement so much, that it filled me with positive enthusiasm. The mother was justly proud of her children—twelve she had reared in her solitary home. Not a physician had ever crossed her threshold, and yet they were pictures of health. The elder daughters had married and were excellent wives and mothers, and the three now grown to woman's estate, who had never seen a house except the humble one in which they were born, would compare favorably in address with those who possessed every possible advantage of city education. All this was the result of a mother's care. Truly Mrs. Arnold is a model of her sex.

"NUMBER FOUR"

The western "blue line" of the park runs through Township 4, called Unanimity. It follows here the county line and so divides the township that about two thirds of it lie in Herkimer, and about one third in Lewis County. This section was put on the map by Orrin Fenton, and although his place lay just outside the "blue line," it was essentially an Adirondack resort and should be so treated here.

The original settlement of the township was in this neighborhood, and was spoken of as "the settlement at No. 4." Then the usual tendency to contraction set in, and the numeral alone was used. It took such firm root that when Fenton established a post-office at his hotel, it was given the official designation of "No. 4"—the only instance of the kind on record, I believe. The Beaver River flows across the northern end of Brown's Tract, and in the southwestern corner of Township 4 spreads out into a lovely sheet of water, called Beaver Lake. Overlooking it from the south stood "Fenton's."

About a mile below lies Lake Francis, named for Governor John Brown Francis of Rhode Island. He has been previously mentioned as John Brown's favorite grandson and the inheritor of much of his property. Township 7 was left to him, and after his uncle Herreshoff's failure and death there, he evidently sought to save something out of the wreck. He is known to have made frequent visits to the tract in the early twenties, and in 1822 he transferred his attention, and presumably his hopes, from Township 7 to Township 4. The reasons for this change are not at all obvious. He left an opened locality for an unopened one. He had to build a road in order to reach it, and of the delights of that road an early traveler has left the following record:

The road the most of the way is paved—by nature—and the paving stones average perhaps two feet in diameter. . . . The ride is to give one the feeling of being sifted out through the bottom of the wagon. As a means of bodily exercise, and as a promoter of digestion, that road stands out in bold relief. It winds through a leafy area, all loveliness except the bottom.

As an inducement to take this leafy drive, Governor Francis offered one hundred acres apiece to the first ten settlers, and by 1835 the new settlement numbered about seventy-five victims. Over two thousand acres were cleared, a school was started, and even a pastor came to shepherdize the little flock, which appears to have enjoyed a few years of negative prosperity. But by 1840 the usual discouragement and disintegration set in, and gradually all but one family moved away.

This was Orrin Fenton and his wife. They decided to stick it out, but wisely gave up farming and built a hotel. This proved much more successful. The place became a favorite resort with prominent men from Herkimer and Lewis counties, and for those wishing to taste of Adirondack pleasures without having to penetrate beyond the border of the wilderness. It was a house much like "Arnold's," and contemporary with it, but much more attractively situated.

Nothing tragic, or even exciting, ever happened at "Fenton's," and there would be little to record concerning it but its many years of quiet popularity, were it not for a little

pamphlet written years ago by W. Hudson Stevens, an erstwhile frequenter of the place, who died in Lowville in 1918. His pamphlet was published in 1864, and has become exceedingly rare. So far as I have been able to discover, only three original copies are in existence: one in the Library of Congress, one in the New York State Historical Society, in New York City, and one in my possession. Even the author had none. I wrote to him about it, and he informed me that the few copies he owned had been sent to "Fenton's" years ago to be sold to the guests there. He heard no more of them directly, but learned indirectly that they were going rapidly as an accessory of shaving. So do the unshaven create treasure for the bibliophile!

The style of the pamphlet is quaint and meandering, but it contains a wealth of names and dates and incidents. The details are too minute and local to be of general interest, but as a unique and valuable contribution to Adirondack history the little book undoubtedly deserves preservation for those who may be interested in it. It is, therefore, reproduced in Appendix B.

H. Perry Smith, in his "Modern Babes in the Woods," published in 1873, quotes at some length from this pamphlet, and records the following spicy comment concerning it. He asked his guide, Charley Smith, if many copies of it had sold.

" 'Oh, no,' said Charley; 'he did n't do much with it. It did n't sell like Murray's book.' "

" 'How do you account for that?' "

" 'Well,' said the honest guide, 'the fact of it is, Mr. Stevens's book is mainly a little accurate history, dealing in dry facts. If he had lied like Murray, no doubt the book would have sold.' "

Such comment, from one who knew, helps to establish the historical value of the pamphlet. In it Mr. Stevens tells of James O'Kane, who lived and died alone in his little shanty at Stillwater, now Wardwell's, on the Beaver River. But Jimmy was not the only hermit who settled on John Brown's Tract. Indeed, the cabin which he appropriated had been built and then deserted by another mysterious wanderer.

About the year 1822 a stranger, of whom men knew noth-

ing, passed the clearings at No. 4, and built himself a rude habitation about twelve miles farther up the Beaver River. Here he lived for nearly ten years in extreme and mysterious isolation, shunning all human contact, even to the point of hiding if hunting or fishing parties came his way. Occasionally he would come to the clearings to sell or trade his furs, and at such times he would be clad in skins with the fur turned out, presenting more the appearance of a wild animal than of a human being. Finally, about 1830, he found the slightly increased number of people around him annoying, and again he moved up the river—some thirty miles this time—and settled on the beautiful lake from which it takes its rise. Here, on Smith's Lake, as people began to call it in honor of the hermit, he lived in utter seclusion for fifteen years. Then the multiplying sportsmen began to bother him again. He concluded that the Adirondacks no longer offered genuine social detachment, and decided to seek his ideal seclusion in the broader reaches of the West. Nothing after that was ever heard of him. He passed as he had come—a mysterious being of whom men knew nothing but the fact of his existence. His memory became a shanty and a name.

Smith's Lake lies outside and east of Brown's Tract, in Hamilton County. It retained for many years the name of the man who first dwelt upon its shores. In 1895, however, it became part of Dr. Webb's Nehasane Preserve, and he changed the name to Lake Lila, at the same time changing that of Albany Lake to Nehasane. The site on Stillwater, where David Smith built his first shanty, became the home of the Beaver River Club.

Fenton ran his hotel till 1863, when he sold out to Louis B. Lewis. Mr. Stevens attended to the legalities of transfer, and saw the original deed of the property signed by Governor Francis and his wife in 1826.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ADIRONDACK IRON WORKS

ON the east side of the mountains, following the Hudson toward its source in Essex County, is the abandoned site of the Adirondack Iron Works, lying between Lake Sanford and Lake Henderson. Mount Santanoni rises on the west; the Indian Pass yawns to the north, and old Tahawus, or Mount Marcy, towers on the east. Early in the last century this was the busiest, most thickly peopled spot in all the Adirondacks, and promised to make them world-renowned as an iron and steel-producing center. But here again, despite bold initiative and enterprise, the undertaking succumbed to the inevitable doom that seemed inherent in all early Adirondack ventures.

The unusual wealth of iron ore deposits in certain parts of the Wilderness was the subject of early investigation and comment among scientific explorers. Foremost among these, as we have seen, was Prof. Ebenezer Emmons, who made the first official report concerning the region, and first named Mount Marcy, Mount Seward, Dix's Peak, Mount McIntyre, Mount McMartin (now Mount Colden), and Mount Henderson; the first three after governors of the State; the last three after partners in the near-by iron-works.

In 1852 Winslow C. Watson was appointed by the State Agricultural Society to make an exploration of Essex County, of which he later wrote a history. In the preface to the latter work, published in 1869, he says:

To the notice of the ore beds and mineral wealth of the county, I have devoted a large portion of my volume. Many of the most important of these mines I have personally visited and explored.

I trust that every reader will give to this portion of the work a careful consideration. The revelation to their minds of a mineral wealth, so vast but still in the infancy of its development, will excite astonishment and warrant a worthy exultation. The account

of the industrial resources of the district will be read, I think, with interest and surprise.

From the account of the Adirondack District I quote as follows:

The mineral wealth of Essex County is not limited to iron ore, but comprehends numerous other minerals of great interest and value. Iron, however, in immense deposits, constitutes its predominant resource. In many sections of the county it forms the basis of the entire structure of the earth, and occurs not merely in veins, nor even masses, but in strata which rise into mountains. The surface is often strewn with boulders of iron ore, weighing from a few pounds to many tons, as ordinary rocks are scattered in other districts. The Adirondack district is probably surpassed in no region in the extent of its deposits of iron, and the higher qualities and varied properties of its ores. The ores seem to concentrate in the vicinity of the village of Adirondac, and here literally constitute the formation. The cellars of the dwellings, in many instances, are excavated in the massive beds.

The first settlement in the Town of North Elba was made about 1800, and iron ore was early discovered there. In 1809 Archibald McIntyre¹ of Albany, with two partners, Malcolm McMartin¹ and David Henderson, bought a water-power on the Chub River, flowing out of Lake Placid. Here they erected a forge and started the Elba Iron Works. There was plenty of ore in the vicinity, but it proved to be of such inferior grade that it became necessary to import it from Clinton County, many miles away, and over roads that the snow alone made passable. This expense, added to that of getting the finished product to market, soon ate up all profits and doomed the enterprise to failure, and the works were finally abandoned in 1815. They initiated, however, the beginning of the iron industry which soon sprang up all along the valley of the Ausable and gave it a preëminence in that line which lasted for many years.

Some ten years later, in 1826, a prospecting party visited the site of the deserted Elba Works. While they were looking about, an Indian approached one of them, Mr. David Henderson, and showing him a piece of iron ore, said:

¹ I use the old spelling of these names, but I understand that descendants of the families now spell their names "MacIntyre" and "MacMartin."

"You want to see 'em ore? Me fine plenty—all same."

He was asked where, and pointed to the southwest: "Me hunt beaver all 'lone, an' fin' 'im where water run over iron dam."

The Indian, a brave of the St. Francis tribe, seemed so honest and intelligent that the prospectors consented to go with him to the spot he agreed to show them. In the party were David Henderson, Duncan and Malcolm McMartin, John McD. McIntyre, and Dyer Thompson. They went southward through the Indian Pass, spending the night in its gorge. The next day they reached a lake, which they named Lake Henderson. Proceeding down this lake to the river at its outlet they came to the spot that was to become the celebrated Adirondac Village, or Upper Works, for here the Indian's story was made good. They found the river at this point flowing over a natural iron dam, formed by a ledge of ore that extended across the channel. A little investigation, moreover, showed vast deposits of ore all around, and the eye of the expert quickly grasped the full range of coincident advantages. Here was not only a seemingly exhaustless supply of ore, but here were boundless forests for the fires, and endless waters for the power. The only drawbacks were the remoteness of the locality and the difficulties of transportation, but these weighed but little in the first enthusiasm over such a wealth of natural resources.

The party lingered just long enough to assure themselves of the extent of the deposit and to conceal all traces of their search. The same night, so as not to attract attention, they departed in the darkness and the teeth of a violent storm. After retracing their steps through the wilderness, Mr. Henderson and Mr. McMartin, keeping the Indian with them, as a precaution against his betraying their plans, set off with all possible speed for Albany. They arranged there for purchase from the State of a tract of land embracing Townships 46 and 47 of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase. In the latter lay the dam and the heart of their great find. Immediately after securing their prize they started to build a road to the site, at great expense, through thirty miles of unbroken forest.

East of Township 47 there is a gore containing over 2,000 acres. This was conveyed by the State, on November 15, 1827, to John McD. McIntyre (the son of Archibald) and Peter McMartin. Later, on December 9, 1833, another adjoining gore containing 7,700 acres was acquired by Archibald McIntyre and Duncan McMartin.

The story of the original discovery and purchase as given above, follows closely W. C. Watson's version of it in his "History of Essex County."¹ This must be considered the most authoritative, because the facts were gleaned from Mr. Henderson's journal.² This journal is referred to in a footnote as follows: "I have before me a copy of the original journal of Mr. Henderson, furnished me by Mr. Clark, now of Cincinnati. I regret that my space will not allow me to publish this highly interesting document."

Acting on this clue, I tried to find the journal. I was able to get in touch with descendants of both the Watson and Clark families, who most courteously favored my quest in every possible way. It led to nothing but disappointment, however. During my search I learned that Mr. Henderson's papers had all been burned shortly after his death. This would account for the disappearance of the original journal, but not for that of the copy of which Mr. Watson speaks, for the latter's historical papers are still intact. But the coveted item was not among them, nor could the Clark family find any trace of its ever having been returned to them.

This disappointment was offset, however, by another find of almost equal historical value—a little pamphlet privately published in 1885 by Henry Dornburgh, who was for years an employee of the Adirondack Iron Co. He calls his pamphlet: "Why the Wilderness is Called Adirondack," and, as he seems to think that the name originated with the iron-works, he gives their history in minute and interesting detail. He died at Ticonderoga in 1915. His married daughter Mrs. George L. Washburne, also of Ticonderoga, kindly gave me

¹ *The Military and Civil History of the County of Essex*, New York, p. 374.

² They are corroborated, moreover, in a long letter written by Mr. Henderson and published in Wallace's *Descriptive Guide to the Adirondacks*, p. 344. This edition (1896) also contains a picture of Mr. Henderson.

one of her father's pamphlets and furnished me with all the information at her disposal.

Mr. Dornburgh was born in Montgomery County in 1820, and settled at Newcomb in 1844. Soon after, he became connected with the iron-works, and remained with them till they were abandoned. He married Miss Phœbe Shaw, of Minerva, who taught school at the works. They had three children, all born at the works—Robert, who became a leading lawyer of Essex County, serving twice as District Attorney; William H., now living in Schenectady, and Charlotte A., the daughter mentioned above.

After leaving the iron-works, Mr. Dornburgh resided in Olmstedville, where he was postmaster for several years. While there he had the happy inspiration to put some of his memories of the "deserted village" into print, and may thus be called the Goldsmith of this Adirondack Auburn, for to no one else does the preservation of any records appear to have occurred. Indeed, the dearth of them is surprising, considering the magnitude and duration of the enterprise. Early writers give only the leading facts in the story, and are barren of detail. The versions differ, moreover, and it has been difficult to reconcile them with accuracy.

In my attempt to do this I have been most courteously helped by Mr. Arthur H. Masten of New York, who married a great-granddaughter of Judge McMartin, and is thoroughly familiar with the later history of the iron property. He has given me much valuable information as a supplement to Mr. Dornburgh's earlier records.

Mr. Archibald McIntyre, who had founded the Elba Iron Works, was again the leader in the new enterprise, which was often called the McIntyre Iron Works. Mr. Lossing, in his book "The Hudson," speaks of "the little deserted village of Adirondack, or McIntyre." Mr. McIntyre was a very prominent and wealthy man in his day. He was Comptroller of the State for several years, and also a State senator. Mr. Henderson was his son-in-law, and was engaged in the pottery business in Jersey City. Beyond playing an accidental part in securing the property for his father-in-law, he had no official connection with the iron-works till later.

Mr. McIntyre's first associate in the Adirondack Iron Works was Judge McMartin of Broadalbin, who was also a man of prominence both in business and politics. They erected a forge and the other necessary buildings at the Upper Works, and began operations there in 1826. After a few years Judge McMartin died, and then Mr. Henderson and Mr. Archibald Robertson of Philadelphia joined the firm. The latter was a prominent and wealthy merchant of that city.

In 1838 Mr. Henderson was given entire management of the works, and from that moment they took on new life and felt the impulse of his dominant energy and enterprise. They were enlarged, the means of transportation were improved, and the old forge was replaced by a quarter furnace. In digging the foundation for this another bed of ore was struck, and the ruins of the furnace still stood on this ore bed a few years ago.

Mr. Henderson soon began making experiments with a view to converting the iron into steel. He found that the ore had excellent steel properties, and decided to attempt its manufacture. The process had never been tried in America, so he made a trip to England and visited the famous Sheffield Works. There he met their principal foreman Mr. Pixley, and told him that he wanted to make steel in America, but would have to use charcoal. Mr. Pixley said he did not know whether steel could be made with charcoal or not, but offered to experiment with it, and report to Mr. Henderson later on. The latter, satisfied with this assurance, returned home.

In a few months Mr. Pixley wrote that he had made the promised experiments, and was convinced that steel could be made with charcoal. On receipt of this favorable report Mr. Henderson at once began preparing for the manufacture of steel. He chose a site on the Hudson River below Lake Sanford, about ten miles south of the Upper Works, and built a dam, a large dock, a sawmill, and dwellings for the workmen. This place became known as the Lower Works, but was officially named Tahawus, when a post-office was established there.

While these improvements were progressing, Mr. Pixley came to America and visited the new plant. He gave direc-

tions and advice as to its completion, and then returned to England. Shortly after, however, he wrote to say that he had been making some new experiments, which were not nearly so successful as the first, and that he had come to the conclusion that steel could not be made successfully with charcoal. In view of this he would not care to endorse the attempt, and urged Mr. Henderson to abandon it. There is little doubt that this sudden change of front had been inspired by the Sheffield people, who, upon learning of the tremendous resources of their prospective competitors, had found some way of influencing Mr. Pixley's attitude toward them. This change, whatever caused it, led to the abandonment of the Lower Works and to the loss of the capital invested there.

It resulted, however, in concentration on the Upper Works, where many improvements and enlargements were made, and where a successful business was carried on for many years. In the meantime, Mr. Henderson had met Mr. Joseph Dixon, the versatile inventor and mechanic, who later became known as "Graphite Dixon," on account of the graphite works he established in Ticonderoga. Mr. Dixon said he thought he could make steel, if he had the necessary equipment and money. After some talk Mr. Henderson agreed to furnish both. So Mr. Dixon built a small cementing furnace on the outskirts of Jersey City. This proved successful, and a smelting-furnace was built next. By slow degrees and many experiments Mr. Dixon finally succeeded in casting steel into coarse bars, but the next step was to work it into small ones. To solve this difficulty Mr. Henderson made another trip to England, and surprised everybody by bringing back with him an expert tilter from Sheffield. This Englishman showed the Americans how to build a tilting-hammer, and the first cast-steel plant in America was established.

It led to the organization of the Adirondack Iron and Steel Co. in 1848, with works in Jersey City, costing \$100,000. This company forwarded to the World's Fair, held in London in 1851, specimens of its iron and steel, and was awarded a prize gold medal for both. Had it not been for the defection of Mr. Pixley these works would have been located in the Adirondacks, but, as it was, all the iron they used came from there.

Expert opinion was unanimous, moreover, in pronouncing it to be the best steel producing ore so far discovered in this country.

But this has carried us a little ahead of our story. We must go back to the year 1843, when the Upper Works were turning out from twelve to fourteen tons of iron a day, and were probably in their most flourishing condition. Between three hundred and four hundred men were employed there. Besides the furnaces, there were sixteen dwellings and a building with a cupola, used as school, church, and general assembly room. But the most surprising feature of this remote and secluded mountain hamlet was a bank—a duly organized State Bank, and the first in the Adirondacks. It was called the McIntyre Bank, and of course issued a large circulation, as did all the banks of the period. Its bills were redeemable at Albany, and they circulated freely and widely through northern New York. The institution, though prosperous, lasted but a few years. The sight of so unusual a plum seems to have overstimulated the greed of the local assessors, and they finally taxed the little wilderness bank out of existence. It is gratifying to record, however, that before closing its doors, it called in all its bills and redeemed them in full—a better exit than many a State bank could then boast of.

At this time the works had grown so that the supply of water was sometimes inadequate in dry weather. Various plans for increasing it were discussed, but no steps were taken till September, 1845. Then the company's engineer Daniel Taylor suggested combining the two branches of the Hudson River at a point where they were only a few miles apart. To investigate the feasibility of doing this a party was formed, consisting of Mr. Henderson, his ten-year-old son Archie, Mr. Taylor, and "Tony" Snyder and John Cheney the well-known guides. They took knapsacks and provisions with them, and prepared to camp out over night. They had not gone very far when they came to a little pond known as "the duck hole." A number of ducks were swimming about it.

"Take my pistol and kill some of those ducks," said Mr. Henderson to Cheney. The guide took the pistol, but before he could get a shot at the ducks they flew away. He there-

upon handed the pistol back to Mr. Henderson, who slipped it into his belt and moved away to join the rest of the party at the head of the little lake.

John Cheney stayed behind to catch some trout in place of the lost ducks. Just as he had fixed his line and dropped it into the water, he heard the report of a pistol. Looking in the direction whence it came, he saw Mr. Henderson in a stooping posture, and Mr. Taylor and Snyder, who had been gathering wood, hurrying to his side. Cheney then realized that something was wrong, and ran to the spot. Mr. Henderson had meanwhile fallen to the ground, and when Cheney reached him he looked up and said:

"John, you must have left the pistol cocked."

The guide was too overwhelmed to make any answer. Then Mr. Henderson looked around him and said:

"This is a horrible place for a man to die." A moment later he motioned his son to his side, and added, gently: "Archie, be a good boy, and give my love to your mother."

That was all. His lips kept moving a while as if in prayer, and then, fifteen minutes after being shot, he breathed his last. He had thrown his knapsack and belt, in which was the pistol, on a rock, and in falling the open hammer was struck and the weapon discharged. A bed of balsam boughs was made and the body laid upon it. This done, Snyder hurried to the village to get help. On reaching it he kept his errand as quiet as possible, but as he started back with a number of men carrying lanterns, axes, and other tools, so unusual a sight could not fail to attract attention in the little hamlet. Women ran out of the houses to inquire what had happened, and among them were Mrs. Henderson and her little daughter Maggie. On learning that an accident had occurred, the child had an intuitive foreboding of the truth, and began crying out: "Papa is shot! Papa is shot!" And so the fact transpired.

On the way back Snyder detailed some of the men to cut out trees and bushes, and widen the narrow trail for the passing of the corpse. This became the path used by tourists on their way to Mount Marcy. J. T. Headley, the historian, passed over it the following year, with John Cheney as his



CALAMITY POND AND HENDERSON MONUMENT

guide. The latter pointed out the spot where the returning party, overtaken by darkness, had been forced to spend the night. The rough poles on which the corpse had rested, and the signs of the big fire that had been built, were still visible. "Here," said Cheney, indicating a log, "I sat all night and held Mr. Henderson's little son in my arms. It was a dreadful night."

The remains reached the village the next morning, and a rude coffin was constructed for them. A despatch was sent to Russell Root of Root's Center, on the Schroon River, requesting him to meet the funeral party at Wise's Shanty on the "cartage" road. This was only partly completed at the time, and the body had to be taken to Tahawus first. From there it had to be carried ten miles on men's shoulders over a rough trail till the road was reached. Here Root was waiting with a team, and drove the party to Lake Champlain, where they took a steamboat en route to Jersey City.

The foregoing account of this tragic incident is taken from the Dornburgh pamphlet. Its author heard the story of the occurrence from Snyder in the afternoon, and the next day from John Cheney and Mr. Taylor. In concluding this part of his narrative Mr. Dornburgh says: "Mr. Henderson's death was a sad blow to the Adirondack Iron Company, as he was their most influential man. He was also greatly missed by all classes, who had learned to love him, and for a few days all work was suspended in the village."

Mrs. Henderson survived her husband but a few years. They had three children—Archie and Maggie, who have been mentioned, and another daughter, Annie, whom Mr. Dornburgh says he never saw. Maggie married George Gregory of Jersey City, a son of her father's partner in the pottery business there. She died soon after her marriage. Archie grew up and married, but also died prematurely. He left a son David, who, after marrying, lived in Paris till he died there. At his death he left a family of several children. Annie Henderson married Dr. Daniel Giraud Elliot of New York City, but passed away soon after the union. Dr. Elliot was a distinguished naturalist and became curator of the American Museum of Natural History. He died in 1915, leav-

ing one daughter. It has been sometimes asserted—owing to the early deaths of the children, probably,—that the Henderson family became extinct, but such, it will be seen, was not the case.

Mr. Henderson was a man of unusual business ability. He had great energy and enterprise, backed by sound principles, financial acumen, and considerable scientific knowledge. He was of a genial, cordial, cheery disposition, and very popular with the men at the works, in whose lives and welfare he took a personal interest. He was a player on the violin, and would often help to while away the long evenings by playing for the men and their families to sing and dance.

The "duck hole" where he was shot has ever since been called "Calamity Pond," and the brook that flows from it, and a near-by mountain, now bear the same name. The tiny pond lies about a three hours' tramp to the east of Lake Henderson and near Lake Colden, and in this remote, deserted spot, where only a straggling hunter or fisherman strays, stands one of the most unexpected sights in the wilderness—a beautifully carved stone memorial, bearing this inscription:

This Monument
Erected by Filial Affection
To the Memory of
Our Dear Father
DAVID HENDERSON
Who Accidentally Lost
His Life on this Spot
3rd September 1845

Beneath the inscription, in high relief, are a chalice, a book, and an anchor. The monument is of Nova Scotia freestone, eight feet high, and weighs a ton. The difficulties and expense of placing it where it stands were, naturally, great. It was drawn in by oxen in winter over a specially improvised roadway, and there it stands, a touching tribute of affection and yet a strange anomaly, for seldom indeed does a human being pass that way to gaze upon it.

Mr. Henderson's death is usually given as the cause of the abandonment of the iron-works, but, while they undoubtedly felt the loss of his dynamic leadership, it was the trans-

portation problem that ultimately forced them to the wall. The long haul to Lake Champlain over the most primitive mountain roads made it impossible to compete with concerns nearer the markets, even though the Adirondack product commanded the higher prices. The records show that while the best marks of American and Scotch pig-iron were selling for twenty dollars to twenty-two dollars per ton, the Adirondack output readily brought forty dollars to forty-five dollars.

The repeated enlargement of the works in the face of the transportation handicap, was largely due to recurring prospects of relief. The earliest was a State survey of the valley of the upper Hudson, with a view to building a canal into the mountainous mining-region. The scheme seemed highly probable at one time, but was finally abandoned.

High hopes were raised again in 1854, when the Sackett's Harbor and Saratoga Railroad Company surveyed their line to within a few miles of the iron-works, and began construction with fair promise of completion. The industry at this time was not flourishing and its downward trend was clearly manifest. The prospect of the railroad, however, put new hope and life into the owners. They began repairing their old buildings and making many new and costly improvements. They built a new blast-furnace of the largest type, furnished with all modern appliances, which alone is said to have cost \$43,000.

But for the third time (if we include the Lower Works) money was wasted on a false hope. The railroad failed to make good, and when the last lingering possibility of its ever doing so had faded away, the Adirondack Iron Works gave up their long struggle against isolation, and the place thereof became the "deserted village."

This was in 1857. Six years later, in 1863, the same railroad—its name changed to "The Adirondack Company"—bought control of the abandoned works, and advertised them among its most promising assets. The scheme to build the road into them was revived, but never fulfilled. The new company laid its tracks as far as North Creek, but was never able to carry them beyond that point. Payments on the contract for the iron-works were never completed, and they were

taken back by the original owners. Later they entered on their last phase by passing under the control of a large private fish-and-game club—the first of its kind and purpose to be organized in the Adirondacks.

The original organization was formed in February, 1876, and was called the "Preston Ponds Club," after three small sheets of water lying not far north of Lake Henderson. This club leased the Preston Ponds for two years, at a nominal rental, from James R. Thompson, who was then acting as agent for the Adirondack Iron and Steel Co. (a later incorporation of the iron-works). The Preston Ponds Club had a constitution and by-laws, but was not incorporated.

It was in the nature of a tentative experiment, but proved so popular and successful that enlargement and permanency were soon decided on. In January, 1877, the club was re-organized and incorporated as the "Adirondack Club," taking over the entire iron property under lease. The first officers of this club were:

	James R. Thompson, President
William E. Pearson, Treasurer	Thomas J. Hall, Secretary

The incorporators were:

Charles F. Imbrie	James Weeks
William M. Fincke	Thomas J. Hall
James R. Thompson	William E. Pearson
Francis H. Weeks	Lockwood DeForest
George W. Folsom	William H. Power
Dudley S. Gregory, Jr., 2nd	

Among the original members were such well-known names as the following:

Robert H. Robertson	Dr. John B. Hawes
Dr. Daniel L. Stimson	James R. Roosevelt
Rutherford Stuyvesant	Robert W. DeForest
A. A. Low, Jr.	Henry W. DeForest
Edward Annan	Frederick H. Betts
Dr. George G. Wheelock	Charles L. Atterbury
Alfred M. Hoyt	Colles Johnston
W. L. Andrews	William F. Morgan
Emlen Roosevelt	Robert Lawrence

In 1898 the Adirondack Club changed its name again, and became the present Tahawus Club. The headquarters and

main buildings are north of Lake Sanford, near the site of the Upper Works. There is a post-office of Tahawus ten miles to the south, where the Lower Works used to be. The few buildings here are controlled by the club and kept open for the occasional convenience of its members. This club is now the lessee of the McIntyre Iron Company.

Previous to 1894 the club leased its preserve from the heirs of the estate, through the medium of a trustee acting for the vested interests. This proved awkward at times, and finally led to a partition suit and the organization of a holding company, with nominal capitalization, known as the McIntyre Iron Company. The first president was Mr. James MacNaughton of Albany, whose father, a leading physician of that city, had married Caroline, one of the daughters of Archibald McIntyre. Mr. MacNaughton was always deeply interested in the Adirondack property, and became trustee for the heirs after Mr. Thompson's death. He continued as president of the new company until his own death in 1905.

Shortly before this he had started negotiations for the sale of a controlling interest in the property to Congressman Foote and some of his friends. This deal was consummated in 1907, when the principal stock-holders, mostly heirs of the McIntyre and Robertson estates, united in selling a major portion of their holdings. One of the new buyers, Mr. Edward Shearson, a banker of New York, became president of the company; Mr. Andrew Thompson of Niagara Falls, a great grandson of Archibald McIntyre, the secretary; and Mr. Arthur H. Masten of New York the vice-president.

The property of the McIntyre Iron Company has been lumbered from time to time for many years. In 1914 the company began making tests of the ore deposits, and equipped a concentrating plant on Lake Sanford. A railroad—the Champlain and Sanford Railroad—has been surveyed from the old iron-works to Addison Junction on Lake Champlain, and terminal facilities acquired. It may be, therefore, that the iron industry of the region will be revived a century after it was first begun.

CHAPTER XV

MOUNT MARCY—SOURCE OF THE HUDSON INDIAN PASS—JOHN CHENEY

NOT far to eastward from the deserted iron-works looms Mount Marcy, the monarch of the Adirondacks and the highest mountain in the State. It is 5,344 feet, or over a mile, in height. The view from it is massively immense. "It is like being on top of the biggest bubble in a boiling cauldron," says Longstreth in his Adirondack book. Elsewhere¹ he describes the details of the view so vividly that those who sit may see, and for them I quote the following:

Mount Marcy's great gift to the climber is isolation—a difficult commodity to achieve these days. The gods rejoice in stillness, and for a man to emerge from the racket of cities into the mile-high quiet of Tahawus' top is the greatest luxury procurable. Nowadays the trouble is not in getting a quorum, but in getting rid of it.

The supreme surprise of the view from Marcy is the infinity of wilderness. Down in the northwest the village of Lake Placid shows diminutively on clear days, and the knowing eye can discern a house or two in Keene Valley northeast-ways. But a frame cottage fifteen miles distant offers small obstruction to the imagination, and for romantic purposes can be said not to exist. From horizon to horizon, some hundred of miles, New York State seems a freshly created wilderness, a vast forest cover rising on a thousand ridges, climbing a thousand peaks. "If this," you say, "is the most populous State in the Union, how quiet, how ineffective, must civilization be in those States historically new!"

At first you content yourself with gazing vaguely over into Vermont or Canada, disappointed that there is so much to see, so little that forces your attention. But after you have climbed Marcy several times you find yourself seeking eagerly for certain sights—the long and beautiful, almost ravine-like valley of John's Brook; the twelve mile trail to Keene Valley; the impressive grouping of the mountains along that valley and the Cascade Lakes; Colden, the slide-

¹ *The Conservationist* for April, 1920.

worn; the great apron of forest sloping to the Plains of Abraham and Whiteface; McIntyre, that looks so near, and is a day's toil distant; Skylight, at hand, the most evenly wooded of all Adirondack mountains; superb Haystack; wild Basin; little Saddleback and the Gothics, a fit culmination to any vista; and finally the great Panther Gorge.

So from Marcy I love first the sight of endless wilderness, and second the faces of the little lakes that look up at one so kindly from it here and there—Heart Lake, the Boreas Ponds, and tiny Tear-of-the-Clouds. But there is one moment superior to all. It comes when you step to the east side of the crest and look down into a well of clear air, two thousand feet deep, mossed with spires of conifer. On this great precipice and down the more gradual valley grows as beautiful a forest as God has made or the lumberman neglected. That general deficiency in sense which has permitted the ruin of vast areas elsewhere has protected this for the exception's sake. And if one saw nothing else, this plunge of the eye, this impetuous moment of the spirit would alone make the long climb worth the doing.¹

¹ There are five trails to the summit of Mount Marcy, and I transcribe here a brief description of them as given in the first report of the Victory Mountain-Park Committee:

1 From the north, one may drive from Lake Placid south to the site of the old Adirondack Lodge near Clear Lake. Thence a trail leads southeastward to a point about three quarters of a mile northeast of the summit, and thence southwesterly to the top. From Adirondack Lodge the trail is about seven miles long.

2 From the northeast, a trail leaves the end of the highway about three quarters of a mile west of Keene Valley and leads southwestward along John's brook to a point about a mile east of the summit, and thence westerly, joining the trail above-mentioned near the top. This trail is about nine and a half or ten miles long.

3 From the southeast a trail leaves the western shore of Upper Ausable lake, runs in a generally northwesterly direction to a point between Mount Skylight and Mount Marcy, just east of Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds, where it joins the trail next mentioned at a point inappropriately called Four Corners; thence turning northeastward it leads to the summit. From Upper Ausable lake the trail is about seven miles long. The starting point may be reached from St. Hubert's by highway to the foot of Lower Ausable lake, canoe up the lake, trail of about a mile to Upper Ausable lake, and canoe to the beginning of the trail up the mountain.

4 From the south or southwest one may drive from Tahawus postoffice at the Lower Works of the McIntyre Iron Company, northward about six miles toward the Tahawus Club at the Upper Works, and, before reaching the latter, turn to the right on the road crossing Sanford lake on a bridge. Thence a trail follows an old tote-road easterly across the Opalescent river, and at a point about three-quarters of a mile east of that river turns northward and northeastward, and goes up the valley of Upper Twin brook, between Cliff Mountain and Mount Redfield, to what at present is Buckley's lumber camp, at the junction of Uphill

The first white men to look down upon these splendors from the dome of the State, were a party of friends and assistants with Professor Emmons, who was engaged at the time in his geological survey. This first ascent of the mountain took place on August 5, 1837. Those who made it were Professor Emmons and his son, Edward Hall, W. C. Redfield, Asa Torrey, Professor Story of New York, and Professor Miller of Princeton, all geologists; Archibald McIntyre and David Henderson of the iron-works; and C. C. Ingham, the artist.

It was on this occasion that the mountain received its present name, in honor of William Learned Marcy, the distinguished statesman, who at the time was serving his third consecutive term as governor. In recording the story of baptism Professor Emmons, after calling attention to the lack of all accurate information concerning the region, continues:

This being the case, it is not surprising that names have not been given to the highest points of land in the State. This privilege be-

brook and Opalescent river. Thence it follows the trail from Lake Colden next described, going northeastward a short distance along the Opalescent river, when it turns eastward up Feldspar brook to Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds. About a quarter of a mile east of the latter, at the Four Corners before mentioned, it turns northeastward to the summit. This trail is very direct and has an excellent grade, but lacks the picturesque features of the Flowed Land and Lake Colden on the route next described. From the highway at Sanford lake the trail is about nine miles long. The starting point, Tahawus postoffice, is on the road from Schroon Lake to Long Lake, near the intersection of the road from North Creek.

5 The route which Theodore Roosevelt followed in 1901, when he ascended Mount Marcy a few hours before he succeeded to the presidency upon the death of President McKinley, starts like the one last mentioned from the Tahawus post-office at the Lower Works, whence a drive of nine and a half or ten miles to the northward past Sanford lake takes one to the end of highway travel at the Tahawus Club or Upper Works. Thence a trail runs northward half a mile along the Hudson river and thence northeastward up Calamity brook, past the monument commemorating the accidental death of David Henderson in 1845, to the Flowed Land (an expansion of the Opalescent river). Here a side-trail leads to the beautiful Hanging Spear fall in the Opalescent. The main trail continues around the western side of the Flowed Land to the foot of Lake Colden; thence southeasterly up the Opalescent river to Buckley's lumber camp at the mouth of Uphill brook; thence as described in route 4 to the summit. From the Tahawus Club at the Upper Works this trail is about ten miles long. The Secretary of this Committee who followed this trail in October, 1919, found it extremely difficult in places, but the scenery and experience are ample rewards for the exertion. As soon as the property is acquired by the State, it is probable that the Conservation Commission will minimize some of the difficulties of this trail.

longs by common consent to the first explorers. This, to be sure, is of but little consequence; still, as things must have a name, the party saw fit to confer upon a few of the highest summits designations by which they may in future be known.¹ As this tour of exploration was made by gentlemen who were in discharge of their duties to the State, and under the direction of the present Executive, whose interest in the survey has been expressed both by public recommendation and private counsel and advice, it was thought that a more appropriate name could not be conferred on the highest summit of this group than Mount Marcy.²

Ingham, who was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design in New York, made many sketches of the Mount Marcy region, which were lithographed and used by Professor Emmons in his geological report, and by Headley in his "Adirondack, or Life in the Woods." Ingham is said to have fainted several times while climbing Marcy, but persisted until he reached the top.

The guides on the first ascent were John Cheney of the iron-works and Harvey Holt of Keene Valley—both of whom receive more mention later. Cheney became a favorite and frequent pilot up Marcy in the early days and guided many prominent men to its summit, among them Professor Benedict, Joseph F. Cole, the artist, J. T. Headley, Charles Lanman, Alfred B. Street, and Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Cheney says that Hoffman was the most disappointed and dejected man he had ever seen, when he realized it would be impossible for him to reach the summit of Marcy. Hoffman, when only a boy of ten or eleven, had one of his legs crushed by a ferry-boat. Despite this he was something of an athlete, and prided himself on his walking and climbing abilities. He started up Marcy against the protests of Cheney, who told him the ascent was too difficult for him to accomplish. But he would not believe it till he had gone part of the way and discovered that further progress for him was a physical impossibility. Then he sat down and cried like a child with mortification.

¹ McIntyre, McMartin, Henderson, Seward, and Dix were named at this time.

² *Geological Survey of New York, Assembly Document 200*, Feb. 20, 1838. P. 241.

It was Hoffman, moreover, as has been pointed out in the chapter on "Adirondack Names," who probably invented and first applied the Indian name of Tahawus to the mountain. It seems highly probable that if this name had existed in 1837, Cheney, the Indian guide, would have told of it, and Professor Emmons would have mentioned it. As it is, he clearly assumes to have given the mountain its first name. The only previous one to have appeared in print was the purely descriptive designation "the High Peak of Essex," used by Professor Redfield on first seeing the mountain in the summer of 1836.¹ He and his party planned an ascent at this time, but were forced to abandon it by stormy weather. Professor Emmons attempted to measure the mountain by barometric observations, and figured its height at 5,467 feet. Professor Benedict made more careful observations in 1839, and determined the altitude at 5,344 feet, which later proved to be correct. Verplanck Colvin placed the first theodolite upon the summit in 1872, and made a computation of 5,333 feet. On November 4, 1875, the first positive measurement with level and rod was accomplished, also by Colvin, and Professor Benedict's estimate of thirty-six years earlier was confirmed. The height of Mount Marcy was found to be 5,344.311 feet above mean tide level in the Hudson.²

Prior to this the geographers and historians had confidently assumed the Catskills to contain the highest mountains in the State. In the Darby and Dwight Gazetteer of 1833—then considered an authority—the height of the mountains in Essex County is placed at a maximum of 1,200 feet, despite the fact that twenty years before, in 1813, Spafford's Gazetteer had ventured a guess of "little short of 3,000 feet" for the height of Whiteface Mountain. But this was evidently considered too wild a surmise to be perpetuated.

Mount Marcy is first mentioned by that name in Disturnell's Gazetteer of 1842, and makes its first appearance on a map

¹ "Some Account of Two Visits to the Mountains in Essex Co., N. Y., in the Years 1836 and 1837." *American Journal of Science and Arts*, 1838.

² An interesting article on "Plants of the Summit of Mt. Marcy," by Charles N. Peck, State Botanist, will be found in the *Report on Adirondack and State Land Surveys of 1891*. In the same volume is a paper on "The Winter Fauna of Mt. Marcy."

in Burr's Atlas of New York State (second edition, 1839). It lies in the northeast corner of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase. Its summit rises on the northeastern edge of Township 45, but the eastern slopes dip into Township 48, now owned by the Adirondack Mountain Reserve. When the townships of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase were re-allotted in 1786, No. 45 was acquired by Zephaniah Platt, after whom Plattsburg was named. In 1809 this township passed into possession of the Adirondack Iron Works.

Mount Marcy was suddenly thrust into the lime-light in 1901 by an incident that attracted country-wide attention to it and undoubtedly made it known to many people for the first time. On September 6th of that year, President McKinley was shot by an anarchist in Buffalo. Mr. Roosevelt, then Vice-President, hastened to that city and remained there until assured that the wounded President was considered out of danger. He then went to the Adirondacks and joined his family, some of whom had preceded him to Tahawus Club.

On Friday, September 13th, he and some friends—Mr. James MacNaughton, Messrs. B. and H. Robinson, and Noah LaCasse as guide—made an ascent of Mount Marcy. On the afternoon of the day before these gentlemen and the ladies in their party left the main club-house at the Upper Works and went to a rough camp on Lake Colden. Here they spent the night. The following morning the ladies returned to the club-house, and the men proceeded to climb Marcy. They left Lake Colden at 9 A. M. and by noon had reached the summit of the mountain. They remained there about fifteen minutes only, and then descended a few hundred feet to the shelf of land that holds Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds, where they rested and ate lunch. While chatting and looking around, they saw a hurrying guide emerge from the woods below. A few moments later this man, Harrison Hall, handed Mr. Roosevelt a telegram which told him that President McKinley's condition had suddenly changed for the worse.

This was at half-past one. The party immediately hurried down the mountain and reached the club-house at half-past five. Finding no further news there, Mr. Roosevelt reluc-

tantly consented to spend the night, but made arrangements to leave at the earliest possible moment in the morning. At eleven o'clock that night, however, Mr. MacNaughton brought him another message saying that the President was dying. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Roosevelt declared his intention of starting immediately for Buffalo, and asked for a conveyance. At this his friends, seconded by the guides, urged him to wait till daylight. The roads were so rough and treacherous as to be considered impassable of a dark night, and this night was of the darkest. The men around the club were not the kind to balk at any ordinary risk, but none of them cared to be the driver in this one. Being informed of this, Mr. Roosevelt said he would take a lantern and go afoot. This threat, backed by preparatory action, induced one of the guides, Dave Hunter, to volunteer as a driver. A little later the start was made in a now historic night ride from one of the most isolated spots in the wilderness to the nearest railway station at North Creek, forty miles away.

The trip was planned in relays, for Mr. Roosevelt not only insisted on going, he insisted on going fast. The result was an utterly reckless dash through the darkness—a race with death in more senses than one. That the nation did not lose two Presidents that night was little short of miraculous, but, as we now know, fate was reserving this devotee of danger for the most peaceful of endings.

The first relay of the journey was driven by Dave Hunter; the second by Orrin Kellogg; the third and last by Mike Cronin, who was waiting at Aden Lair with a team of gaunt black horses, restless for the final dash. At 3 A. M. Mr. Roosevelt arrived, jumped from one buckboard to the other, and plunged wildly into the night again. At 4.39 A. M. he alighted at the North Creek station, where a special train was waiting and he was met by Secretary Loeb, who gave him the news that he was President of the United States.

As driver of the last lap in this famous ride, Mike Cronin became a sort of national hero. He was written to and interviewed about it until he gradually evolved a recital of the

adventure that connected some thrilling detail with every bump and turn in the road. He also gave away more souvenir horse-shoes than his team of blacks could have worn in a lifetime. The strain of his experience and of his subsequent notoriety is thought to have unsettled his mind, and he died in confinement in 1914.

Harry V. Radford placed a small commemorative tablet on a boulder by the road between Minerva and Newcomb where, as nearly as he could figure it, Mr. Roosevelt was passing at two o'clock in the morning, and automatically, through the death of Mr. McKinley, succeeded him as President. In 1919 the Board of Supervisors of Essex County took steps to provide a more substantial and fitting memorial for this historic spot.

It was also in 1919 that Mount Marcy was again brought prominently before the public by the launching of a movement to make it the nucleus of a war memorial to be called Victory Mountain Park. The idea was to commemorate the victory of the United States and Allied Nations in the great World War by purchasing the summit and adjacent territory of Mount Marcy for preservation as a park. The money was to be raised in small amounts by popular subscription, and the State, which would be greatly benefited by the purchase, would contribute toward it out of the funds available for the enlargement of the forest preserve. The title to the proposed park would vest in the State, and its management would be in the hands of the State Conservation Commission. The memorial feature of the project would thus merge with a rare opportunity for extensive forest preservation.

The general plan was first proposed by Mr. Henry S. Harper of New York, at a meeting of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks. It met with immediate approval and enthusiasm, and Mr. Harper was appointed chairman of a special preliminary committee to crystallize the details of the scheme and effect a permanent organization to develop and carry it out. The labors of the preliminary committee resulted in the publication of an attractive illustrated pamphlet, setting forth the many points of practical, esthetic,

and historical value in the project.¹ In the meantime, the co-operation of other public-spirited associations and individuals had been enlisted, and one hundred and sixty prominent men consented to act on a permanent Victory Mountain Park Committee. The summary of a report to be issued by this committee was published in the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks. From this summary I quote as follows:

The Victory Mountain-Park Committee was formally organized June 26, 1919, for the purpose of securing the creation in the Adirondacks of a natural park containing the highest mountain of the State as a memorial of the Victory of the Allies and particularly of the part taken by the State of New York in the World War. Thanks to the hearty and effective cooperation of the State Conservation Commission, the Committee is enabled to announce the complete success of the plan. A substantial sum of money, representing individual participation, was raised by subscription and will be turned over to the State to be used in connection with State funds provided under the bond issue authorized in 1916.

The gratifying situation will be understood by recalling the fact that Mount Marcy lies in Township 45 of the Totten & Crossfield Purchase, in the town of Keene, Essex County. The township is divided into 49 lots containing about 514 acres each. Lot No. 49 in the extreme northern corner contains the summit of Mount Marcy. This lot is not now owned by the State. South of lot 49, the State owns most all of lot 33, all of lots 36, 37, 38, 39, and 47, and most all of 48—about 3,324 acres. On August 6, 1919, the Commissioners of the Land Office approved the recommendation of Conservation Commissioner George D. Pratt to acquire all of the unpossessed area of township 45 from lot 22 to lot 49, both inclusive. This will add about 10,794 acres, making a total of about 14,117 acres in township 45, and including the great desideratum, the summit of Mount Marcy.

Abutting township 45 on the northwest is a tract called "the Gore Around Lake Colden," comprising approximately 9,000 acres. This tract includes some exceptionally beautiful scenery and through it passes one of the most interesting trails to Mount Marcy. On August 6, 1919, the Commissioners of the Land Office, on the recommendation

¹ This excellent pamphlet was written by Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, Secretary of the Committee and of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, whose members defrayed by personal contribution the cost of publication.

of the Conservation Commissioner, also approved the acquisition of this tract.

The actual purchase or condemnation of the area above indicated only awaits the working out of certain boundaries and details. The money for the purpose is available from the funds raised by bond issue authorized by the people and appropriated by the Legislature. When the lots in township 45 and the Gore Around Lake Colden are acquired, the State will possess not only the summit of its most stately mountain, but also a solid block of about 23,000 acres adjacent thereto, including the wildest and some of the most beautiful scenery in the eastern United States. This is more than four times the minimum acreage suggested by this Committee for the purpose of a Victory Mountain-Park and its acquisition is occasion for hearty public congratulation.

THE SONG OF TAHAWUS

(Lines written for the Victory Park Committee by A. L. D.)

I am tallest of the mountains where the many mountains rise—
I am Cleaver of the Cloudland and the Splitter of the Skies—
I am keeper of the caverns where the God of Thunder sleeps—
I am older than the waters that once hid me in their deeps.

For the eyes I hold the visions of the things that make men whole—
Of the woodlands and the waters that can whisper to the soul.
In the winter robed in whiteness, in the summer garbed in green,
I am warden of the wonders of an ever shifting scene.

I am guardian of the goblet that is filled with hopes of life
For the weary and the broken, and the wounded in the strife;
And I offer them the freedom of my great cathedral shrine,
With its sanctity of silence and its fragrance of the pine.

For I crave to be the symbol of the strength that won the fight—
Of the spirit of the heroes who fell battling for the right.
For those dead, who died to save us, let me say eternal mass,
And be God's volcanic voicing of the words: "They shall not pass!"

For those interested in the Alpine flora of Mount Marcy,
I quote the following from the Twenty-fifth Annual Report

of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, transmitted to the Legislature in April, 1920:

In Verplanck Colvin's "Report on the Progress of the State Land Survey," dated February 27, 1891, there is an article on "Plants of the Summit of Mount Marcy," by Charles H. Peck, State Botanist; but the most recent study of this subject is that made by an expedition under the auspices of the Ecological Society of America, by Mr. Norman Taylor of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden; Dr. C. C. Adams and Dr. T. L. Hankinson, of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University; Prof. George P. Burns, of the University of Vermont; and Mr. Barrington Moore, president of the Ecological Society of America. Pending the printing of the report of these researches, Mr. Taylor gave an interesting idea of its contents in a lecture before the Torrey Botanical Club in Bronx Park on Wednesday, March 24, 1920. His subject was "The Flora Above the Timber Line of Mount Marcy." He said among other things:

"A study of the factors that control vegetation at the timber line, conducted last summer, reveals some interesting facts about the response of plants and trees to their environment. In going up the mountain, the red spruce, as far as commercially significant, disappears at 4,300 feet, being replaced there by the fir, which makes unbroken forests up to the point where forest covering ceases, and the open, apparently bare, summit of the mountain begins at about 4,890 feet.

"Data collected just below and just above the upper edge of this timber line show, even within a distance of fifty feet, tremendous difference in growing conditions. Instruments that record temperature, evaporating power of the air, and soil temperature yielded the clue as to why the line between the dwarf but dense fir forest suddenly gives way to the alpine vegetation of the bare slopes of the summit. The exposure to wind above the timber line is so great that only in clefts of the rock and sheltered places can stunted trees grow. Some of these isolated survivors of the rigors of the mountain top, not over two feet tall, were found to be over sixty years old. Their normal growth should have been forty feet or more.

"But the vegetation above the timber line is made up of only a very few stunted trees, while there are hundreds of acres covered with a group of alpine plants that, since glacial times, have become isolated in such places. They are found on Mount Marcy and some other mountains in the northeastern United States, then only in the far north, often quite up to the Arctic Circle.



● S. R. Stoddard

LAKE TEAR-OF-THE-CLOUDS, FROM THE OUTLET

"Among these are the Lapland rhododendron and the Lapland diapiensia. The first is a low bush, not over six inches high, usually hugging the ground, which is covered about the first week in June, with tiny rhododendron-like flowers. The cushion-like mats of the Lapland diapiensia, dotted with erect white flowers, are also unique in the region.

"In all, sixty-seven species of plants are known to grow in this area above the timber line, fourteen of which were discovered during the present study. Since Dr. Peck, then State botanist, reported forty-five years ago, on the same area, these fourteen plants, nearly all denizens of lower elevations, have come up through the forest covering, quite out on the bare summit, and form a pioneer group that is now seriously crowding out the original inhabitants of the mountain top.

"These hardy pioneers from the lowlands change their character when exposed to the rigors of their new conditions, become stunted, often discolored, and make only poor shriveled fruits. But they do persist, in the face of competition by natives, that by hairy covering to the leaves, squat habit, and many other individual adaptations to the climate, appear to, but do not actually, have the advantage over the lowland invaders. The latter, if transported suddenly from the shade of the forest to the alpine summit, would quickly succumb; but, as we have seen, their gradual, slow encroachment of this mountain top is sure and likely to end in the curtailment or disappearance of true alpine plants. One such, the tiny cassiope hypnoides, reported from Mount Marcy over fifty years ago, has never been seen since. Diligent research by amateurs and professional botanists has failed so far to discover this plant with its moss-like foliage and tiny flower, and it may well be that it has succumbed to the lowland invasion which appears to seal the fate of the alpine flora of Mount Marcy. Fortunately, this process must be very slow—centuries long even at its swiftest."

For those interested in the geology of Mount Marcy, I quote from the first report of the Victory Mountain-Park Committee:¹

The newly aroused interest in Mount Marcy will be further increased soon by the publication of the latest geological researches con-

¹ This report was published late in September, 1920, and copies can be had from the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, Tribune Building, New York City.

cerning it. Prof. Ebenezer Emmons, in his early report, and others have studied many of the fundamental facts of Mount Marcy's history, but there is in print no connected story of the great changes through which this region has passed in the millions of years that have elapsed since the birth of the Adirondacks—the height of the original altitude, the successive subsidences and elevations of the land, the metamorphoses of the rock materials, the sculptural work of the glaciers and natural elements, the amount of the mass which has been lost by erosion, etc., etc. Many interesting phases of the subject are covered, however, in a monograph entitled "The Geology of Mount Marcy Quadrangle," by Prof. James F. Kemp of Columbia University, which is soon to appear as a bulletin of the State Museum, and which Dr. John M. Clarke, Director of the Museum and a member of this Committee, says is the best treatise on the geology of Mount Marcy yet written.

THE SOURCE OF THE HUDSON

On the southwestern slope of Mount Marcy, at an altitude of 4,327 feet, lies the highest pond-source of the Hudson River, and the loftiest body of water in the State. It was first discovered by Verplanck Colvin in 1872. Before that the twin lakes, Avalanche and Colden, over a thousand feet lower down, had been considered the highest in the State and the headwaters of its largest river. In the report submitted to the Legislature in March, 1873, by Mr. Colvin, he says:

Far above the chilly waters of Lake Avalanche, at an elevation of 4,293 feet, is *Summit Water*, a minute, unpretending tear of the clouds, as it were,—a lonely pool, shivering in the breezes of the mountains, and sending its limpid surplus through Feldspar Brook to the Opalescent River, the well-spring of the Hudson.

In the later reports this happy description of the "Summit Water" is used as its name, and the little Alpine pond becomes known for all time as "Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds," although on most maps it is abbreviated to "Lake Tear." A charming group of suggestive and poetical names these—Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds, Feldspar Brook, Opalescent River, and Lake Avalanche!

This last-named lake, it is asserted by the geologists, was once a part of the larger body of water to the south, known as Lake Colden. In his report of visits to this section in 1836-37,

Professor Redfield, in the "American Journal of Science and Arts," says:

The fall of heavy slides from the mountains appears to have separated Avalanche Lake from Lake Colden, of which it once formed a part, and so vast is the deposit from these slides as to have raised the former lake about 80 feet above the level of the latter.

It was during this same visit that the two lakes were first named, the larger after David C. Colden, who was one of the exploring party and also one of the proprietors of the iron-works; the smaller after the avalanche that gave it a separate entity. The altitude of Avalanche Lake is 2,863 feet, and that of Lake Colden 2,764 feet. Their waters are intensely cold, and they lie beautifully enshrined amid impressive mountain scenery.

Into and out of the Flowed Lands at the southern end of Lake Colden runs the embryo Hudson—the sparkling Opalescent River. This name was given to it by the State geologists, who found the bed of the stream glittering with labradorite, or opalescent feldspar, which abounds in the region. A rich blue is the usual color, but it is sometimes green, or gold, or bronze, and sometimes iridescent. From tiny pebble and massive boulder it gleams and glistens in the sunlight, and flashes through the pellucid waters of the stream a gem-like quality of brilliant color. The effect is unique among northern waters. Feldspar Brook, which flows into the Opalescent River, owes its name to a similar iridescence. This brook must have escaped the notice of the early explorers, or they would have found the tiny pond whose discovery by Mr. Colvin was the red-letter find of the first topographical survey inaugurated by the State. There are other contributory sources of the Hudson, of course, but Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds is indisputably the highest.

At Newcomb the Opalescent River becomes the Hudson, and starts under its own name on its majestic journey to the sea. Those who would follow its course with minute geographical and historical commentaries, are referred to Benjamin J. Lossing's interesting book, "The Hudson," published in 1869. It is the record of a journey to the top of Mount Tahawus,

and from there to the mouth of the Hudson. The author follows the river from its then assumed source, step by step, and relates every incident of physical or narrative interest connected with its progress.

THE INDIAN PASS

The Indian Pass, or the Adirondack Pass, as it was formerly sometimes called, is a stupendous gorge between the two mountains, Wallface and McIntyre, lying a short distance northeast of Lake Henderson. It is a mighty chasm torn apart by the convulsions of nature. About a mile in length, its sheer walls rise in places to one thousand feet and more. It was once much deeper, but repeated slides of rock and earth have raised the present base and made it weirdly rough and tortuous. In consequence of this, one of the striking features of the place is the large number of huge boulders, often plumed with trees, that seem balanced in precarious poises, and yet are found to be securely rooted against the powerful dislodging agents that attack them. Mount McIntyre, heavily wooded, rises on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, while on the other, Wallface Mountain presents an almost vertical precipice of naked rock. At many places in this deep abyss the ice never melts and the rays of the sun never shine.

Professor Emmons, in his purely scientific geological report, indulges in a description of this spot, and justifies the digression in the following words:

In conclusion, I remark, that I should not have occupied so much space for the purpose of describing merely a natural curiosity, were it not for the fact that probably in this country there is no object of the kind on a scale so vast and imposing as this. We look upon the Falls of Niagara with awe and a feeling of our insignificance; but much more are we impressed with the great and sublime in the view of the simple and naked rock of the Adirondack Pass.

In 1869 a book called "The Indian Pass" was written by Alfred B. Street. The lengthy introductory chapter, dealing with the whole region, is full of varied research and interesting facts, but the purely descriptive pages about the pass—of which there are many—pall somewhat in their tenu-

ous ecstasy. But the book is written by a scholar and a gentleman, and the enthusiasm and reverence for nature are no less genuine because they seem over-elaborated to modern ears. Such a book, moreover, shows the neglect into which its subject has fallen. To-day it is exceptional to find any one who has visited the spot, and a surprising number of people have never even heard of it.

This neglect is due to many causes, chiefly the increasing difficulties of making the trip and the lack of any intermediary inducements to undertake it. Frequent excursions to it were formerly made from Adirondack Lodge, but since the burning of that convenient starting or resting point, in 1903, travel to the pass has almost ceased. The approach from the north has become long and arduous, and the easier one from the south is controlled by the Tahawus Club, which, while extending certain courtesies to tourists, makes no pretense of luring them. The result is that not far from the "deserted village" of the Adirondacks, now lies the "deserted pass."

I have before me a letter from Mr. P. F. Schofield, who made several trips through this gorge in the early days, and who has kindly sent me some reminiscences concerning it. He is quite as enthusiastic about the weird grandeur of the spot as the earlier writers I have quoted. He says in part:

Neither Street nor Headley gives, nor indeed, could give to the reader an adequate impression of what it really is. To get a just realization of it, one must do the Pass himself; he must slowly and toilsomely make his way over and under and through a chaos of cliffs and crags and huge masses of rock that, fallen or wrenched by the war of the elements from the face of this great crag, cumber the floor of the Pass like the vertebrae and bones of dead mountains. . . .

Street in his book refers to the sounds issuing from the Pass. I also noticed them. Like myself on my first visit, he entered by way of the northern and narrower portal. The sound effect is due, it seems to me, to the bare surface of the vertical rock of Wallface, which has a tendency to reinforce all sounds coming through this portal. This was made manifest by my firing a loaded rifle from the Summit Rock, or "Church," as Headley calls it. There was something startling in the report, in the rebound and the rocket-like discharge and dispersion of the echoes. There was something majestic in the volume, in the sonorous quality of the echoes that rolled their reverberating notes

along this vast sounding-board of barren rock, filling the immensity of the Pass with a tumult of titanic music. There was also something unforgettable and eery, something weirdly impressive, listening to these reverberations subsiding away in what seemed infinite distance, into hollow, confused murmurings, or incoherent mumblings, "like noises in a swoond." What then can be more appropriate than the name which the Indian, with his aptitude for mental photography of natural sights and sounds, has given to the place, *He-no-do-ow-da*, The Path of the Thunderer.

This is Sylvester's name for the pass. He also gives, *Otne-yar-heh*, "Stonish Giants"; *Ga-nos-gwah*, "Giants Clothed with Stone"; and *Da-yoh-je-ga-go*, "The Place where the Storm Clouds Meet in Battle with the Great Serpent." This last interpretation is considered fanciful by some authorities, and they look rather askance at all these names, believing them to be of recent formation and applications of the white man. Certain it is that when this gorge becomes the Path of the Thunderer, he raises a racket there which, as unadulterated cacophony, is not without merit. In "The Aristocrats" Gertrude Atherton finds occasion to describe a thunder-storm in the pass, and she does it very aptly by comparing the effect to "Hell moving into summer quarters."

Near the center of the pass are two springs, sending forth tiny rivulets that flow in opposite directions, but whose sources are so close that, as Street graphically puts it, "the wildcat lapping the water of the one may bathe his rear feet in the other." One sends a stream southward into Lake Henderson, and so on into the Hudson; the other flows northward into the Ausable, and both finally empty at opposite ends of the State. All early writers and explorers considered these springs the true sources of the two rivers, and it was not until the Topographical Survey of 1872, that higher ones were found. Then Mr. Colvin discovered not only Lake Tear-of-the Clouds for the Hudson but the Scott's Ponds for the Ausable.

These are three ponds on the top of Wallface Mountain. Their existence had long been asserted by one Scott, a hunter and guide, and pioneer settler in the region. He claimed to have passed by these little lakes once when he had lost his

way on a moose hunt, but said that he was so confused and distracted at the time that, expert woodsman though he was, he could never find his way back to them. He maintained stoutly that they existed, and for many years "Scott's Ponds" were a sort of geographical *Mrs. Harris* in the region. They lie at an elevation of a little over three thousand feet, and as the length of the Ausable River from here to Lake Champlain is only forty miles its descent is rapid. The Mississippi falls only half as much in a course of two thousand miles. The Ausable is therefore one of the most picturesque of the mountain rivers. Its turbulent, hurrying waters are constantly foaming through rapids and dashing over falls.

There are two main branches of the Ausable. The West Branch starts at Scott's Ponds; the East Branch has its rise in the Ausable Lakes, and flows through Keene Valley. Both branches unite at Ausable Forks, just outside the "blue line" in Clinton County. Farther on, near Keeseville, the enlarged stream, sometimes called the Great Ausable, flows through the far-famed Ausable Chasm, and thence out into Lake Champlain. A minor stream, flowing northeasterly from the forks to the lake, is called the Little Ausable.

JOHN CHENEY

Closely associated with all this region in the early days was John Cheney, the famous guide who became known far and wide as "the mighty hunter." He was born in New Hampshire in 1800. Later the family moved to Ticonderoga, where he lived till he was thirty years of age. Then, because he found that place too citified and hunting opportunities too inconvenient, and because he always preferred a tree to a roof to sleep under, he one day took his gun, shouldered his pack-basket, called to his dog, and started for the heart of the Essex County wilderness. And there he stayed for the rest of his life.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, in his "Wild Scenes in the Forest," published in 1839, gives us the earliest and most interesting picture of Cheney. The first part of the book is devoted to the Adirondacks, and all the experiences and anecdotes center around the modest guide, whom Hoffman greatly ad-

mired and did much to immortalize. He thus recounts his first meeting with the woodsman:

I had heard of some of his feats before coming into this region, and expected, of course, to see one of those roystering, cavorting, rifle-shirted blades that I have seen upon our western frontier, and was at first not a little disappointed when a slight-looking man of about seven-and-thirty, dressed like a plain countryman, and of a peculiarly quiet, simple manner, was introduced to me as the doughty slayer of bears and panthers; a man that lived winter and summer three-fourths of the time in the woods, and a real *bona fide* hunter by profession. Nay, there struck me as being something ridiculous about his character when I saw that this formidable Nimrod carried with him, as the only weapons and insignia of his art, a pistol and a jack knife! But when, at my laughing at such toys, I was told by others of the savage encounters which John, assisted by his dog, and aided by these alone, had undertaken successfully—not to mention the number of deer which he sent every winter to market—my respect for his hunting-tools was mightily increased, and a few days in the woods with him sufficed to extend that respect to himself.

This respect for the man and his prowess in woodcraft was shared by all who ever knew him. J. T. Headley, in his "The Adirondack; or Life in the Woods," devotes a whole chapter to Cheney and his hunting-exploits. Two of them are worthy of special comment. In the first, Cheney had come unawares upon a crouching panther preparing to spring upon him. Before the leap could be made, however, Cheney had put a bullet through the animal's head. "And how did you feel," asked Headley, "when you discovered such a creature ready to spring upon you?" He expected to hear a list of affrighted sensations; instead, he received this cool rejoinder: "I felt, as if I should kill him."

Headley comments on this answer, and justly so. It is illuminating and characteristic, not only of the man, but of his type—the type that could face daily the primitive hardships and dangers of the woods, and yet survive. And in this answer lies the key to their survival. Surprise, agitation, fear were virtually unknown to them. They looked upon dangers and emergencies not as detached possibilities but as the woof and web of every hour. The habit of alertness was

so constant as to be inconspicuous. For them the unforeseen was never the unexpected, and they reacted to it as normally as other men do to the commonplace. A breathing-spell was all they needed for intuitive, automatic action. Cheney never thought of the panther's killing him. He saw that he would have time to lift his gun, and that gave him the instantaneous assurance that he would kill the panther.

In the other exploit, he was paddling after a buck which his dogs had driven into the lake. His gun was lying cocked in the bottom of his canoe. A lurch caused it to slip and discharge, and the bullet passed through his ankle. His first thought, very naturally, was to give up the chase and pull for the shore; his second—which would be very unnatural for the average man—was this: "I may need that venison before I can get out of these woods!" Acting on this possibility, he resumed the pursuit, overtook the deer, clubbed it to death, and towed it to shore—and all this while his bleeding ankle was filling the canoe with blood. The little lake where this happened was named Cheney Pond by Mr. Henderson. It lies about a mile west of Lake Sanford.

Your illustrious woodsman, after all, is only one who has given a scimitar edge to his instinct for self-preservation. Cheney's was dulled for a moment by acute pain, but was quickly restored by the logic of his training. He reasoned that a mangled foot was less likely to prove fatal to a man alone in the woods than an empty stomach. The precaution proved unnecessary, however, for, on reaching the shore, he was able to bandage his wound and stop the flow of blood. He then fashioned a pair of crotched sticks into crutches, and on these he hobbled fourteen miles through the dense forest to the nearest habitation. From there he was carried out of the woods to where his foot could be properly treated. This kept him on his back from October till April, but he finally recovered full and normal use of his leg.

Similar tales of his adventures might be almost endlessly multiplied, but they would only be variations of the two already given. Cheney was to the eastern wilderness what Nat Foster was to the western, and both, as I have previously pointed out, were claimed as possible originals for *Natty*

Bumpo. They were very similar in their woodcraft eminence, but totally unlike in manner and appearance. "Cheney has none of the roughness of the hunter," says Headley, "but is one of the mildest, most unassuming, pleasant men you will meet with anywhere." Dornburgh, in his pamphlet on the Adirondack Iron Works, thus concludes a paragraph of praise: "John was loved and esteemed by all."

Just how or when he became connected with the iron-works does not appear, but for several years he was permanently on their pay-roll. He would seem to have kept the larders full of game and fish, to have guided the frequent hunting and exploring parties, and to have rendered the multiple services of an expert woodsman to a tenderfoot settlement. The company finally gave him some land—nominally a farm—on the road from Adirondack Village to Schroon Lake. Here he built himself a house, in which he lived until it burned in 1874.

He married Miss Lucinda Bissell, of Newcomb. They had two sons. One of them, when grown to manhood, became suddenly and dangerously insane. He seized a gun one night and, without warning, fired at his old father, then seventy-four years of age, wounding him slightly in the face. He then set fire to the house and gleefully watched it burn. He was arrested and sent to an asylum. John Cheney died in June, 1877, and was buried in the cemetery at Newcomb.

In a letter which he once wrote to S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, he said of himself:

I have always had a great love for the woods and a hunter's life ever since I could carry a gun. . . . Finding a rifle unhandy to carry, I had a pistol made expressly for my use. The stock was made out of a birch root; the barrel was eleven inches long and carried a half ounce ball, and is now [1871] on exhibition at the Geological Rooms at Albany. I received \$100 for it after it was pretty nearly worn out.

He then goes on to tell that this was the weapon that accidentally discharged and injured his ankle.

Headley's early book on the Adirondacks was followed, in 1856, by one called "Adventures in the Wilds of America,"

written by Charles Lanman, a noted traveler and writer of his day. A whole chapter is devoted to "The Adirondac Hunter." Lanman found Cheney living in "the wild village of McIntyre." It being summer, no hunting could be done, but they fished together and made an ascent of Mount Tahawus. Lanman uses the Indian name for the mountain, and even berates "the folly of a certain State geologist" for attempting to supplant the poetry of Indian nomenclature with the prosaic names of politicians.

Lanman was struck, as Hoffman and Headley had been, by the contrast between the man and his capabilities, and writes of it thus:

I expected, from all that I had heard, to see a huge, powerful, hairy Nimrod; but, instead of such, I found him small in stature, bearing more the appearance of a modest and thoughtful student, gentle in his manners, and as devoted a lover of nature and solitude as ever lived.

The game record of this quiet man, during his first thirteen years in the wilderness, was: 600 deer, 400 sable, 19 moose, 48 bears, 7 wild cats, 6 wolves, 30 otter, 1 panther, and 1 beaver. Those wishing for more of his adventures will find them galore in the books I have mentioned.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP

THIS is the name popularly given to that unique fore-gathering of notable men who later organized themselves into the Adirondack Club. The first meeting was informal. It had a habitation, but no name. The guides supplied one, however, by speaking of the "Philosophers' Camp"—a name which the presence of Emerson not unnaturally suggested. This colloquial designation was perpetuated by receiving literary sanction in a volume of essays written by Mr. Stillman in 1898, entitled: "The Old Rome and the New, and Other Studies." The last chapter in the book was called: "The Philosophers' Camp" and was expanded later into the ampler story told in the pages of his autobiography.

Those who answered the roll call at the first "camp" were: Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Louis Agassiz, Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Professor Jeffries Wyman, John Holmes, Horatio Woodman, Dr. Binney, Dr. Estes Howe, and William James Stillman—ten in all, and without doubt the most illustrious and variegated group of intellectuals who ever camped out together in the Adirondacks. Their first gathering was in July, 1858, on the shores of Follansbee Pond. We have two delightful records of the episode; one in prose and one in verse. The latter is Emerson's "The Adirondacks," one of his most pleasing poems for those interested in the subject and attuned to the environment from which it sprang. It is quoted in full in Appendix D.

The much more detailed prose record is to be found in "The Autobiography of a Journalist," by William J. Stillman, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in 1901. It is a book of wide human interest and great literary charm, and the Adirondack chapters give us an intimate and illuminating glimpse of the "Philosophers' Camp." Stillman realized that its members had been lured to an utterly strange environ-

ment, and that to him was accorded the unusual privilege of noting its reaction on the diverse minds and characters of his companions. This he has done with a grace of exposition and a keenness of insight which combine to make most delightful reading. He was one of those friends of the great, whose own possibilities of greatness were dissipated by nomadic habits of mind and body.

He was born in Schenectady, N. Y., on June 1, 1828, of Puritanical Rhode Island stock. He was one of nine children, and knew the stress of poverty all through his early life, but despite this received a good education. He was sent to Union College, although he was averse to going, as he would have preferred to study art, for which he felt a strong and early inclination. He yielded to the wish of his parents, however, and, overcoming both financial and temperamental handicaps, completed his college course in 1848.

Immediately after graduating he began the study of landscape-painting under Frederick E. Church, in New York, whose first pupil he became. This lasted one winter. He then went home and painted a picture which he sold for thirty dollars. Flushed by success, and not knowing exactly what to do with so much money, he decided on a trip to England. He usually acted on impulses, backed by serene faith in a Divine Providence. In this case his elder brother Thomas Bliss Stillman assumed the rôle. He added to the thirty dollars, and being a prominent mechanical engineer with influence in the shipping line, was able to secure a free passage for his brother.

Thus was young William's faith justified, and his trust in a paternal Providence strengthened. The trip resulted in only desultory work, but in much valuable and suggestive contact with leading English artists. Returning home after six months, he devoted the next eight years almost exclusively to the painting of pictures. He won a considerable measure of success, and became known as the "American Pre-Raphaelite." His pictures were regularly hung on the line at the Academy of Design, and he was elected an associate member in 1854. Summing up this period of his artistic career he says:

I influenced some of my contemporaries and gave a jog to the landscape painting of the day, and there it ended, through the diversion of my ambition to another sphere, but there it must have ended, even if I had never been so diverted.

A notable diversion interrupted this period of picture-painting. Early in it Stillman fell under the spell of Louis Kosuth, during the latter's visit to this country. As a result the young artist undertook a secret, perilous, and futile mission to recover certain crown jewels hidden somewhere on the banks of the Danube. It led to nothing but disillusionment as to the great Hungarian patriot. Part of the scheme was a prearranged revolution. While waiting for this to break out, Stillman went to Paris and spent the time studying under Adolphe Yvon. The revolution failed to materialize, however, and so he returned home.

His later life was full of varied experiences, but can be given only a brief summary here. Returning to Europe in 1859, he became United States Consul in Rome, from 1861 to 1865, and occupied the same post in Crete from 1865 to 1869. After that he became special correspondent of the London "Times" in Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Greece. From 1883 to 1885 he was in America again as art critic of the New York "Evening Post," and as associate editor of the "Photographic Times." In 1886 he returned to Europe and took up his residence in Rome, becoming once more correspondent of the London "Times" for Italy and Greece. He continued in this capacity until 1898, when he retired to Surrey, England. There he died on July 6, 1901.

He married twice. His first wife was the daughter of David Mack of Cambridge. She became completely unnerved by some harrowing experiences during their stay in Crete, and committed suicide. In 1871 he married a daughter of the Greek consul-general Michael Spartali. A son by this union, Michael Stillman, survives.

Such, in brief outline, was the career of the man who knew every writer and artist of note, and many of the statesmen, of his day, both here and abroad. He was led to the Adirondacks by the enthusiasm of a brother painter, S. R. Gifford, who had spent a summer on the Saranac Lakes. He told Still-

man to go and do likewise, and the latter obeyed. He returned with a love for these woods that he carried through life.

Shortly after this he took up his residence in Cambridge, and by his constant praise of the New York wilderness awakened the desire in others to visit it. A party was made up consisting of Lowell and his two nephews, Charles and James Lowell, Dr. Estes Howe, and John Holmes, the brother of Oliver Wendell. John, according to Mr. Stillman, was considered by many of the Cambridge set the wittier and wiser of the two brothers, but he disliked all publicity and was consequently never known in literature. This party made a flying trip through the Saranacs, the Raquette River, and Tupper Lake. After retracing their steps the others returned home, but Mr. Stillman went back to Raquette Lake to spend the summer painting. Here he built himself a camp on a secluded bay which still bears his name.

The following summer the larger party was formed, which eventually led to the organizing of the Adirondack Club. Its members have been enumerated. Stillman did his best to enlist Longfellow, but the poet's caution interposed itself in a delightful bit of New England humor.

"Is it true that Emerson is going to take a gun?" he asked.

Stillman admitted that he had decided to do so.

"Then some one will be shot!" the poet exclaimed, and refused to consider facing such a danger. While this was the ostensible peg on which the excuse was hung, there is little doubt that the root of the objection lay deeper—in an essential lack of congeniality between the two men.

Oliver Wendell Holmes also was urged to go, and one would think that the promise of seeing Emerson with a gun would have appealed strongly to his love of the paradoxical, but even that could not lure the boulevardier of Boston away from his beloved Hub. Another notable absentee was Charles Eliot Norton. Delicate health was given as his excuse, and yet he survived all those who went.

The site of the first encampment is thus described by Stillman in his autobiography:

I had in the meantime been into the wilderness and selected a site for the camp on one of the most secluded lakes, out of the line of travel of the hunters and fisherfolk—a deep *cul de sac* of a lake on a stream that led nowhere, known as Follansbee Pond. There, with my guide, I built a bark camp, prepared a landing place, and then returned to Saranac in time to meet the arriving guests. I was unfortunately prevented from accompanying them up the lakes the next morning, because the boat I had been building for the occasion was not ready for the water, and so I missed what was to me of the greatest interest—the first impressions of Emerson of the wilderness, absolute nature. I joined them at night of the first day's journey, in a rain storm such as our summer rarely gives in the mountains, and we made the unique and fascinating journey down the Raquette River together; Agassiz taking his place in my boat, each other member of the party having his own guide and boat.

The scene, like the company, exists no longer. There is a river which flows still where the other flowed; but, like the water that has passed its rapids, and the guests that have gone the way of all those that have lived, it is something different. Then it was a deep, mysterious stream, meandering through unbroken forests, walled up on either side by green shade, the trees of centuries leaning over to welcome and shelter the voyager, flowing silently in great sweeps of dark water, with, at long intervals, a lagoon setting back into the wider forest around, enameled with pond lilies and sagittaria, and the refuge of undisturbed waterfowl and browsing deer. Our lake lay at the head of such a lagoon, a devious outlet of the basin of which the lake occupied the principal expanse, reached through three miles of no-man's route, framed in green hills forest-clad up to their summits. The camp was a shelter of spruce bark, open wide at front and closed at the ends, drawn on three faces of an octohedron facing the fire-place. The beds were made of layers of spruce and other fur branches spread on the ground and covered with the fragrant twigs of the arbor vitae. Two huge maples overhung the camp, and at a distance of twenty feet from our lodge we entered the trackless, primeval forest. The hills around furnished us with venison, and the lake with trout, and there we passed the weeks of the summer heats. We were ten, with eight guides, and while we were camping there we received the news that the first Atlantic cable was laid, and the first message sent under the sea from one hemisphere to the other—an event which Emerson did not forget to record in noble lines.

The name which Mr. Stillman spells "Follansbee" is now



PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP
From Stillman's Painting

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Company

written "Follensby" on the United States Survey maps, and appears as "Folingsby" in some of the early guide-books. How it should be spelled probably nobody knows. It seems a little strange, moreover, that Mr. Stillman records no surprise at finding his secluded and virtually unknown pond in possession of so unusual a name. As a matter of fact it was named after a primitive philosopher and hermit who lived on its shores long before the Cambridge set invaded them.

Follensby—to adopt the official spelling—was an Englishman who appeared mysteriously in the wilderness one day, and made it his home for the rest of his life. He settled on the lonely lake that henceforth bore his name. He avoided human contact as much as possible. If strangers chanced his way, he was polite and even reservedly hospitable, but he made no pretense of enjoying the visit. He died, and was buried somewhere in the woods; but neither when nor where appears to be known. After his death it is said that papers were found in his cabin which established his noble birth and sufficient antecedent wrong and sorrow to preserve the unities of the most respectable hermitage.

Be this as it may, such a person undoubtedly existed and left his unspellable name not only to one, but to three Adirondack lakes—Follensby Pond, Follensby Jr. Pond, and Follensby Clear Pond. The last two are said to have been his favorite resorts for hunting and fishing when he left his headquarters on the first. This lies north of Long Lake, and is reached from the westerly bend of the Raquette River. The Junior Pond lies in the St. Regis group of lakes, a little north by west of Paul Smith's. Follensby Clear lies due west of Upper Saranac Lake, and very near it. The name "Pond" for these waters is misleading, for they are all three full-grown, picturesque lakes.

Of the routine of "Camp Maple"—as Lowell dubbed the Follensby encampment—there was not much to tell, and Stillman sums it up in the following paragraph:

In the main, our occupations were those of a vacation, to kill time and escape from the daily groove. Some took their guides and made exploration by land or water; after breakfast there was firing at a mark, a few rounds each, for those who were riflemen; then, if veni-

son was needed, we put the dogs out on the hills; one boat went to overhaul the set lines baited the evening before for the lake trout. When the hunt was over we generally went out to paddle on the lake. Agassiz and Wyman to dredge or botanize or dissect the animals caught or killed; those of us who had interest in natural history watching the naturalists, the others searching the nooks and corners of the pretty sheet of water with its inlet brooks and its bays and recesses, or bathing from the rocks. Lunch was at midday, and then long talks, discussions *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*; and it was surprising to find how many subjects we found germane to our situation.

It was Emerson who stood out most strongly in these uncommissioned moods. His mind, despite its culture, was essentially primitive, and he reacted to his first contact with the primeval as did none of the others. He, be it noted, is the only one—save Stillman—who left any record of the trip. For the others it was an enjoyable incident; for Emerson it was a deep and mystic experience. The impression he made on the man who watched him most closely is summed up as follows:

He seemed to be a living question, perpetually interrogating his impressions of all that there was to be seen. The rest of us were always at the surface of things—even the naturalists were only engaged with their anatomy; but Emerson in the forest, or looking at the sunset from the lake, seemed to be looking through the phenomena, studying them by their reflections on an inner speculum.

Emerson never fired off his gun, so Longfellow's prophecy was not fulfilled—nobody was killed. But the Concord sage actually set out on a "jack hunt" one night with the avowed intention of killing a deer. He was, however, spared the remorse which would surely have dogged his success. His one other unbending to the indulgences of camp life was the attempt to smoke a pipe—just one—at the solicitation of John Holmes. In this instance he is known to have suffered at least temporary remorse.

Emerson carried his note-book to camp with him, and, fortunately for us, used it as a camera to record snap-shots of his companions. He made a full-length portrait of Stillman, which has special interest here as it reveals his expertness in

all woodcraft much more clearly than he reveals it himself. This estimate of his skill as a woodsman, moreover, was fully corroborated by his guide, Steve Martin. Emerson's rough sketch runs as follows:

Gallant artist, head and hand,
Adopted of Tahawus grand,
In the wild domesticated,
Man and Mountain rightly mated,
Like forest chief the forest ranged
As one who had exchanged
After old Indian mode
Totem and bow and spear
In sign of peace and brotherhood
With his Indian peer.
Easily chief, who held
The key of each occasion
In our designed plantation;
Can hunt and fish and rule and row,
And out-shoot each in his own bow,
And paint and plan and execute
Till each blossom became fruit;
Earning richly for his share
The governor's chair,
Bore the day's duties in his head,
And with living method sped.
Firm, unperplexed,
By no flaws of temper vexed,
Inspiring trust,
And only dictating because he must.
All he carried in his heart
He could publish and define
Orderly line by line
On canvas by his art.
I could wish
So worthy Master worthier pupils had—
The best were bad.¹

Agassiz appears to have been the camp favorite, loved and revered alike by his companions and the guides. He had the charm of a magnetic personality, the unconscious, automatic knack of adjusting himself to any plane of intercourse; and back of this adaptability and sympathy was his vast scientific knowledge overflowing in some acceptable form of contagious enthusiasm. He was also locally the best known of

¹ All the rhymed note-book sketches in this chapter are from Dr. Emerson's *Early Years of the Saturday Club*, by courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

the group. At one of the towns on the border of the woods the party in entering were met by a delegation, who were sent to welcome "Professor Agassiz and his friends" to the region. After identifying their hero by means of an engraved portrait, they made a speech and shook hands. On being introduced to "his friends," they remained stolidly unconscious of the fact that they stood in the presence of more than one illustrious man.

Lowell seems to have enjoyed camp life more than might have been expected of one with his love of ease and comfort. He entered into the spirit of the outing with "the zest of a boy," writes Stillman. "He was the soul of the merriment of the company, fullest of witticisms, keenest of appreciation of the liberty of the occasion, and the *genius loci*."

Judge Hoar, who later became Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Grant, left the woods before the others, because the camp fare did not agree with him and he had joined the party in poor health. Stillman describes him as "a man as well known for his intellectual fibre and sympathy with letters as for his judicial abilities. He was one of the most brilliant members of the old Saturday Club, of which ours might be considered the offspring and succursal; of wit the most spontaneous and electric, whose sallies burst in the merriment of our *al fresco* camp dinners with the flash and surprise of rockets, and left behind them the perfume of erudition as did no others of the company, not even Lowell's."

Prof. Jeffries Wyman was a comparative anatomist of great skill and learning, who attained high distinction in the scientific world. He was born in 1814 in the little village of Chelmsford, Mass., and from earliest boyhood had a passion for collecting and dissecting animals. He was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1837 with the degree of M.D. But he practised his profession very little, if at all, for he cared more for doing research work than for making money. As he had inherited none, he was consequently often poor, but seldom needy, for kind friends provided funds for his work, which he accepted as a contribution to science. He was finally called to fill the chair of Hersey Professor of Ana-

tomy at his Alma Mater. As a teacher he ranked high and was very popular.

Tall and slender of build, too much confined by the nature of his studies, he was early threatened with lung trouble, and often went to the woods for recuperation and communion with nature. He died in 1874.

Dr. Holmes said of him: "His word would be accepted on a miracle"; and of his later life: "So he went on working, quietly, happily, not stimulated by loud applause, not striking the public eye with any glitter to be seen afar off, but with a mild halo about him, which was as real to those with whom he had his daily walk and conversation as the nimbus round a saint's head in an altar-piece."

Emerson's note-book sketch of Wyman runs as follows:

Science and sense
Without pretence,
He did what he essayed.
His level gun will hit the white,
His cautious tongue will speak the right,
Of that none be afraid.

Of the other members of the party Stillman says they were "eminent only in their social relations, and neither cared to be or ever became of interest to the general world." They have, however, become of interest to the Adirondack student.

Dr. Edward W. Emerson, the philosopher's son, has graciously furnished me with some personal reminiscences of these lesser lights, and the recent publication of his delightful book, "Early Years of the Saturday Club" (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918) has added a new source of information, from which I have freely drawn for this chapter. All of the men in the Adirondack group, save one, were members of Boston's famous dining-club, and its history contains charming sketches of them all. Dr. Amos Binney was the only non-member of the Saturday Club at Camp Maple, and the only one of whom Dr. Emerson could tell me nothing. Stillman refers to him but briefly in the earlier part of his autobiography. He speaks of Dr. and Mrs. Binney as "a newly married couple from Boston, destined in later years to become a large part of my life." He says that Mrs. Binney was one of

the earliest women graduates in medicine in America, and that she helped him with great tact and kindness to recover from wounds received in an unfortunate skirmish with Cupid. Dr. Binney ordered two pictures from Stillman and invited him to his house near Boston to paint them. This is all we are told about him. The Adirondack chapter records his name, but makes no further comment. We can only conclude that he was a man of culture, a lover of art, and a friend whom Stillman brought into the more distinguished group in which we find him.

Of Horatio Woodman much more is known. The great achievement of his life, not only in his own estimation but in that of his friends, was the organizing of the Saturday Club, and the proudest badge he wore was that of membership in it, which, it is said, could only have come about through his being its founder. The idea of the club, or a talked-of desire approximating conception, originated with Emerson. It was nourished and expanded by a young friend of his, Samuel Gray Ward. It was Woodman, however, who manipulated the tentative suggestions and by skilful handling of personalities finally conjured the club into existence. He had Boswellian aptitudes, without unfortunately having his notebook industry, otherwise the story of the club might have been much richer in recorded anecdote.

He delighted to mingle with superior minds, to bring them together, to pilot their talk, and play them off one against the other. For this rôle he was admirably fitted, for he had tact, quickness of insight, and ease of manner. He was also an excellent story-teller and interesting talker. His knack of weaving men together was aptly phrased by a friend who called him a "genius broker." He was, moreover, a gastronome of distinction, and gave little dinners of an exquisite refinement in foods and wines. In short, he had all the natural endowments for playing the part of Ariel in so delicate a venture as a dining-club of intellectuals, and it was admitted by all that he nursed it through the difficult stage of infancy as no one else could have done.

But he had more substantial claims to recognition. He was considered worthy of being offered the position of Assistant

Secretary of War under Stanton. He did not accept, however,—perhaps because he feared his duties would keep him away from Boston on Saturday nights. He was an ardent admirer of Rufus Choate, and at the time of the latter's death in 1859, he wrote a tribute to him which was published in the "Atlantic," and widely praised for its charm of style. Later he wrote a stirring poem called "The Flag," which met with both popular approval and critical appreciation.

In appearance Woodman was short and slight, with reddish hair and side-whiskers. He was born in a little town in Maine in 1821, and began life by teaching school. Later he went to Boston to study and practise law. There he drifted into the management of estates and trust funds, and finally disappeared from the horizon of his many friends under a cloud of questionable money transactions. This eclipse was sincerely mourned, and his absence genuinely regretted. The end came abruptly from the deck of a steamboat in 1879.

In offering his father's note-book sketch of Woodman, Dr. Emerson says that it is made up of "siftings from various trial-lines":

Man of affairs,
 Harmonizing oddest pairs,
 With a passion to unite
 Oil and water, if he might;
 Loves each in turn, but looks beyond.
 Gentle mind, outrageous matter;
 Filled with Shakspeare—down to Choate;
 His catholic admiration
 Adoring Jesus, can excuse Iscariot.
 We that know him
 Much we owe him;
 Skilled to work in the Age of Bronze;
 Loves to turn it to account
 Of the helpless, callow brood
 From the Muses' mount.
 Fond of merit, runs the scale
 Of genial approbation.
 Skilled was he to reconcile
 Scientific feud,
 To pacify the injured heart
 And mollify the rude;
 And, while genius he respected,
 Hastes to succor the neglected;
 And was founder of the Club
 Most modest in the famous Hub.

Dr. Estes Howe was another member of the group who is remembered to-day mainly on account of his association with it. He had charm of personality and a keen mind, but no literary gifts or aspirations. He was a member of the Whist Club to which Lowell, Robert Carter, and John Holmes belonged. In 1848 Dr. Howe became Lowell's brother-in-law by marrying, as his second wife, a sister of the poet's first wife.

The Estes Howe home in Cambridge was a very delightful place, filled with merry children and a constant succession of worth-while guests. It is fully described in Scudder's "Life of Lowell." It was here the poet left his motherless daughter when he went abroad in 1855. Here he was later married to Miss Dunlap, his second wife, and here they continued to live for several years until they moved to Elmwood.

Estes Howe was born in Worthington, Mass., in 1814. He later attended school at Northampton and then at Andover. He entered Harvard College at the age of fourteen. His father had recently died and left the family in straitened circumstances. There were four children to be educated, and the mother moved to Cambridge and opened a boarding-house for students. Here foregathered several youths destined to become famous, and with them young Howe formed some of the distinguished intimacies of his later life.

He was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1835, and then settled in Ohio. Here he practised his profession, but also began dabbling in those business ventures to which his later life was entirely devoted. After the death of his first wife, in 1843, he returned to Cambridge, abandoned medicine, and threw himself into Abolition politics. He was a member of the Massachusetts Free-Soil Convention in 1848, and one of the six signers of the Appeal to Freemen of the Fourth Congressional District to stand up boldly against the encroachments of slavery.

The same year he contracted his second marriage, and then began to interest himself in street railways, waterworks, and gas-works, and was among the first to promote these public utilities in Cambridge. His early ventures were successful, but his later ones were not so, and his declining years were

burdened by financial reverses. These he bore, however, with such cheerful serenity and fortitude as to command the unstinted admiration of his friends. He died in 1887.

Charles Eliot Norton once called him "a genuine man," and he was an especial favorite with all the members of the Saturday Club, to which he was elected in 1861. Even Emerson was very partial to his company, and made this flattering sketch of him in his Adirondack note-book:

Not in vain did Fate dispense
Generous heart and solid sense,
Force to make a leader sage,
In honor and self-honoring.
Where thou art, society
Still will live and best will be,
Who doest easily and well
What costs the rest expense of brain,
Ancestral merits richly dwell,
And the lost remain.
And in thy life, the honored sire
Will fill his stinted chalice higher
And Fate repair the world's mishap
And fill the gap
By the completed virtues of the heir.

Dr. Emerson explains that the closing lines refer to the untimely death of Howe's father, a distinguished lawyer of western Massachusetts.

John Holmes, Oliver Wendell's gifted younger brother, was the Charles Lamb of the party. He avoided the lime-light of popular applause as carefully as his brother sought it. He always kept behind the scenes and whispered his sallies from the flies, as it were, preferring to make the actors rather than the audience laugh. Despite his shyness, however, he consented to join the Saturday Club, and was one of the four whist players already mentioned.

He wrote letters of great quaintness and charm, full of what Lowell called "the Lambish quintessence of John." Fortunately many of them were kept by their recipients, and in 1918 a volume of them was published. Delightful as they are, they hold the disappointment for some of us of containing no reference to Camp Maple, although this outing was a major one in a life that was particularly quiet and un-

eventful in every way. That so few of the participants in this unique experience for all, should have written any impressions of it, seems as surprising as it is historically regrettable. All of that gay group have passed away, and the same might almost be said of the place of their first trysting. Stillman visited the spot twenty-five years later and found it scarcely recognizable. It was "pillaged, burnt, and become a horror to see."

During the first gathering he made a water-color sketch of the place and the people, intending to work it up into a larger and more finished picture. But he never did so. The original sketch was purchased by Judge Hoar, and at his death bequeathed to the Concord Free Public Library, where it now hangs. It represents an after-breakfast grouping at Camp Maple. A photograph of the painting was taken by Dr. Emerson for use as an illustration to the Adirondack poem in the special Concord edition of his father's works, and through the courtesy of the Houghton Mifflin Company I am allowed to reproduce it here.

At this time Dr. Emerson wrote a key to the picture in a letter addressed to Mrs. Stillman, the artist's wife. His son, Mr. Michael Stillman, has kindly placed this letter at my disposal. Before quoting it, however, it is of interest to note what the artist himself has to say about the posing of his central figure:

But Emerson, recognizing himself neither as a marksman nor a scientist, choosing a position between the two groups, pilgrim staff in hand, watches the marksmen, with a slight preference between the two groups.

In the separate essay on "The Philosophers' Camp," this isolation is admitted to be "an intentional symbolism of his position in the world."

Dr. Emerson's explanatory letter follows:

Sunday, February 21.

DEAR MRS. STILLMAN:

I have just remembered that the picture would be more interesting if the figures were identified.

There are two groups and Mr. Stillman very appropriately repre-

sented my father alone between the two—he used to say “My doom, and my strength, is to be solitary.”

In the left hand group by the tent, in order from left to right, are Mr. John Holmes (Dr. Holmes' charming brother, a sort of Charles Lamb) Dr. Estes Howe, Professor Agassiz, dissecting a fish with Dr. Jeffries Wyman, the comparative anatomist.

In the right hand group, engaged in shooting at a mark, are first, Judge Hoar, then Mr. Lowell leaning on his gun, then (very dim, unfortunately, for in the picture the figure is excellent) Mr. Stillman. Beyond him, just firing, is Mr. Amos Binney, and below, seated on the ground, Mr. Horatio Woodman.

Beyond these are three guides. I now see that at the extreme left of the picture is a dim figure of a guide which I had overlooked.

I hope sometime you will see the picture here. Apart from the human interest, it most successfully renders the huge pines, maples and hemlocks of the primeval forest which your husband loved so well.

I remember him in those days with admiration and gratitude, for, the following year, when the Club had bought Lake Ampersand and he went up to prepare a camp for their coming, Mr. Samuel G. Ward, my Father's friend, took his son and me, school boys then, along with him, and we stayed a fortnight, and I saw Mr. Stillman's wonderful prowess as a woodsman, and was delighted with his talk to Mr. Ward on all possible subjects, and kept my ears open, if my mouth shut.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD W. EMERSON.

The episode at Camp Maple was deemed so successful by those who enjoyed it that, when they came together again at Cambridge in the autumn, they organized themselves into the “Adirondack Club” and took in some new members. It was decided to buy land and build a permanent club-house. The choice of the site, with authority to purchase and prepare it, was unanimously delegated to Stillman.

Winter had set in before he could start on his mission. He headed for Martin's on Lower Saranac Lake, and reached it in a raging storm and after exposure which resulted in serious illness. On arriving he immediately set to work, with some old guides, to lay out the lines of the tract he had in mind and wished to buy. This centered around Ampersand Pond and included 22,500 acres. It is known as the

Ampersand Tract to-day and belongs to the Santa Clara Lumber Co.

Ampersand Pond lies at an elevation of 1,875 feet, in a cup of land just back of the mountain whose name it shares. It is about a mile long and crescent-shaped. It is still a beautiful and secluded spot, lying far from the beaten track, and seldom visited except by fishing parties who have secured special permits from the owners. What it was in Stillman's day I will let him tell:

It was certainly the most beautiful site I have ever seen in the Adirondack country. Virgin forest, save where the trappers or hunters had cut wood for their camp-fires, the tall pines standing in their ranks along the shores of a little lake that lay in the middle of the estate, encircled by mountains, except on one side, where the lake found its outlet and the mountains were clothed to their summits in primeval woods. In a little valley where a crystal spring sent its water down to the lake, and a grove of deciduous trees gave high and airy shelter, I pitched the camp—a repetition slightly enlarged of that on Follensbee Pond.

Stillman went to the Land Office in Albany, and bought the Ampersand Tract for \$600. The first gathering at the new club site was successful, we are told, but no details are given. The following year there was a decided falling off in attendance and enthusiasm, largely due, no doubt, to Stillman's absence, for he had gone abroad to live. Then the Civil War broke out, and the club was neglected and forgotten. It gradually faded into non-existence, and the land reverted to the State for unpaid taxes. So ended the Adirondack Club.

I find that when the "Philosophers' Camp" is mentioned people usually have Ampersand Pond in mind, and that the fact and site of the earlier episode is known to very few. Stillman had found the same oblivion years ago, for he writes: "like Troy, its site is unknown to all the subsequent generations of guides, and I doubt if in all the Adirondack country there is a man, except my old guide, Steve Martin, who could point out the place where it stood."

One of the last glimpses of the Adirondack Club is given us by Dr. Henry Van Dyke in his article on Ampersand. After

telling its story as outlined above, he gives this description of the abandoned club-house:

Ten years ago [1875] when I spent three weeks at Ampersand, the cabin was in ruins, tenanted only by an interesting family of what the guides quaintly called "quill pigs," and surrounded by an almost impenetrable growth of bushes and saplings, among which a brood of partridges was hiding. The roof had fallen to the ground; raspberry bushes thrust themselves through the yawning crevices between the logs; and in front of the sunken door-sill lay a rusty, broken iron stove, like a dismantled altar on which the fire had gone out forever.

CHAPTER XVII

"ADIRONDACK MURRAY"

FAME is often whimsical. She embalms the unexpected. Mr. Murray was a successful preacher, lecturer, and writer of stories, and yet his fame has crystallized around one book of travel and the sobriquet it earned for him of "Adirondack" Murray. This was his "Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp-Life in the Adirondacks," published in 1869.

William Henry Harrison Murray was born on a farm—known as the Murray Homestead—near Guilford, Conn., on April 26, 1840. His people were simple farmer folk, and he grew up amid rather strenuous outdoor activities. He was a big, husky, brawny lad, and was soon able to earn a man's wage. With the proceeds he paid for tuition at the Guilford Institute. This seat of learning was four miles from his home, and he covered the distance every day on foot. He was a good all-round student, but distinguished himself especially in oratory and debating. Finally he decided to work his way through Yale, and started off for New Haven, nineteen miles away, with \$4.68 in his pocket, and two small carpet-bags in his hands. At college he again won distinction as a speaker and English scholar. He was graduated in 1862.

By this time he had settled on being a clergyman, and entered the East Windsor Theological Seminary. He finished his studies under the Rev. Edwin Hatfield of New York, acting as his assistant. Later he filled the pulpit of the Congregational churches in Washington, Greenwich, and Meriden, Conn. He married a daughter of Sheldon Hall, a prosperous farmer of Essex, Conn. Then came a call to the Park Street Church of Boston. Here he won no small measure of success, and established himself conspicuously in public favor as an eloquent preacher and lecturer, and a man of magnetic personality.

In 1880 he retired rather suddenly from the ministry, and

went to Texas. Later he went to Canada, and then traveled through Europe and Africa. In 1886 his wife obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. The same year he married Miss Frances M. Rivers of Montreal, who was a Roman Catholic. The last twelve years of his life were spent quietly at the old homestead in Guilford. He died there on March 3, 1904, in the same room in which he had been born.

The divorced Mrs. Murray was a woman of unusual intellectual endowment, and made for herself a distinguished career. As soon as she found herself deserted, she entered the New York Medical School. After finishing the course there, she went abroad and studied in Vienna, graduating with high honors in both surgery and medicine. Her diploma, entitling her to practise as a surgeon, was the first one ever given to an American woman abroad. Returning home, she opened an office in New Haven, and practised there successfully for many years.

The most notable event in Murray's career was his call to the old and conservative Park Street Church of Boston; the most notorious, his parting from it. The call came in 1868, when he was only twenty-eight years old, and is proof of the rapid and brilliant reputation he had made for himself as a preacher. Nor did he disappoint his new congregation in that respect. He filled the church to overflowing, and was soon acknowledged, even in critical Boston, to be one of the most eloquent and magnetic speakers of his day. What he lacked was stability and poise, and exclusive devotion to his calling. One of the attacks soon launched against him by the local press bore the prophetic caption, “A Wasted Life.”

When it became evident that the “Brimstone Corner,” as the Park Street Church was often called, had hired more of an orthodox sport than an orthodox pastor, trouble began to brew. The papers of the day accused him not only of owning race-horses but of betting heavily on them. He is said to have bred Morgan horses at his Guilford farm, and to have organized a company to sell an improved style of trotting-sulky. He also established a paper called “The Golden Rule,” but it lacked subscribers—which has happened to the Golden Rule before.

These divided activities could lead but to one climax, of course; but it is noteworthy that it was reached only at the end of seven years. The man's unquestionable gifts and magnetism postponed a withdrawal that would have been demanded of a lesser personality much sooner. Even when he retired from the Park Street Church he did not give up the ministry. He founded the Music Hall Independent Congregational Church, and drew a large following from among the liberal-minded. In this unhampered pastorate he reached the height of his fame as a platform speaker. Finally, one day in 1880, he suddenly left his flock and disappeared without any sadness of farewell. The press of the day laid this sudden change of climate to unsuccessful business ventures and the pressure of creditors. He replied in an open letter that he had always intended to retire from the ministry on reaching forty, and that silent vanishing was the easiest way of carrying out this resolve.

He was next heard of in Texas, where he had gone into the lumber business. This venture proved a failure, and one day he left there as unostentatiously as he had left Boston. He then appeared in Montreal, where he opened a restaurant during one of the midwinter carnivals. It was largely patronized by visiting Bostonians, who were curious to see the erstwhile pastor in his new rôle. They found him perfectly at home in it. Robed in white—the becoming garb of his new ministry—smiling and genial as ever, he served the doughnut and the mince-pie as delectably as he had ever served religious pabulum. The restaurant seemed to lead him back into the lime-light again, and he soon went on the lecturing platform and met with notable success. Later he traveled abroad, and then returned to spend his last years at Guilford. There he devoted his time to the breeding of horses and the education of his daughters. The former occupation does not appear to have been profitable, for he died a poor man. The latter was much more successful, and he devoted himself to it most worthily and happily.

One of the first troubles that beset his Boston pastorate grew out of the publication of his famous Adirondack book. The work was widely read and loudly abused. Its author was



MILOTE BAKER



W. H. H. "ADIRONDACK" MURRAY

branded as a colossal but picturesque liar. Then an even more serious charge followed. He was accused of hastening the death of many a consumptive. The book naturally told of the health-restoring qualities of the Adirondacks, and specifically of one invalid who, in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, had been carried into the woods, and after six months had improved sufficiently to walk out of them—that is, to walk where before he had been carried. To-day such a story is so common that it would attract no attention, but then it was unusual, of course. Murray emphasizes that very point, however. He says: “This, I am aware, is an extreme case, and, as such, may seem exaggerated; but it is not.”

Some readers may remember how crowds of poor consumptives spent their last cent and wasted their last breath a few years ago to get a bottle of doubtful dope known as the Friedmann Cure. There are always a surprising number of these invalids who, like frogs, will jump at any red flannel of hope. After Murray’s book came out, many of this class jumped at the unwarranted conclusion that he had said the Adirondacks would infallibly restore health in any stage of tuberculosis. Consequently, without any investigation or reasonable preparation, they started for the wilderness, and some of them died there. These deaths—most unjustly, it seems to me—were laid at Murray’s door. His Park Street congregation naturally began to squirm at the wide-spread denunciation heaped upon their pastor, and the situation was not improved when horse-racing was added to the list of his offenses.

He first visited the woods in 1864. During the autumn and winter of 1867 he wrote some Adirondack experiences for the “Meriden Literary Recorder.” These attracted attention and created a demand which led to their amplification in book form in 1869. “Adventures in the Wilderness” had a truly phenomenal success for a book of its kind. It displaced the popular novel of the day. Everybody seemed to be reading it, and a great many people were simultaneously seized with the desire to visit the region it described. The book was published in April—some say on the first—and by June there was an influx of tourists such as the Adirondacks had never seen

before. The result was known as the "Murray Rush," and those who participated in it were called "Murray's Fools." The book was undoubtedly responsible for the rush, but as to the fools, it is permissible to ask, "Why drag in Murray?" Whatever else he may have done, he had not misrepresented the limited accommodations of the region; yet his "fools" appear to have been disgruntled at not finding Saratoga hotels on the carries and ocean steamers on the lakes.

They came in such numbers as to cause a demand for beds and board, and boats and guides, far exceeding the supply. The result was an excessive rise in price for all these commodities. Many of the guides received five dollars a day during this golden harvest. Beds were at a premium. The following story is typical of the many that grew out of the unusual conditions.

A New Yorker arrived late one night at an overcrowded hostelry. He found people lying in the parlors and on the piazzas. He was told there was only one place in the house where he could sleep—on an old pool-table. As it was either that or nothing, he accepted, merely remarking, "This is hard!" He awoke early the next morning, sore in mind and body, and bent on returning to civilization at the first opportunity. He sought the landlord, and met him emerging from a barn.

"How much do I owe you?" asked the guest.

"Lemme see," reflected the landlord. "What room was you in?"

"Room!" ejaculated the other in disgust. And then, with expletives, he explained where he had spent the night and how he had retired supperless.

"Five dollars," was the laconic verdict.

"Five dollars!" came the dull echo of indignant surprise.

"Sure thing," said mine genial host. "Dollar an hour is the regular charge for the pool-table after midnight."

Besides a crop of such stories, which had more or less foundation in fact, the Murray fad gave rise to a literature of ridicule and satire. No less a magazine than "Harper's" accepted such contributions as being timely and of popular appeal. In the number for August, 1870, there was a sketch

of this kind written by Charles Hallock, but unsigned, entitled: "The Raquette Club." This club, modeled on the Pickwickian, is roused by Murray's book and starts for the Adirondacks. The following quotation gives a good picture of the craze which it satirizes:

How many meetings were held to arrange for the day of departure, the record says not; neither is it clear as to the amount of time and energy expended in studying up "Murray" and gathering information from maps and experts, and in collecting the utensils and equipments requisite for roughing it in the bush. Certain it is that, about the 1st of July, 1869, the Club might have been easily recognized among the motley throng that crowded the Saratoga train bound north. It was obvious to the most casual observer that they were sportsmen en route for the Adirondacks. Each member was attired in the most approved style of the craft—huge felt hats, capacious boots, velveteen jackets slashed with multitudinous pockets, guns and rods of assorted sizes and patterns strapped together, knapsacks, and woolen and rubber blankets. When they conversed it was in the style of old campaigners. They talked knowingly of the "Wilderness," black flies, wild cats, and five pound trout; frequently consulted maps, "Murray," and the "Railroad Guide." Occasionally they paused to mark the effect upon their fellow-passengers, and if they happened to catch a small boy listening with some show of attention, their faces shone with an effulgence of rapture.

A newsboy appeared and offered "Murray" for sale. The Club was bewildered at first—then indignant. "Pooh, pooh! We have seen that book—no use for it whatever. By the way, son, do you sell many of them?"

The juvenile pointed up and down the double range of seats, and behold! all the passengers were studying "Murray." The Club had n't observed it before!

Presently the train rumbled up to the Whitehall Junction, and the conductor piped out: "Change cars for Rutland; passengers for Lake Champlain keep their seats!" All kept their seats.

"I wonder where all these people are going?" asked Tipstaff.

They reached the steamer at Whitehall, and lo! the crowd came streaming down the pier and crushed into the gangway. The Club was aghast with wonder. Presently it clambered up to the promenade deck for safety and a better view. Immediately a small boy came up and proffered "Murray"; other small boys were observed to waylay the procession below and tender copies of "Murray." The procession was continuous. It was a moving phantasm of sea-side hats,

water-proofs, blanket-shawls, fish-poles, old felts, mackintoshes, reticules, trout-rods, fish-baskets, carpet-bags, guns, valises, rubber boots, umbrellas, lap-rugs, hunting-dogs, guide-books, and maps. There were old women, misses, youngsters, spinsters, invalids, students, sports, artists, and jolly good fellows. Behind followed innumerable vans, crates, and barrows of miscellaneous baggage. Two packages of "Murray" and one case of "Hamlin's Magic Oil" brought up the rear.

And what was there in Murray's book to account for its remarkable popularity? We turn its pages to-day vainly seeking an answer. For thirty years previous to its publication an occasional enthusiast had written of the Adirondacks, and during this period some ten books of travel and adventure had appeared. All were by well-known authors whose other writings were widely read. All told of the beauties and health-giving qualities of the region, of its wealth of fish and game, and of its possibilities for adventure; yet none of them attracted any attention compared with Murray's book.

He is more specific than the others in matters of detail. He gives the cost of a trip to the woods, tells just what to take in clothes and provisions, where to buy tackle, how to select guides, and where to go. His first fifty pages are devoted entirely to these matters, and they contain excellent information and advice, free from all misstatement and exaggeration. Indeed, they abound in conservative warnings. He tells those who expect to find city comforts, or see droves of deer, or catch trout averaging from three to four pounds, to go elsewhere. If it was this part of his book that sent people helter-skelter to the woods, the author is not to blame for the disappointments they found there.

The second part of the book differs radically from the first. It contains those sporting adventures which people eagerly devoured, and then as eagerly abused the writer for producing. The first story tells of the famous trout fight in Nameless Creek, and we hear the classic phrase "Give 'em the butt!" falling from the lips of John Plumbly, the guide, whom Murray thus apostrophizes:

Honest John Plumbly, the Prince of guides, patient as a hound, and as faithful—a man who knows the wilderness as a farmer knows

his fields, whose instinct is never at fault, whose temper is never ruffled, whose paddle is as silent as falling snow, whose eye is true along the sights, whose pancakes are the wonder of the woods—honest, patient, and modest John Plumbley, may he live long beyond the limit so few of us attain, and depart at last full of peace, as he will full of honors, God bless him!

John was very proud of having been Murray's guide, and of having been immortalized in his book. He spoke of him as a good sport and a fine gentleman, but when questioned about the veracity of some of the adventures, he would only chuckle and say: "Ask Mr. Murray."

The one at Nameless Creek was unusual, but not impossible. Few anglers but have had some similar experience at one time or another, but few who could tell it as Murray managed to do. His struggle with three trout, simultaneously hooked, becomes a hand-to-hand fight with titanic and demoniac forces. We begin to fear for the lives of the two men in the boat. The suspense as to their getting the fish, becomes dread lest the fish get them. All this, however, only means that Murray knew how to tell a good fish-story. It has been most delightfully satirized by Charles Dudley Warner, in a clever little sketch called "A Fight with a Trout."

Murray's most notorious tale is probably the one called "Phantom Falls." It is a ghost-story pure and simple. The wraith of an Indian maid in her canoe visits the spot where she once waited in vain for the coming of her murdered lover. "Honest John" tells the story over the camp fire, and says he has seen the apparition. Then Murray looks up and sees it too. Both jump up and give chase to the phantom, and their boat is carried safely over falls that no boat could shoot successfully. It is all obviously a fantasy, a fable, a myth; and yet the wildest part of it—the shooting of Phantom Falls, as Murray elusively calls them—was taken literally and has not ceased to be his great offense against veracity. And this despite the fact that he begins his story by advising the reader "to believe no more of it than you see fit," and ends it in this fashion:

"Just one word, Mr. Murray, before you stop. Did you really see a ghost, and is there any such place as Phantom Falls?" To which

query of yours, gentle reader, pausing only one moment to answer, before I quarter this Christmas orange, I respond, "Ask John."

Surely it is unfair that the author of a ghost-story sandwiched between such warnings, should have to suffer for the alleged distortion of facts. Yet this is exactly what happened. Some one, from a certain similarity in the description, identified Phantom Falls with the Buttermilk Falls on the Raquette River, although neither Murray nor John Plumbly ever admitted the identity. The public was satisfied with the suggestion, however, and still goes to look at them and shake its head over the possibility of shooting them in a boat. That the two men enjoyed keeping up the joke is shown by their antiphonal "Ask John"—"Ask Murray."

The third story that caught the popular fancy and sowed the whirlwind of derision is called, "Jack-Shooting in a Foggy Night." It is, perhaps, the best thing in the book. It still brings the laugh—and that is saying a good deal for a hunting-story fifty years old. The basic situation is humorous, and it is worked up with just the right blend of the possible and improbable. Murray and his guide—this time Steve Martin—go "jacking," that is, carrying a light fastened on the head, which attracts the deer. One is shot and drops, but on being approached, jumps up and tries to escape. Murray holds on to him till exhaustion forces him to let go. Then, at the critical moment, Steve springs to the rescue and grabs the escaping deer by the tail—which, mind you, is about as long and tenable as a stick of half-used shaving soap. The efforts of Steve to hold on, and the efforts of the deer to sever the undesirable connection are exceedingly funny. Finally the frantic animal leaps into the water, and Steve jumps on his head and drowns him.

The other stories in the book did not attract particular notice. It was the three I have mentioned that caused him to be nominated for the Ananias Club, but their exaggerations are so obviously such that a literal construction of them reflects on the reader rather than the author. The historical value of the book is disappointing. Murray confined himself mostly to the Raquette Lake region. He knew little of

Brown's Tract, and makes no mention of the Essex County section. He names the following hotels only: Paul Smith's, Bartlett's, Martin's, Uncle Palmer's, and Mother Johnson's.

The last-named owed her fame almost entirely to Murray. She kept an exceedingly modest half-way house at Raquette Falls, below the outlet of Long Lake. She was a fat, good-natured, motherly body, who made most excellent pancakes. These and the qualities of her heart retrieved the humbleness of her earthly abode, and caused it to be listed among "hotels." Murray adjured no one to pass it by without tasting of its culinary specialty—and for years after nobody did.

Murray's book gives a general picture of the woods in his time that has historical interest, but he is led into making the inaccurate statement that no ax had as yet echoed through them. As early as 1847 the first log drive was made down the upper Saranac River, and from then on lumbering operations had been steadily increasing. But Murray did not go into the woods until July as a rule, and by that time the logs were out of the rivers, and the summer foliage hid from the casual observer all traces of the winter's cut. In the early days lumbering was a mere culling or thinning-out process. Only the two-log conifers were taken; all the other trees were left standing. How little this altered the outside appearance of the forest in summer could not be better illustrated than by Murray's praise of the unmarred Adirondacks. "Here," he says, "the lumberman has never been."

When Murray first went into the woods he made his headquarters on Osprey Island in Raquette Lake, opposite "The Antlers." He never owned the little island, but he put up two or three open camps there and occupied them during the summers of 1867, 1868, and 1869. After that Alvah Dunning took possession of them and lived there summer and winter for several years. Murray was on the island long enough, however, to associate his name with it, and it was very generally called "Murray's Island." Some effort was made by his admirers to perpetuate this name, but the maps of to-day revert to the original one—Osprey Island.

When John Plumbly,¹ the old guide, passed away, Murray penned a charming tribute to him that was published in "Woods and Waters." I quote it here, not only as being worthy of preservation, but as being a fitting close to his chapter, for it proved to be his valediction to the Adirondacks as well as to his trusty friend:

He taught me a faultless knowledge of the woods, the name and nature of plant and herb and tree, the languages of the night, and the occultism of silent places and soundless shores. I blunderingly expounded to him the knowledge of the skies, the names of stars, of planets and constellations, and of the splendor beyond, that was invisible as yet, and would forever be until our eyes became clearer and purer. He had a most gentle and mannerly reticence and that sweetest of all habits in man or woman—the habit of silence. He could look and see, listen and hear, and say nothing. He was natured for reception of all fine impressions that come to the best and the finest of the earth out of the still depths of woods and the quietude of far-stretching, moon-lighted waters. His knowledge of woodcraft was intuitive. He knew the points of the compass sensationally. He was an atom whose nature mysteriously held it in reciprocal connection with the magnetic currents of the world. In the densest woods, on the darkest nights, he was never bewildered, never at fault. He was independent of sun or moon or stars. He could lay his course without sight. All trails were blazed trails to him. In the tangle of swamps, in the horrible interlacing of windfalls, amidst darkness that made eyes vain, he held steadily on to the course that could save. He was the only guide I ever knew of either race, red or white, that could not in any circumstance lose himself or his way.

They tell me he is dead. It is a foolish fashion of speech and not true. Not until the woods are destroyed to the last tree, the mountains crumbled to their bases, the lakes and streams dried up to their

¹ John Plumbly (spelled sometimes with and sometimes without a "b") was born at Shrewsbury, Vt., on April 14, 1826, and died May 29, 1900, at Long Lake. He had lived there all his life since 1830, when his father had become the first white settler on its shores (see Chap. XXXIV, "Long Lake").

John's first playmate was Mitchell Sabattis, then a boy a little older than himself, who was camping at the foot of the lake with some other Indians and his father, old Captain Peter. It is notable that these two boys grew up to share a bookish fame such as was thrust upon no other guides, save John Cheney perhaps. Murray managed to make John Plumbly so exclusively his own that few people realize that he ever guided anybody else. But of course he did. Indeed, he enjoyed considerable patronage on the mere reputation of having been "Murray's guide."

parched beds, and the woods and wood life are forgotten, will the saying become fact. For John Plumley was so much of the woods, the mountains and the streams that he personified them. He was a type that is deathless. Memory, affection, imagination, literature—until these die, the great guide of the woods will live with ever enlarging life as the years are added to the years, and the lovers of nature and of sport multiply.

It is twenty years since I have been in the woods of the ways and knowledge of which he taught me so much. Twenty years since he and I met and parted. By that forecast which is human, and hence often at fault, it was down in the books that I would go North next year, and we two would sleep under one blanket once again, albeit with eyes somewhat dimmed by the mist of the years. Mayhap he and I, by stooping down and getting close to the ground, could find some of the old trails as we blazed them out in the old days.

But now! Well, now, if I go, I shall not meet an old man that I once knew, a man weakened and burdened with years and their toil. Better so. For I shall now meet John Plumley himself, strong, vigorous, at fullest prime; and he and I shall journey together by sunlight and starlight, as we did in the days when the life within sparkled white to the brim, and all flowers were lilies, and all lilies sweet, and the woods were striated with perfumes which blew from the meadows of heaven. Dead! What a vulgar way of stating a sublime fact! An honest man, a true woodsman, a great guide, had become tired of a body that failed him; and God—blessed be His name forever—permitted him to exchange it for a better.

Thou rememberest the signal I was wonted to give thee when coming up the river through the mist and the gloaming? Thou shalt hear the echoes of the piece later on, as I am borne down the River men boat on but once, seeking signs of the shore where thou hast found quiet camp. Honest John. Happy meeting and good cheer, God grant us, old friend! And goodly souls will join us as the years drop away, and the fellowship of wood-lovers and wood-saints will be ours forever and ever.

CHAPTER XVIII

"ADIRONDACK HARRY"

WHEN Adirondack Murray retired from the footlights of the forest, and the unique title which he bore seemed threatened with extinction, a titular successor suddenly came upon the scene in an impish blade of a boy named Harry V. Radford.

The youth was an avowed apostle of the older man, whom he admired to the point of adoration, and whom he strangely resembled in dominant characteristics. He had similar natural gifts; the same fondness for the lime-light; the same deep, genuine love of the woods; the same mastery of all their arts and mysteries; and the same knack of making friends with all kinds and conditions of men. He lacked the suavity and poise of Murray, but his brusqueness had the charm of boyish frankness and sincerity.

Radford was born in New York in 1880. Of his father little is known. The elder Radford separated from his wife while Harry was still an infant. It is not unfair to assume that he was a man of adventurous and roaming tastes and unsettled disposition, for his son inherited these qualities in a marked degree, and they certainly did not come from his mother. She was an exceptionally quiet, home-loving little body. She breathed the sweetness of content, and her mind was never fevered with aspirations to be elsewhere. She was the kind of woman who was happy to sit always in the same chair, by the same sunny window, banked by potted plants and sentineled by a blinking, well-fed cat.

From this gentle soul Harry drew the saving grace of his self-assertive character—a childlike innocence and loveliness that seeped through and softened his aggressive faults. He could make your blood boil one minute, and touch your heart the next. He could suddenly turn your anger at an impudent

brat into laughter at an irrepressible boy—and he himself would laugh the loudest.

His affection for his mother was his anchor to windward. It was the one restraining influence in his life. It kept him near her although the yearning of his nature was for the distant undiscovered places of the earth. He longed to be a great explorer of the Stanley type, to have the world watch his disappearance into dangerous wilds and speculate upon his chances of survival and return. He actually achieved something of this later on, but not until his mother had died. As long as she lived he confined his roaming, not entirely, but mainly to the Adirondacks. She herself had taught him to love them by taking him there each summer as he grew up.

He was graduated from the Civil Engineering Department of Manhattan College in 1901, with the degree of B. S., but returned later to take a higher course and the degree of C. E., which he received in 1906. After his first graduation his mother took him to Italy in the hope of diverting his mind from its bias for wild things by impressing it with the wonders of history and the beauties of art. She might as well have tried to impress them on a mountain goat. Harry's verdict was that Italy did not compare to the Adirondacks. As to art, he would rather see a runaway or a trout-brook any day. He laughed at the people who canted about art, and was quick to see that most of them used it merely as a social passport. He had no such affectation in his make-up. He was frankly what he was, and made no pretense of being anything else. He had, at first through his mother and later from her, a moderate but independent income. He might have lived in the city had he cared to, but he much preferred the freedom of the woods, and would run off to them, even in winter, on the slightest pretext.

He first came into public notice in 1898 when, while still a student at Manhattan College in New York City, he started a little quarterly magazine called “Woods and Waters,” which was devoted mainly to Adirondack interests. It began very humbly as a little brochure of four pages, without cover or illustrations, but it grew rapidly into a full-fledged magazine of thirty-odd pages, with an attractive cover and excellent

pictures. The circulation in a few years climbed beyond twenty thousand. It must be remembered that Harry was only eighteen when he launched this hazardous enterprise, but he managed to place it and keep it on a paying basis from the start. He opened an office at 212 East 105th Street, engaged competent sub-editors, attracted profitable advertising, and found remarkable coöperation among friends and admirers—or, if he did not find it, he created it. If he set his heart on a particular contribution from a particular person, he also set his hand on that person's collar, and did not loosen his grip till the desired manuscript was forthcoming. He was undoubtedly often annoyingly and even impudently persistent, but he usually managed to get what he wanted without in the end leaving any hard feelings behind.

Besides this tenacity of purpose, backed by the knack of self-advertising, the growth and strength of his little quarterly was largely rooted in the good will of the guides and their fondness for its editor. They all knew him and liked him. The things that his magazine stood for were things that made some direct or indirect appeal to them, and an unusually large number became subscribers. Harry in turn belonged to their associations, gave them some free advertising, and looked out for their comfort and interests when they came down to the Sportsmen's Show. He was usually a speaker at their annual banquets, and it came to be a commonplace for the toastmaster to introduce him as "Harry Radford, the Friend of the Guide."

One who knew him well about this time writes of him as follows:

He made his way into every circle, had his own opinions about everything from capitalism down, usually had the wrong view, and held to it in the face of the world. I think this was done in a teasing spirit, when he saw that his opponent was deeply interested. Early he made up his mind for the exploration business. All his thoughts were on adventurous travel, not merely on travel. After studying the lives of the great explorers he discovered that press publicity has much to do with the art of exploration, and therefore he sought the lime-light with the eagerness of a theatrical celebrity. Taking an interest in him, I pointed out the faults in his method, the size of his head,

the likelihood of his becoming a bore, etc. He snapped his fingers at such philosophy. . . . He was frank and engaging in speech and manner, always on the wing with new schemes, laughing at his own mistakes and the world, full of tricks upon editors and tuft-hunters, proud of his ability to play the game with the best of them. He was an extraordinary mingling of innocence and shrewdness and common sense, without knowing much about these qualities. He just grew up like Topsy, under the strong impulses of his nature, and seemed to yield joyously to them. I tried to bring him under my influence, but his nature would accept nothing in that line. He would come to me for praise and approval, but never for direction. He was a member of the Catholic Authors' Guild and read some essays before it. Some of the members thought him an impertinence, but standing up before a group of literary lights, at the age of nineteen, and telling them something that he thought worth while, he looked the incarnation of perpetual youth and hope and confidence. At his age I would have shrunk before such an audience. He reveled in it.¹

Probably Harry had a definite object in view when he started his magazine. If not, he quickly found one, and announced the restoration of moose to the Adirondacks as the first mission of his quarterly. The idea was a happy one. People who hardly knew that moose had vanished became enthusiastic for their restoration. There was something sentimental and picturesque about the suggestion that appealed to the man in the street quite as much as the man in the woods. The guides were strongly in favor of the proposition, and gradually a number of influential men and august civic bodies fell into line for it. Harry drew the bill he wanted, and took it up to Albany in person. He interviewed the governor, waylaid senators, buttonholed assemblymen, and cajoled or threatened everybody who could manipulate a wire.

The campaign dragged along for two years without accomplishing any results. So Harry decided that more moral pressure was needed, and in December, 1900, he organized the "Association for Restoring Moose to the Adirondacks." The membership fee was one dollar, and a goodly number of people answered this new moose-call. He secured as president Mr. Warren Higley, a prominent lawyer and a vice-president of

¹ From a letter of Dr. Talbot Smith quoted by Dr. Walsh in his article "A Young Catholic Explorer" in *Forest Leaves*, XII. 1. 1915.

the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks. He procured the services of Mr. Frank S. Gardner, the well-known secretary of the Board of Trade and Transportation, as treasurer, and Harry himself was elected secretary. Next came an imposing list of eighteen vice-presidents, all of whom were either business men or politicians of influence. With this new power behind him he went back to Albany and began lobbying again. The Legislature had by this time discovered that the only way to get rid of this adhesive young man was to give him what he wanted. So it finally passed his moose bill, and on March 21, 1901, Governor Odell signed it. It carried an appropriation of \$5,000 for the purpose of purchasing and liberating moose, and provided for their protection by a penalty of fine and imprisonment for any one who destroyed them.

This victory was hailed by the waving of flags and the firing of loud editorial guns from the office of "Woods and Waters." But it also received a surprising amount of notice and congratulation from the press all over the country, for Harry had managed to focus wide-spread attention on his moose fight. Nor did he intend to drop out of the lime-light by resting on his laurels. The same number of his magazine that announced victory, also contained the following in large type: "AND NOW FOR THE ELK, CARIBOU, AND BEAVER!" One can imagine the doubtful joy of some people at this new vista of agitation, as Harry himself termed it in a typical editorial outburst of modesty:

And by the way, as in all probability this new campaign will become historic (as has already our great three-years moose fight of 1898-1901), we suggest that our readers preserve carefully each issue of "Woods and Waters," so that they may have a complete story of the agitation.

After the passing of the moose bill, however, there remained the rather delicate problem of getting the moose. This was undertaken by the Forest Commission. The animals had to be captured in the deep snows of the Northwest, then carefully crated and shipped to their destination. The whole process was difficult and required much time and patience. The first

shipment consisted of three moose that were liberated in the Adirondacks on July 7, 1902. Later a few more were set at liberty near Bug Lake, Raquette Lake, and the Saranacs. The total number finally released was about fifteen. Within a year some had been killed and the others had disappeared, so that the effort to restore them to the North Woods was not a success, either then or later.¹

While this experiment was being tried, a similar one with elk was in progress. Hon. William C. Whitney, influenced largely by Harry Radford's enthusiasm for restoring wild game, donated a large number of elk for the purpose from his October Mountain estate at Lenox, Mass. He sent twenty-two to be liberated near Raquette Lake in 1901, and more at other points in 1902 and 1903, until a total of one hundred and forty was reached. These elk were stupidly and annoyingly tame. They showed little disposition to wander off through the woods, but seemed to prefer staying in groups near some habitation where they could get food. I know from experience that if it was offered to them they would take it from the hand of the giver. In the spring, by eating and trampling, they did much damage to gardens and open plantations, and became very unpopular. So much so that, in spite of their evident willingness to stay put, and of some natural increase in their numbers, they soon began to disappear mysteriously and rapidly. This experiment, therefore, succeeded no better than the one with moose.

Harry turned his attention next to the black bear, for which he asked protection in the summer months; and to the beaver, which he wished to restore. After another long and hard fight he secured the passage, in 1904, of bills covering both of these objects. The influence of his little magazine was also sought and used to promote game-protection and restoration all over the country, and it took a leading part in trying to save the buffalo from extinction. It kept a watchful eye on events in Albany, and was a potent factor in helping to down all legislation aimed at weakening the Constitutional amendment of 1894.

¹ In April, 1906, Governor Higgins signed a bill appropriating \$2,150 for continuing the liberation of moose; and \$1,000 for beaver.

Harry became so well known as an entertaining and forceful writer on Adirondack subjects that other magazines were eager for his contributions and sought his services. In 1901 "Field and Stream" engaged him to manage an Adirondack Department for them, and announced the fact in a two-page introduction beginning thus:

HARRY V. RADFORD, THE ADIRONDACK MURRAY OF
TODAY

FIELD AND STREAM is particularly fortunate in having secured so high an authority and so entertaining a writer as Mr. Harry V. Radford to conduct its new Adirondack Department. Mr. Radford, although still a very young man, possesses a knowledge of the woods and of woods life and customs seldom equaled in one of his years.

"The Four-Track News"—that very live little magazine started by that shrewd business man and enthusiastic Adirondacker George H. Daniels, of the New York Central—was constantly printing something from Harry's pen and advertising him as a contributor. In short, Harry commanded a market for his writings such as few men at his age have ever controlled, and secured for his little quarterly an influence in Adirondack affairs which no similar publication has ever equaled.¹

He gave up its publication and allowed it to go out of existence soon after his mother's death. This event severed the only sentimental tie that held him to civilization, and he broke all others as soon as possible in order to indulge his dreams of distant exploration. While his mother's death brought

¹ When *Woods and Waters* went out of existence, S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, started, in 1906, a magazine called *Stoddard's Northern Monthly*. It was intended to cover the field which Radford's withdrawal had left open, but, although more pretentious at first, it was never so popular or successful as its predecessor. The first numbers were full of Adirondack interest, but this was soon crowded aside by fiction and articles of foreign travel, and finally dwindled to the reprinting of extracts from his early guide-book. The *Monthly* was also reduced in size after the first year, and was discontinued altogether in 1908.

Mr. Stoddard linked his name with the Adirondacks by providing its first (1874) and most used guide-book, its most popular tourist map, and the earliest photographs of the region. All of these things he retailed from a little store he kept in Glens Falls. This line of activity took him into the woods a great deal in the early days and made him a familiar figure there. He died at Glens Falls in 1918.

this release, it also brought the deepest sorrow of his life. He loved her dearly, and nursed her through her last illness with a tender and patient devotion of which his best friends scarcely thought him capable.

He made his first long journeys through unfrequented parts of Labrador and the Pacific Northwest, hunting big game, and bringing back specimens and records which he presented to the Smithsonian Institute and to museums in Toronto and Montreal. Out of this he established some sort of official connection, as a pioneer explorer, with the Canadian Government, and began planning for a more extended voyage of discovery along the Mackenzie River and into the Arctic circle. But before following him on this, his last journey, a word should be said about his relations with his great prototype, Adirondack Murray.

Just when the two met for the first time, I do not know, but it was not long after Harry had started his “Woods and Waters.” Murray was then living in retirement and poverty at his old homestead in Guilford. Harry, long an enthusiastic admirer of his writings, asked permission to pay him a visit and make his acquaintance. Consent was freely given, and from then till Murray’s death Harry was a constant and highly welcome visitor at the Guilford farm. The two men at once conceived a liking for each other which passed quickly from intimacy into a mutual admiration society. Murray called Harry his understudy, and soon asked him to be his official biographer, but never furnished him with the necessary material for such a purpose. Harry was always intending to take notes on the subject, but kept postponing the actual labor until it was too late. Consequently, when he came to write his biographical sketch, he not only had nothing new to offer, but he seemed ignorant of much that was common knowledge concerning Murray’s early life.

This particular scheme undoubtedly suffered temporary eclipse from the multiplicity of other ones which the two spent their time in concocting. One of these was the founding of a great Adirondack magazine, of which Murray was to be editor, and Harry the assistant. The launching of this, however, was to be preceded by a joint camping and lecturing tour of the

Adirondacks, followed by a tour of the State, and then of the entire country. On the platform, the youthful Adirondack Harry was always to introduce the elderly Adirondack Murray, and one can imagine how this combination, this public abdication of age and coronation of youth, would have drawn the crowds. But unfortunately for all concerned—and especially for Murray, who needed the money—all these plans were frustrated by the breakdown in health which resulted in his death. As long as he lived, however, Harry continued to visit him, and to be a very real friend to his ill and impoverished idol.

Soon after Murray died, in 1904, the previously mentioned biographical sketch appeared in "Woods and Waters." It attracted considerable attention and brought the suggestion that it be enlarged and printed in book form. Acting on this, Harry brought out, in 1905, a little duodecimo volume entitled: "Adirondack Murray: a Biographical Appreciation." It contains, as has been hinted, much more appreciation than biography. It is, indeed, but the lengthened shadow of the original sketch, and this is brought about by printing a very long and laudatory letter from some unnamed admirer of Murray, and by introducing a foot-note about the "Murray Rush" that runs through the latter half of the book and takes up more space than the text.

Murray was the greatest sportsman and the most eloquent preacher and lecturer America had ever produced. In the firmament of American letters he was "a star of the first magnitude, shining with a peculiar brilliance all his own." Such is the gospel according to Adirondack Harry. But he was not content with paying his hero a tribute of words alone. He sought to keep his memory green by organizing "The Adirondack Murray Memorial Association," whose objects were: "To perpetuate the memory of William Henry Harrison Murray. To erect a suitable monument at his burial place in Guilford, Conn. To preserve the Murray homestead, where he was born and in which he died. To assist in the support of his family and in continuing the education of his daughters. To promote the publication and sale of his books." The

subscriptions were not large, however, and few, if any, of these objects were attained.

After Murray's death, and that of Harry's mother which occurred within a year, he began trying his wings, as has been told, for the longer flight he had in view. This was to be along the Mackenzie River, and through the so-called Barren Grounds to Hudson Bay. Everything that could be foretold concerning the proposed trip was freely given to the press and the public, for it was not in Harry's nature to attempt to conceal either the dangers, the hardships, or the ultimate glory to which he was about to expose himself.

He started from New York toward the end of 1910. He went alone, for although he wished for a companion, he had been unable to find one. On the outskirts of civilization, however, by the merest chance, he fell in with a kindred spirit and ideal traveling-mate. This was Thomas George Street, another youthful seeker of adventure and restless rover of the world. He was a tall, powerfully built fellow, of extraordinary physical strength, and, as the event proved, of sterling character. He joined in Harry's plans with great enthusiasm, and the two set out from Fort Resolution on July 10, 1911, on what was to be their last adventure. The story of this journey, based on letters which Harry sent home, is to be found in an article on "The Radford-Street Expedition," written by Miss Madge Macbeth, and published in the "Canada Monthly" (London and Toronto) for November, 1913.

About the time this article appeared there were disquieting rumors circulated to the effect that both Radford and Street had been murdered by their Eskimo guides. There was no confirmation of the report, however, and little faith was placed in it by those familiar with the Eskimos, for anything approaching treachery on their part was almost unknown. But in 1914 the ugly story was confirmed, and reached civilization in the following form.

The explorers were just about to start on the last homeward stage of their journey, when one of the Eskimos, having heard that his wife was ill, refused to go with them. This

man, knowing but a few words of English, failed to make the cause of his refusal clear, and Harry attempted to remonstrate with him. An altercation ensued in which neither disputant understood anything but the angry gestures of the other. Finally the Eskimo turned and walked sullenly away. Harry started after him, with what exact intent will never be known, for the Eskimo suddenly plunged a spear through his breast. Street sprang to the rescue, but only to have a spear driven through his back by another guide. Thus were two promising young lives sacrificed to a mere misunderstanding. Writing of the tragedy, a friend of Harry says:

I have always felt that Radford deserved a better fate, and that his indomitable spirit, his utter lack of sympathy with the trivialities of our time, his intense absorption in all outdoors and the things of nature, might have made of him a magnificent pioneer explorer to help in opening the Canadian Northwest. . . . Radford was a type of youth feeling itself immortal, so far as any fear of death was concerned, ready to do anything, no matter how dangerous, so long as the prospect was one of successful and satisfactory endeavor with prestige at the end of it.¹

But if he was robbed of the larger fame of becoming a great explorer, he achieved the lesser one of being a true friend of the Adirondacks and of receiving their Distinguished Service Cross in the popular prefix to his name. The world will forget Harry Radford before the woods will cease to remember Adirondack Harry.

¹ From "A Young Catholic Explorer," by James J. Walsh, M. D., PH. D., SC. D., in *Forest Leaves*, XII. 1.

CHAPTER XIX

SARANAC LAKE: PIONEERS

SARANAC LAKE VILLAGE, which has become the metropolis of the Adirondacks, lies about one mile from the northeastern end of Lower Saranac Lake, in the southern part of Franklin County. It has spread into the near-by County of Essex, and from its original Town of Harrietstown into the contiguous Towns of St. Armand and North Elba.

The present village consequently lies partly in two counties and three Towns. Added to this geographical complexity, it bears the misleading designation which has been fully discussed in the chapter on Adirondack names. In attempting to trace the growth of the village we are confronted by the fact that it has not only grown from a central nucleus outward, but from once isolated and outlying points inward. The story of its pioneers, therefore, involves the settlement of several localities, formerly remote and entirely distinct from the village, but now included within its corporate limits.

THE MOODYS

Jacob Smith Moody was not only the first settler in what is now one corner of the village, but he was the first settler in the region. He came to it in 1819. At that time his nearest neighbor to the north was some ten miles away. This was Isaac Livingston, who was living on the North West Bay Road, about five miles beyond the later Nokes settlement in West Harrietstown. Moody's nearest neighbor to the east was Moses Hazelton, about five miles away toward Lake Placid. If Jacob, therefore, was seeking isolation, he clearly found it.

He was born in Keene, N. H., in 1787, and died at Saranac Lake in 1863. He came to the mountains in consequence of an injury received in a sawmill at Keene, and which incapacitated him for further work of the sort he had hitherto done. He

squatted first on what is now Highland Park, and sought to procure title to some land there. Difficulties arose, however, and he moved to "the pines," near the present cemetery. Here he cleared sixteen acres of land, to which he later received a deed from the State. This tract, which is in the Town of North Elba, lies east of River Street. Within it are the following well-known places: Moody Pond, the Gordon Cottage, Ben Moody's homestead, and the village cemetery.

Jacob Moody built a log cabin on the North West Bay Road, at the foot of the steep hillside of pines, where the upper road to Lake Placid crosses the railroad track. Here he lived for many years, but finally built a better home at what is now No. 154 River Street, where one of his grandsons—Benjamin R. Moody—still lives.

In the original log cabin an event of some historical moment occurred. In it the first white baby in this region was born, and to emphasize this distinction another was thrust upon him in the unusual name of Cortez Fernando. From this it would seem that the pioneer was a reader of history and an admirer of the conqueror of Mexico. Of course the high-sounding name was soon contracted to "Cort," and its Spanish origin speedily forgotten.

Jacob had three children when he came to the Adirondack wilderness—Eliza, Harvey, and Smith. Those born in the log cabin were: Cortez, Daniel, Martin, and Franklin, making a family of seven. The five boys married, and four of them had large families, as the table below will show:

JACOB S. MOODY						
Eliza	Harvey	Smith	Cortez	Daniel	Martin	Franklin
Died. No Issue.	Simeon Phineas Polly William Alonso	Armedie Benjamin R. Hiram S. (Ted) Sarah James	Cortez James Frank Abe Milo	Alaric Delbert Vertner Lizzie (Mrs. W. H. Oldfield)	No Issue.	Died. No Issue.
By Second Wife.	Fayette Richard Robert					

Eliza, the only girl, and Franklin died young and left no issue. The five others all lived to become famous hunters, trappers, and guides. They were known far and wide in the early days, and their names are of constant occurrence in all early Adirondack books.

“UNCLE MART”

Martin Moody was the only one of these boys who had no children. He was born in 1833, and married Minerva M. Read of Bloomingdale, in 1861. In 1868 he moved to Big Tupper Lake, and at the foot of it built a famous hotel for sportsmen. This was called the “Tupper Lake House,” and was a rather small affair. He sold it after a few years and built a larger hotel at the northeast end of the lake. This was called the “Mount Morris House,” and was built in 1879. It burned and was rebuilt in 1889, and the name was changed to “Red-side Camp.” Moody’s place was always called by his own name, however, and “Moody” became the official designation of the post-office established there. His widow remained postmistress till 1914, when she resigned on account of age and failing health. The old hotel is now in other hands, but is still run as a summer resort.

All of the Moody boys guided some of the most distinguished visitors that ever came to the Adirondacks, but “Uncle Mart,” as he was popularly called, probably had the longest and most notable list to his credit. When in his teens he guided J. T. Headley and Alfred B. Street, the historians. He was guide for Governor Horatio Seymour on his famous trip through the mountains, when Lady Amelia M. Murray was the guest of honor and the first woman of record to travel across the Adirondacks. He lived with Ned Buntline at his solitary “Eagle’s Nest,” and he was the favorite guide of President Chester A. Arthur and of Grover Cleveland. He was also on terms of intimacy with Gerrit Smith and John Brown, and when the body of the abolitionist was brought back to the North Elba farm, Mart Moody was one of those chosen to help lower the casket into the mountain grave. He was one of the guides at the “Philosophers’ Camp.” He worked for Adirondack Murray, Colvin, Ely, Wallace, Stoddard, Todd—

for all the men, in short, whose names are conspicuous in Adirondack annals.

When he opened an unpretentious hunting-lodge in an excellent fish-and-game center, these men and their friends brought it patronage and reputation, and for years it was considered by discriminating sportsmen one of the choicest spots in the woods. The host's personality naturally played an important part in his success. He was not only, like all his brothers, a past master in all the arts of woodcraft, but he had a marked gift for companionship and humorous narrative. He died on May 26, 1910, and was the last of Jacob Moody's sons to pass away.

THE MILLERS

Although Jacob Moody was the first settler in the region which has become a part of the village of Saranac Lake, his place and land were never, until much later, considered as belonging to the main settlement "at the river," as it was called. His property lay across the county line in the Town of North Elba. It remained for years a distinct locality, known as "Moody's."

The distinction of creating the nucleus around which the central village grew belongs to Captain Pliny Miller, a veteran of the war of 1812. Just when he came to this part of the country cannot be positively stated, but it was probably about 1822, for he is known to have been a close second to Jacob Moody. Captain Miller and a friend, Alric Mann Bushnell, acquired title to three hundred acres of land from John R. Thurman and others, of Sandy Hill, N. Y. This strip included much of the central portion of the present village. Soon after the title was passed, Captain Miller bought out Bushnell's interest and came and settled on the land. Of the first house he built and lived in no trace remains to-day. It was back of the present Eugene Allen home. Captain Miller also erected a sawmill on the site of the present electric power-house, and built the first dam across the river at that point in 1827.

In the late forties he built a small hotel on the lot now occupied by the village office building. This was the first hotel

in the place. It was leased from 1849 to 1850 to William F. Martin, and from 1850 to 1852 to Virgil C. Bartlett, two pioneers who later became prominently identified with other localities.

Captain Pliny Miller was born at Sand Lake, Rensselaer County, N. Y., on February 15, 1775, and died at Saranac Lake in 1859. He married Polly Hayes of Sand Lake. They had eight children—five girls, and three boys. Homer, the eldest, sold out his real estate holdings, and went West in 1860. His brothers Pliny and John lived and died in the settlement.

Pliny H. Miller was born in 1802, and died in 1867. He married Lois E. Bushnell, by whom he had nine children. The first wife died in 1854, and he later married Hannah Wiggins, by whom he had one daughter Elizabeth. Of the boys, Ensign and Milo B. became most prominently identified with the development of the village.

Ensign Miller married twice. His first wife was Narcissa, eldest daughter of Col. Milote Baker, another pioneer to be mentioned later. In conjunction with his father-in-law, Ensign purchased Lot No. 11, which is divided by the river near the Baker Bridge. Colonel Baker kept the easterly half of the lot, and Ensign the westerly. Here, in 1852, on what is now the river road, he built a home which is to-day one of the oldest houses still standing in the village—the one on Bloomingdale Avenue, opposite the Baker Bridge, now locally known as the "Fitz Greene Halleck house." He lived here till 1875, when he sold to C. F. Norton.

He then built a new house at what is now No. 22 Bloomingdale Avenue.¹ The unusual and distinctive design of these two houses still links them together and attracts attention, for they are of a Southern rather than Northern type. They have projecting wings joined by a sunken central part which carries two lateral piazzas, an upper and lower, connecting the wings. The present road between the two houses—called Bloomingdale Avenue, because it leads to the village of that name six miles away—was originally opened by Ensign Miller at his own expense. Before this improvement the land between his old and new home was an almost impassable marsh,

¹ Now occupied by the Community House and Day Nursery.

and the village could be reached only by crossing the river at the old Baker Bridge.

Ensine died in his new house in 1877. His first wife died in 1862, and he later married her younger sister, Julia Baker, who survived till 1913. He had three children by his first union, but none by his second. He is generally acknowledged to have been a man of great public spirit, and to have contributed much to the upbuilding of the community in which he lived. He was generous to a fault, and was loved as much for his deeds of kindness, as he was respected for his sterling traits of character. He was a good business man, and prospered in his undertakings, and became a leader of commercial enterprise and civic betterment.

His chief pursuits were farming and lumbering, as perforce they had to be in those days. He owned two sawmills, and built a grist-mill. One of his notable farming ventures, because it was the first and only one of its kind in this region, was the raising of hops on the plateau which he then owned but which is now the restricted residential district known as Highland Park. There still stands, on Marshall Street, a building which the old inhabitants call "the hop house." It was erected and used by Ensine Miller to cure his hops in. For several years this venture paid well, but the hop market gradually slumped and the raising of hops ceased to be profitable.

Ensine opened the second store in the community, in a little shack near the southeast abutment of the Baker Bridge. The first had been started by his father-in-law Colonel Baker just across the river. In matters of dress Ensine stood out rather conspicuously from his pioneer surroundings. He gave unusual care to his person and appearance, and stamped himself as the Beau Brummel of the place by always wearing "boiled" shirts. In his home he had every comfort and luxury of the time. On the grounds he built an artificial fish-pond, and filled it with trout which he trained to rise to the surface and take food from his hands. These performing fish always attracted sight-seers from the summer hotels.

Ensine's youngest brother, Milo Bushnell Miller, who outlived him many years, became the most prosperous and larg-

est holder of real estate in the community. He was born in 1846. He enlisted when the Civil War broke out, and did not return to Saranac Lake till 1865. His first business venture was to buy a store—the first in the central part of the village—which had been opened the previous year by J. A. Broadwell in the basement of the Van Buren Miller house, now No. 24 Main Street. Soon after this he made his first real estate investment, and one that in the years to come was to prove very profitable. He bought five acres of land between the west side of Main Street and the river for \$250. On the land was an old shack of a building, and into it he moved the contents of his store. This burned in 1867, and he then erected a new building—now No. 44 Main Street—in which he did a thriving business till 1890. The premises were then leased to Aaron Goldsmith, a dry-goods merchant, who still occupies them. Milo built several large store buildings on his land on the west side of Main Street. He also owned large tracts of land around Lake Kiwassa and Lower Saranac Lake, where he bought Martin's Hotel and ran it till it burned. He married Katherine Finnegan, by whom he had one daughter, who is now Mrs. H. H. Tousley. He died in 1917.

Having thus briefly traced the descendants of Pliny H. Miller, we go back to his brother John J. He inherited from his father Captain Pliny Miller a large tract of land which included much in the central part of the village. It was this land (eighty acres) and the hotel he had built (the present Riverside Inn) which he later sold to Orlando Blood. He was prominent in local politics, and the leader of the Democratic party. He was repeatedly elected Supervisor and Town Clerk. He married Abigail Macauley, by whom he had seven children—six daughters, and one son, Van Buren.

The last-named was born in Wilmington in 1827, and did not settle in Saranac Lake till 1858. He then bought of his uncle Pliny H. Miller a strip of land between Main Street and the river. This included the site of the present town hall (which he later sold for the then enormous price of \$1,000), the site of the Empire Hotel, and the dwelling at No. 24 Main Street, still owned by Mrs. Van Buren Miller, and occupied by her and some of her children. This house

was built in 1856, and is one of the oldest in the village. It has, moreover, been but slightly altered in its many years of existence.

Van Buren Miller quickly established himself in the esteem of the community, and made himself felt as a distinct force for civic betterment and moral uplift. His main occupations were naturally lumbering and farming. He held the office of Justice of the Peace for thirty-three consecutive years, and was Supervisor for fourteen terms. At a time when there was no lawyer in the village, he acted in that capacity, giving advice, drawing papers, and even writing letters for those who could not write themselves. And these services were rendered for the most part gratuitously. He was agent for the State lands in Essex and Franklin counties, and did much private and public surveying. As a result of this he became so well versed in lines, corners, and boundaries that he became well known to the State officials in Albany, where he was often referred to as "the encyclopedia of the Adirondacks."

He and his sister Annie O. Miller shared enlightened and progressive ideals of education, and did much to raise it to a high level in Saranac Lake. Miss Miller taught for many years in the Main Street School, and exerted a strong influence on the children of her day. Her brother was an ardent advocate of higher salaries and better teachers for the district schools. This policy touched the taxpayers too directly to be popular until Mr. Miller devised a method of making it so. He secured the passage of a law giving the taxes on a large area of non-resident wild lands to the school district, and then merged the two existing districts into one. The result was an appreciable increase in available funds without any in resident taxation. The outcome was the building, in 1870, of a new school-house opposite the Berkeley.

Another improvement due principally to the initiative of Van Buren Miller was the building of the State road to Bartlett's, Corey's, and Tupper Lake. This was begun in 1873. The bill authorizing this road provided that for ten years all the taxes on the non-resident property along its course should be applied to its construction. Mr. Miller was appointed one of three commissioners to lay out and superintend the work.

The first year all went well, but the following year, as the road was nearing completion, the available funds gave out. Loath to abandon the work, Mr. Miller consulted those in power at Albany, and was urged to carry out his own suggestion of advancing the money for the next year's taxes and completing the road. This he did, but the following year the law was repealed, and Mr. Miller lost all the money he had put up. The State never reimbursed him, and the result was a financial burden and wounded sense of justice from which he never fully recovered.

He died on June 17, 1892. The "Adirondack Pioneer," the local paper of the time, said of him: "No other one man, probably, did so much for our section in a general way, and the multitude of regrets that followed him to the grave attest the great esteem and veneration in which he was held."

He married Sarah Eleanor Malbone of Wilmington, in 1852. They had eight children. Four of them have died, and four of them survive—two daughters, Helen M. and Eleanor S., and two sons, Elmer P. and Seaver A. Both of the daughters served in the old Adirondack Library, and did much to carry it along through troublous times. Miss Eleanor Miller is now teaching in Summit, N. J. Miss Helen lives at home with her aged mother.

Seaver A. Miller has also always lived in the village. He has been clerk of the village and water boards since their organization, and has held various other offices of public trust. To his intimate knowledge of village affairs I am indebted for courteous help in writing these pages.

His elder brother Elmer P. Miller studied for the ministry. He went to college at Middlebury, Vt., and was later graduated from the Theological Seminary of New York. From 1889 to 1891 he was missionary of All Saints Church at Hudson, and of Trinity Church at Claverick, N. Y. From there he went to St. Luke's Church of Catskill, N. Y., and remained there till 1912, when he moved to the far West and became Archdeacon of Eastern Oklahoma, with headquarters in Muskogee.

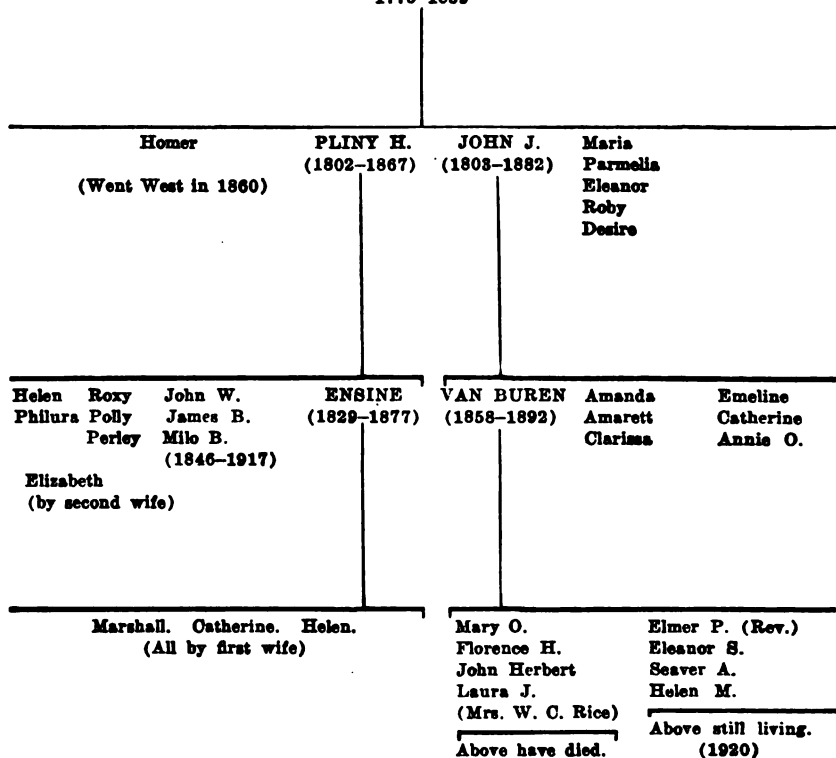
In the autumn of 1917 he received a call from his home village to fill the pulpit of St. Luke's Church, left suddenly va-

cant by the death, in a tragic automobile accident, of the previous incumbent Dr. Scott Kidder. The call was accepted, and so Mr. Miller after an absence of many years returned to take up his residence and life-work in the place of his birth. His memory of early days and conditions has been most graciously placed at my disposal in collecting and verifying the data for this chapter.

GENEALOGY OF THE MILLER FAMILY

CAPTAIN PLINY MILLER

1775-1859



THE BAKERS

Colonel Milote Baker was the last, and by far the latest, of the three distinctive pioneers to settle in what is now a part of the village. He came from Keeseville in 1852. In conjunction with Ensine Miller, who became his son-in-law, he bought of Gerrit Smith Lot No. 11, which is divided by the

Saranac River. Beside it, east of what came to be called the Baker Bridge, he built a small hotel that quickly became famous in Adirondack annals.

Governor Seymour and his party were among the earliest visitors of note to stop at the little inn, and Lady Murray refers to it as "the last house of reception on the Saranac River." Among other notables who later frequented the place were Francis Spinner, United States Treasurer; Alfred B. Street, State Librarian and author; George Dawson, of the Albany "Evening Journal"; John H. Reynolds, of the Court of Appeals; C. G. Gunther, Mayor of New York, and many other men of public and professional eminence.

Colonel Milote Baker was born in 1806 at New Bedford, Mass. He went to New York State as a young man and entered the militia. During this service he became head of the commissary department of Sing Sing prison. This led to frequent trips to New York City and to acquaintance there with prominent men, many of whom later became patrons of his Adirondack hostelry. Among them was C. G. Gunther, the founder of the well-known fur firm of that name. When, owing to political complications, it is said, Colonel Baker gave up his post at Sing Sing, Mr. Gunther suggested that he go to the Adirondacks and secure pelts for his firm. The colonel's early training and experience fitted him for such work, and he acted on the suggestion, going first to Keeseville, and then to Saranac Lake.

In 1830 he had married Miss Susan E. Roberts, who died in 1864. In 1867 he married Clara C. Dana of Plattsburg, the widow of a brother of Charles A. Dana of the "Sun." The latter was an occasional visitor at "Baker's," and remained to the last a close and helpful friend to his sister-in-law and her two boys by her first marriage. Colonel Baker had no children by his second wife, but four by his first—Narcissa, Julia, Emma, and one boy, Andrew Jackson. Narcissa and Julia became the first and second wives of Ensign Miller. Emma married Henry Hall, a half-brother of the Hon. Benjamin E. Hall, deceased. None of the daughters now survives.

The colonel was a man of commanding presence, with a tinge

of the aristocrat in his manner and bearing. He came, indeed, of old New England stock and had an ancestral pride which the circumstance of keeping a small tavern in the wilderness in no wise abated. He was a good talker and a genial companion, who paid his way socially, and enjoyed mixing with the distinguished people who lodged beneath his roof. But he always met them on a footing of assured equality; they were his guests rather than his boarders, and he was every inch mine host. He had, in short, little of the typical pioneer, except a fine physique and prodigious strength, which he did not hesitate to use on occasion. Many are the stories of the roisterer who learned to respect it. He was a "copperhead" Democrat, when the name implied the most rabid tendencies. Nor was he isolated thereby when he moved to the Adirondacks, as the following story will show.

One night the stage brought a New York gentleman to the hotel, who carried with him a brand-new and very expensive fishing outfit. He carefully laid these things on a chair on the piazza, and then addressed the proprietor. "Colonel," he said, "this stuff is worth several hundred dollars. I want you to put it in a safe place for the night."

The next morning on stepping out on the piazza, the guest found his treasures just where he had left them the night before. He sought out the proprietor and remonstrated with some heat.

"By Godfrey, sir!" exclaimed the colonel, using his favorite obsecration, "by Godfrey, sir, your things are as safe there as in the Bank of England. There's not a Republican within ten miles of here!"

The first post-office in Saranac Lake was established in 1854, and Colonel Baker was the first postmaster. He kept the office in a little store he had built across the way from his hotel. Here it stayed till 1862, when William F. Martin secured it and moved it out to his hotel on Lower Saranac Lake. The store just mentioned was the first one in the community. It was in a small separate building on what has become, through the construction of the railroad, a triangle of land at the junction of Pine and Main streets. The first structure was destroyed by fire in the sixties, but was immediately replaced by

his wife in the "hill-top, hat-box of a house" that Stevenson has made famous for all time. Andrew was born in Keeseville on December 1, 1840, and came to Saranac Lake with his father. At an early age he began guiding the guests that came to the hotel, and continued in the profession all his life, so that to-day he is one of the oldest living guides. In 1866 he married Mary H. Scott of North Elba. The year before he had begun to build a low, rambling house on a knoll of land not far from his father's hotel. Besides having become a literary shrine, the place holds a lesser bid for fame. It contains the second open brick fireplace built in this section. The first was in the home of Lucius Evans, on Main Street, to be mentioned more particularly later.

Strange as it may seem, open fireplaces were a late and rare luxury in the Adirondacks. The one in Andrew Baker's home was suggested by Mr. Riggs, of Riggs Hotel in Washington. This gentleman was among the regular summer visitors at "Baker's," and when he heard that his favorite guide was going to build a house and take boarders, he urged the open fireplace and agreed to pay half the expense of constructing it. After it was built he sat before it on many a chilly night—as did Stevenson after him.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker had five children—Grace, Clara, Ralph, and Blanche and Bertha, who were twins. Of these only Bertha, now Mrs. J. H. Vincent, survives.

CHAPTER XX

SARANAC LAKE: GROWTH

THERE was nothing rapid or notable about the early growth of the village. In 1856 it was a settlement of some fifteen scattered families. At that time it had two widely separated schools; one "in the pines," where the Lake Placid Railroad now runs, the other "on the hill," out toward the Algonquin. They had between them a total attendance of thirty-one scholars—twelve in the one, nineteen in the other.

During the next twenty years the development was greater. The village became a headquarters for lumbermen, guides, and tourists. But even in 1876 it was still a very primitive hamlet. It was in this year that Dr. Trudeau came to it, without having at the time the faintest surmise that he was to make it world-famous as a health resort. His coming, however, shaped the course of its destiny.

The records of the early days are very meager. There is only one book about the place, which was written in its transition period. This volume was privately printed in a small edition, and has become a rare and curious item for the bibliophile. It is a strange and largely disagreeable book. The parts which treat of Saranac Lake leave the distinct impression of having been conceived in malice and written in spite, with no very good reason for ever having been written at all. It is full not only of inaccuracies but of deliberate slander. And yet, of course, there is some truth mixed in with all this, and it has the historical interest of a unique though blotchy negative. It was written by a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. J. P. Lundy of Philadelphia, and bears the following title-page:

THE
SARANAC EXILES
A WINTER'S TALE OF THE ADIRONDACKS
not by
W. SHAKESPEARE

"Pray that your flight be not in the winter"

The Author's Unpublished Edition
for Private Distribution.

PHILADELPHIA

1880

The book is dedicated to his wife, and the preface, or "Advertisement," as he calls it, reads as follows:

Specimen frostwork of the Adirondacks—Of recent production—Frozen as compactly and fantastically as six consecutive winter months could do it—Easily scratched—More easily dissolved—Quite ephemeral—Hazy observations and floating recollections of a dozen years; thin vapory films of fancy; cloudy experiences, cumulated opinions, and dark lowering denunciations—all here condensed and crystallized. No critics are invited or hired to inspect the work. Patient invalids may derive some useful information from it, or a little diversion. Commended to the loyal students and lovers of nature. Written especially for all Saranac Exiles, past, present, and future, whose winter experience is sure to be, Reader, not As You Like It:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Dr. Lundy was one of the early health-seekers in Saranac Lake, and spent the winter of 1877-78 there, returning for a brief visit in 1879, to be present at the opening of the new Episcopal Church. The object of his book is somewhat vaguely set forth in the foregoing quotation; the reason for writing it appears more clearly in the following:

If the literature of the Adirondacks is ever to produce any good results, such as the indefatigable and accomplished Colvin has for several years been attempting by his scientific exploration and survey of the region, it must rise above the mere buffoonery of the "Modern Babes in the Woods," Stoddard's hand-book of "The Adirondacks Illustrated," and even such an obvious travesty of Murray's perform-

ances, as Warner's contributions to "The Atlantic Monthly." All of them and others like them are utterly unworthy of the subject. Perhaps this attempt of a Saranac exile will succeed no better. So be it. The diversion of many a weary and painful hour in the preparation of the work must be its own reward.

This shows what Dr. Lundy thought of the existing literature of the Adirondacks, and that he had set himself the task of making a contribution of more serious merit. In this he failed signally. He had neither the necessary breadth of view nor a sense of humor. He conceived written truth to lie in an unnecessary insistence on the unpleasant. He pictured the population of Saranac Lake as consisting for the most part of liars, drunkards, and thieves, all groveling in a mire of moral depravity. These passages created intense local feeling against him, of course, but the book was not published—wisely, perhaps—until after he had left.

During his stay he was far from being unpopular. He was a large man, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and had a bluff but hearty manner. I find that he was credited with good intentions on the whole, but he appears to have been one of those who are prone to say what they think, and who have the misfortune to think a great deal. As a preacher he had unqualified success. There was no church in the village then, and he held services on Sunday in the parlor of the old Berkeley House. Here the people fairly thronged to hear him, often filling the parlor and overflowing into the hallway.

John Patterson Lundy was born in Danville, Pa., in 1823. He was graduated from Princeton in 1846, and then studied for the ministry. He was ordained in the Presbyterian Church in 1849, but went over to the Episcopal two years later. During his diaconate he was chaplain in the State Prison at Sing Sing. In 1855 he became rector of All Saints' Church in Philadelphia. Two years later he went to the Emmanuel Church of Holmesburg, Pa., and after that became rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles in New York. From this charge he was forced to resign by the breakdown in health which ultimately led him to Saranac Lake. Just prior to this, in 1876, he had published a voluminous work called "Monumental Christianity, or Art and Symbolism of

the Primitive Christian Church." In 1888, a short time before his death, he was working on another ponderous book to be called "Prehistoric Worship."

From a man with such a record the Adirondack book is a most surprising document. Much of it wanders far afield from its title, and these parts reveal some sound philosophical reflection and apt comment, but the pages that have interest for us show both a carping disposition and a pettifogging spirit, and are full of tiresome faultfinding. He elaborates with tedious detail, for instance, a quarrel he had with the local Methodist minister, whose name was Coon, and whom he calls "Jehu Wagtongue Coonscratcher." This person appears to have criticized Dr. Lundy rather persistently, and finally to have accused him of "guzzling whisky." The result is much prolix and undignified wrath poured into the patient pages of his book. But notwithstanding its many blemishes, it contains some matter to which time has given historical value. The following quotation, despite the unfriendly spirit in which it is written, gives withal an interesting glimpse of the early days:

The miserable hamlet of Saranac Lake—its present name twice changed from that of Baker's and Harrietstown, as if the people were ashamed of having it long known under one appellation—consists of about fifty or sixty log and frame-houses, and has a population of three or four hundred souls. It is in a little deep basin of hills on every side of it, on the main branch of the Saranac River, a few miles from its leaving the lower lake of that name, and one mile below Martin's. It is nearly forty miles distant from the terminus of the branch railroad from Plattsburg to Ausable, and is reached by daily stage. The Montreal Telegraph Company has a station here from which dispatches can be sent anywhere. It is this sheltered position of the place in winter, this daily stage and the telegraph that have given Saranac Lake its main attraction to invalids, aside from the pure invigorating mountain air.

It has two country stores of the usual heterogeneous assortment of coarse dry-goods, boots and shoes, groceries, hardware, and quack medicines, but no books or magazines. An old rickety saw-mill supplies the place and neighborhood with building materials; and a steam-mill occasionally makes shingles and clapboards. There is also a small gristmill; one shoemaker but no tailor. The barber of the place is a

peripatetic on crutches, going from house to house or from room to room on call, to discharge his tonsorial duties and do the main headwork of the community at the rate of twenty-five cents for each clipping and manipulation. . . .

To the everlasting honor of Saranac Lake, it must be said that it has no lawyers or newspaper editors to do the mischievous and harassing headwork of keeping the community in an uproar of needless excitement and agitation. No newsboys din your ears to deafness or startle your nervous sensibilities by their loud shrill cries and startling announcements; no lawyers plot for fat fees or manufacture bogus cases; all is peace and quietness. Far distant Malone, the county-town of Franklin and the residence of lawyer, Vice-President Wheeler, is rather the place of these tumultuous cries and harassing trials. One good doctor of medicine Saranac Lake perforce has during the winter, the intrepid and heroic invalid, Trudeau, who for some years has here sought to regain his shattered health, and not sought in vain, despite the wretched lonely environment. Ready and willing to give his best advice to his needy sick friends, and to the very poor who cannot afford to send for some distant physician, without money and without price, it was also by his good management and great energy that the enterprise of our little colony of exiles and invalids in church building was carried out to a successful issue on the 10th of July, 1879, when the Bishop of Albany, the first who had ever visited this region in an official capacity, consecrated the beautiful and commodious Church of St. Luke the Beloved Physician, to the worship and service of Almighty God, as he had already, a year and a half before, consecrated the Church of St. John in the Wilderness at St. Regis Lake. Both these churches owe their existence to the earnest suggestions and faithful oversight of the Rev. Dr. Lundy and Dr. E. L. Trudeau, aided by the generous gifts of Christian visitors and sojourners of various names; and nowhere in the world are churches more needed.

Saranac Lake has one flourishing tavern, whose landlord, it is needless to say, is the richest man in the place; and who, publican and sinner as he is, gave us the choice of a half-acre lot on which to erect our church. A traditional blacksmith shop and two large boarding-houses, of which "The Berkeley," our home, was one, completes the list of attractions in our immediate environment.

The foregoing offers a fertile field for comment. The name of Saranac Lake was never changed after the post-office was established in 1854, but local variants were undoubtedly used

by the early settlers,—not from any sense of shame, but simply from habit. The use of "Harrietstown" has been explained. "Baker's" came from the hotel of that name. Later, when Blood bought what is now the Riverside Inn, the village was often referred to as "Bloodville." Indeed, both Mr. Blood and Colonel Baker tried to secure the incorporation of their names in the official designation of the village, but neither of them succeeded. A very common expression for it in the early days, moreover, was "up the river." People going to Saranac Lake would say they were going "up the river," no matter from what point of the compass they started, or what means of locomotion they used.

The two stores of Dr. Lundy's time were Milo Miller's, in the building now occupied by A. Goldsmith & Son at No. 44 Main Street, and T. N. Spaulding's, formerly Ensign Miller's, across the river, in the building where John H. Farrington now lives.

Both churches still stand and flourish. When St. Luke's was built it stood quite alone, and entrance was had to it through an old fence that skirted Main Street. The only suggestion of Church Street then was a cow-path leading to the river.

The two boarding-houses were Mrs. Evans's and the Berkeley—although the latter was really a hotel. Mrs. Evans was the wife of Lucius Evans, a well-known guide, who bought a lot on Main Street, and built a low, old-fashioned house that became famous as a homelike and exclusive stopping-place for sportsmen and invalids. Dr. Trudeau made it his home for several winters. After "Lute" Evans died, his widow ran the house till 1905, when she sold to Mr. F. H. McKee, who erected a store building on the site. Only a wing of the old house is left, and its surroundings are changed beyond recognition. After selling out, Mrs. Evans bought the old O. E. Miller house, at 38 Church Street. There she died suddenly in April, 1913.

Dr. Lundy says that he and the few others who first occupied the Berkeley, so named it in honor of the good bishop and philosopher, whose works they read and discussed during the long winter evenings. It was built by Mr. Charles

Gray, who ran it while Dr. Lundy was there. The following year a mortgage held by Milo B. Miller was foreclosed, and Mr. Gray lost the property. It was then leased to R. E. Woodruff, a carpenter, who had built many of the buildings in the village, among them the Episcopal Church.

About 1882 a Mr. Streeter bought the hotel, and added the large wing on the north side. He was succeeded by his partner Mr. Dennison. He died, but his widow continued to run the place till she remarried and moved away. After that it had various lessees till it was bought by Mr. Walter Sagen-dorf in 1913.

The "one flourishing tavern" of which Dr. Lundy speaks, was the present Riverside Inn, then owned by Orlando Blood, and called "Blood's Hotel." The Bloods came originally from Lewis, Essex County. They had kept a hotel in Keene Center for several years, but sold it out in 1860, and moved to Saranac Lake. There were five of them—one sister, Arvilla E. Blood, and four brothers: Ryland, George, Pascal, and Orlando. The latter was the acknowledged head of the family, and took the lead in all business transactions. He outlived all the others, and "Lon" Blood, as he was popularly called, made himself and his hotel widely known.

He first leased it of John J. Miller, who had built it. He bought it, with eighty acres of land, in 1865, for \$2,115. This was the foundation of considerable financial success, for, not only the hotel paid well, but the growth of the village began to make much of his land very valuable, and the reselling of it showed pleasing profits. One of these sales was of an acre on Main Street to Lucius Evans, the guide previously mentioned. For this acre Blood asked and received one hundred dollars in cash. This was such an unheard of price in those days that it caused amazement and comment throughout the community. People drove in from miles around to gaze at the notorious acre, and it was pointed out as a local curiosity. The price was branded as outrageous, and the mental competency of the buyer seriously questioned. This was in 1867. When the Evans Cottage was sold in 1905, with only part of the original acre, it brought \$10,000, and the value was principally in the land.

Blood opened his hotel on a Fourth of July, and gave a ball for the occasion that outranked anything of the kind that the village had ever seen before. Over one hundred couples were present, and some of them drove from Malone, fifty miles away. The success of this ball led to others, and Blood's Hotel became renowned for this kind of social function, from which the financial returns were surprisingly large. On one occasion, during the Civil War, when the place of specie was taken by "shinplasters," the receipts completely filled the tea-chest which served as cash-drawer. When counted, they amounted to over nine hundred dollars! At least so runs the story, and certain it is that Lon Blood was very fond of giving balls.

He ran the hotel till 1883, and then leased it to Charles H. Kendall, who kept it till 1886. It was then subleased to George A. Berkeley, who ran it till his tragic death in 1888.

While tending the bar one day, Berkeley refused to sell any more drinks to Charles Brown, a guide, who had been drinking heavily. An altercation ensued and Brown was forcibly ejected, threatening as he left to shoot Berkeley on sight. Brown was ordinarily a peaceful and respected citizen, but one of those unfortunates who become dangerously irresponsible under the influence of liquor. After his ejection he went home and got his gun. He then returned and took up his stand by the brick building on the corner of River and Main streets, directly opposite the hotel. This building had been recently erected by Titus N. Spaulding, who kept a store in it. Here Brown waited for an hour or more, without apparently attracting attention or suspicion. Finally, toward evening, Berkeley appeared on the hotel piazza. Almost immediately a gun spoke, and he fell, mortally wounded.

After seeing his victim fall, Brown shouldered his gun and walked without haste and also without molestation, down Main Street, up Broadway, and along Ampersand Avenue to the woods near the lake. In these he spent the night. In the morning he came out and spoke to a carpenter who was working on the Ampersand Hotel, then in the process of building. He asked how George Berkeley was getting on, and was told that he had died during the night.

"Then I suppose they're after me!" he remarked, and turned and disappeared in the woods again.

He was never seen or heard of after that, although rumor says that his whereabouts and ultimate fate were not a complete mystery to some of his friends. The number of these, and his man-killing mood, help to explain his open and leisurely escape.

Not long after this incident Blood's Hotel passed into the possession of Wallace Murray, who ran it for several years, changing the name to the "Riverside Inn." In 1899 he sold it to Messrs. Pine & Corbett. The latter died in 1911, but Mr. Pine still survives and manages the hotel.

Turning from these comments on Dr. Lundy's picture of "the miserable hamlet of Saranac Lake" in 1877, let us take a bird's-eye view of the place in 1920.

It now has a population of over six thousand. It has 753 private residences; 145 buildings in which housekeeping suites are rented; 1 large modern apartment house; 85 boarding-houses; 13 hotels; 30 or 40 liverys renting cars, and several large garages; 75 stores; a telephone exchange; a union station; 3 school-houses; a public library; 2 hospitals; 2 national banks; a boys' club-house; a golf-club; 4 churches, and 2 theaters. The main streets of the village are paved; it is completely electric lighted; it has a pure water-supply from a mountain lake three miles away; it has an automatic fire-alarm, an auto fire-truck; and a chemical engine.

It can no longer be said "to the everlasting honor of the place," that it has no lawyers or newspapers. It had two papers: "The Enterprise" (Republican), published twice a week, and "The News" (Democratic), published once a week, but issuing a small daily sheet, with Associated Press news, called "The Item."¹ It has several lawyers, among whom the Hon. H. P. Coats has twice been elected to the Senate,

¹ The *Saranac Lake News* was consolidated with the *Daily Item* on June 12, 1919. This enlarged daily paper, offering a column of Associated Press news, became very popular with readers, but was unable to make good financially. It gave up the struggle on September 27, 1919, and was taken over by the *Adirondack Enterprise*, which thus became the only paper published in the village. It is now owned by John S. Ridenour (who purchased it from Kenneth W. Goldthwaite on May 3, 1918) and appears tri-weekly.

thereby becoming the first Adirondacker (within the "blue line") to be so honored and to reflect that honor on the community in which he lives.

These, then, are some of the changes and improvements which the years have brought. The unusual growth of so remote a place is due largely to the fact that, out of the many that came to it each year in search of health, a few always remained to make it their permanent home. Some had little choice in the decision, but others, who had greatly benefited, often saw the wisdom of perpetuating the conditions of their improvement instead of returning to the environment of their breakdown. Some could remain without worry over income; others were less fortunate, or disinclined to be idle. They engaged in some new or familiar business, and in thus serving themselves they served perforce the community of which they became a part. Many took an active interest in village affairs, and those who have been willing and able have been freely elected to public office.

In 1892 Saranac Lake became the first incorporated village in the Adirondacks. Dr. Trudeau was chosen president, and Milo B. Miller and Dr. C. F. Wicker (the first general practitioner to settle in the place) were elected trustees. The board was later increased to four members. The first budget called for expenditures amounting to \$500, and the assessed valuation was \$136,000. Now the budget amounts to around \$50,000 and the assessed valuation to over \$2,500,000.

The first national bank in Saranac Lake, and in the Adirondacks, was organized in 1897 by three New Yorkers who had come to the mountains for their health—William Minshull, John F. Neilson, and Alfred L. Donaldson. Mr. Neilson died two years after the bank was started. Mr. Donaldson retired in 1907. Mr. Minshull, the cashier, became president in 1913. The first, and only president till then, had been Mr. R. H. McIntyre, a local merchant, who also served as postmaster for two terms. Mr. McIntyre resigned from the bank on account of failing health in 1913, and died in 1914.

Prior to the establishment of the Adirondack National Bank all the banking business of the community had been done in Plattsburg or Keeseville. There was a small private banker

in the village, named Potter, but he did not enjoy its entire confidence. The new bank bought his good will and fixtures, and began business in the little room he occupied at No. 29 Main Street—now the office of the electric light company. In two years the bank moved into the ground floor of the then new Coulter Building at No. 73 Main Street, where W. F. Kollecker now has an art store. In 1906 the bank bought the Reuben Reynolds house and lot across the way, and erected its present home.

That same year a second bank—the Saranac Lake National—was started, and Dr. Frank E. Kendall became its president. He had previously conducted the Kendall Pharmacy, for a long time the only one in the village.

The first had been opened by J. M. Bull in 1881. He was a veterinary by profession, and came from Ausable Forks. He bought the "George Washer house"—now No. 18 Main Street—enlarged it, and turned the ground floor into a drug store. In 1888 he sold a half-interest in his business to Dr. Kendall, and this partnership lasted for three years. In 1891 it was dissolved, and Dr. Kendall opened a store of his own at No. 82 Main Street, where, as the Kendall Pharmacy, it still exists under different management.

To Mr. Bull also belongs the distinction of introducing the first telephone service in Saranac Lake. He installed a primitive switchboard in his store and secured about ten subscribers. The central call was always "Hello, Bull!" After his death, in 1893, the little exchange was taken over by Mr. Joseph Merkel and Mr. Frank M. Jackson, who moved it to No. 91 Main Street, and continued to run it as a private enterprise. In 1897 they sold out to the Franklin Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had been organized by the local merchants to provide better and more extended service. This lasted till 1903, when it was bought by the Hudson River Telephone Company. In 1909 control passed to the New York Telephone Company, who built a handsome exchange building at No. 68 Main Street. In the meantime a competing company, the Mountain Home, had come into the territory, and from 1906 to 1913 the village enjoyed the doubtful benefits of rival service. In the latter year, however, the Mountain

Home Telephone Company came into sole possession of the field.

The first school-house within the limits of the present village, like the first dwelling, stood in "the pines" and on the Old Military Road, but much nearer the village than Jacob Moody's cabin. It was built in 1838, and belonged to District No. 4 of the Town of North Elba. The first teacher was Mary A. Miller, a daughter of Homer Miller, the eldest son of Captain Pliny Miller. This for five years was the only school in the settlement, but in 1843 another was built in the very center of the village, on a quarter-acre lot deeded to the Town of Harrietstown by Pliny Miller. The site was just east of the Berkeley, and is now owned and occupied by Mr. W. F. Roberts. The school remained here till 1854, and was then moved out toward the Algonquin on Lake Street, where it became generally known as "the school-house on the hill."

In 1870 the two school districts were consolidated, and the school "on the hill" was taken back to the center of the village again. A new building was erected on the lot opposite the Berkeley, where the large High School stands to-day. It soon proved inadequate for the rapid increase in pupils, and a larger school-house had to be built. The old one was moved back to the corner of Academy Street, and used for a while in conjunction with the new one. When finally abandoned, it became the home of the local Masons, until they built one of their own in 1902. It was then transformed into a dwelling, and has been so used ever since. The new school-house had to be constantly enlarged until finally its present size was reached. But despite this it was so overcrowded by 1910 that two additional large brick school-houses at opposite ends of the village were built.

The first private school was opened by a Mrs. Decker in 1905. After two years she moved away, and sold out to Mr. Ernest H. Baldwin, a brother of Dr. E. R. Baldwin. The Baldwin School was formally opened in September, 1908, and proved so popular that the following year a small but handsome brick building was erected for its housing.

The transition from schools to books is a natural one. Dr. Lundy repeatedly speaks of the lack of books in Saranac Lake.

But, as a matter of fact, summer visitors had given them in sufficient quantity to make a collection of two or three hundred volumes as early as 1855. And then there was the little library of Hillel Baker, mentioned in the previous chapter.

When Dr. Trudeau came to the village, he and his friends formed a reading-club, and out of this grew the suggestion of a permanent library. Seven hundred dollars was raised, and in 1880, one twentieth of an acre of land on Main Street was purchased from Milo B. Miller for \$25.00. Here a plain one-story one-room building was erected, and used by the "Franklin County Library" to house between three and four hundred books.

After a while Dr. Trudeau became absorbed in his sanatorium, and wished to be relieved of the duties imposed by the library, so St. Luke's Church was asked to take it over. Through the efforts of the Rev. Walter H. Larom, who was then rector, a parish house had been built back of the church. Into this the books of the Franklin County Library were moved in 1891, and the name changed to the "Adirondack Library." The old lot and building were sold back to the original seller, who was willing to pay \$1,600 for them, showing how real estate values had increased in a decade. The Adirondack Library lasted, through many ups and downs, for fifteen years, and then, for lack of support and interest, was obliged to close its doors.

Shortly after this happened, Mr. George V. W. Duryee, one of the alumni of the sick, sought to place the abandoned enterprise on its feet again. He had long been identified with the village and all its civic betterments. He was the founder of the real estate firm of Duryee & Co. and of the Meadowbrook Farm,¹ the first dairy in the place to be run on scientific principles.

In 1907 Mr. Duryee organized a public library association, to be known as "The Saranac Lake Free Library," to which the books of the defunct one were to be transferred. He then raised sufficient money to build a permanent home for it on land which he himself donated. The new building was completed in 1910. It is of colonial design, built of brick and

¹ This farm was purchased by the Saranac Lake Golf Club in 1919.

marble, and has a capacity of 10,000 volumes. It now contains a memorial tablet to Mr. Duryee, who died in 1912.

Other noticeable buildings in the village, but removed from its center, are the Boys' Club and the two hospitals. The former, opened in 1914, was the gift of Mr. Walter H. Cluett, supplemented by a fully equipped gymnasium, presented by Mrs. C. R. Henderson, in memory of her son Charles Rapallo Henderson, Jr.

The General Hospital, for the treatment of surgical cases, was a memorial gift to the village, erected by Miss Emily Dutton Proctor and her brother, Mr. Redfield Proctor, Jr. of Vermont, in memory of two friends Mrs. Jane Hopkins Fairchild and Dr. Norman McL. Carter. It was formally opened on March 11, 1913.

The Reception Hospital is for tuberculous patients who are too ill to be admitted to the Trudeau Sanatorium, and too poor to afford proper treatment in the village. It is a semi-charitable institution, started in a rented cottage in 1901 by Miss Mary R. Prescott, an ex-patient of Dr. Trudeau. The present building was erected in 1905.

Saranac Lake has a Board of Trade, organized in 1905, and a highly efficient Board of Health, under the management of Dr. C. C. Trembley. In all matters of public sanitation and hygiene the village owes much to the initiatory efforts of Dr. E. S. McClellan who, in the earlier days, brought practical knowledge and high ideals to bear on a situation which increasingly needed them. He came to the village on account of his daughter's health in 1890, and worked unremittingly for the welfare and progress of the community. He bought and gradually developed as a high-class, restricted residential district—what is now Highland Park; what was then a houseless hillside. He died in 1912.

While Saranac Lake owes its remarkable growth to human idealism and endeavor, it never could have become what it is to-day without its natural endowments of climate and location. The combination of these is unique, for the altitude is only a little over fifteen hundred feet, whereas the pure, dry, bracing quality of the air is fully equal to that at the much greater altitudes of Davos, St. Moritz, or Denver.



Photo by G. W. Baldwin

EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE OF SARANAC LAKE
Looking up Berkeley Hill from the river. This was taken in 1877



Photo by G. W. Baldwin

MAIN STREET, SARANAC LAKE, FROM TOP OF BERKELEY HILL
This was taken in 1879. Evans Cottage is on the left

This fact is of importance. Those who are benefited in very high altitudes can seldom return to lower levels without discomfort or actual danger; those who have regained their health in Saranac Lake find themselves much less restricted in its after enjoyment.

The dryness of the air is due largely to the extreme sandiness and porousness of the soil, which is nowhere of a character to retain much moisture. There are very few clay beds in the Adirondacks, virtually none in the mountainous parts. Papers and books can be left in a summer camp all winter without showing a trace of dampness in the spring. This lack of humidity robs the cold of winter of its sting, and the heat of summer of its sappiness. It lends the average atmosphere an invigorating, champagne-like quality, comparable to the bouquet of fine wine.

But the climate is rigorous; often intensely cold in winter,¹ and generally passing cool in summer. It is, moreover, subject to frequent and occasionally abrupt changes. These appear to many health-seekers a drawback of which they do not hesitate to complain, but in reality they are a benefit in disguise. Investigations are tending to prove that a changeable climate is far more desirable than an equable one for producing or restoring mental and physical efficiency. Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University, an authority on the subject, has the following to say:²

The statistics of factory operatives and students show that there is another climatic agent which has not received due attention. A century ago the great French astronomer Laplace, if I remember rightly, said that western Europe owes her pre-eminence to her variable climate. His remark was based on general observations and not on facts which had actually been determined, and it received no special consideration. Nevertheless, he seems to have been right. Our measurements of actual work show that if the temperature of today is the same as that of yesterday, the amount of work accomplished is relatively small. If the temperature rises or falls, the amount of work increases. The only exceptions are when the changes are extremely great or sudden, or when they carry the temperature so high or so low

¹ The mercury often dips to 40°; and occasionally to 50° below.

² "Is Civilization Determined by Climate?" *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1915.

as to overcome the good effect of the change. The total effect of any individual change is of course small, just as the effect of a single meal is small. If a man goes without his breakfast, he may accomplish as much or more than if he eats it, but if he goes without his meals for a week, his work will decline. It is the same with changes of temperature. The human system seems to need them at frequent intervals if it is to remain at a high level of achievement both mentally and physically. Apparently, to adopt the explanation of Dr. W. B. James, such changes are needed to keep the blood in motion, and thus to tone up the whole system.

The changeableness of the weather in Saranac Lake, therefore, would seem to be an unquestionable asset. Another is the possibility of staying there all the year round, which has undoubtedly contributed greatly to its steady growth. Among the uninformed there is still found an unreasoned dread of the place, because it is the health resort for an infectious disease. It has been demonstrated, however, that the danger of tubercular infection is less there than in any other place. The real danger of contagion is from those who do not know they have the trouble, or who, knowing it, fail to take the simple precautions against spreading it. The Saranac Lake invalid is thoroughly educated in these. Every vacated room in the place, moreover, must be disinfected before it can be reoccupied. The result is the really surprising fact that no known case of tubercular infection has ever occurred in the village.

CHAPTER XXI

DR. TRUDEAU AND THE ADIRONDACK COTTAGE SANITARIUM

SHORTLY before his death Dr. Trudeau began writing his autobiography, and he was fortunately spared just long enough to finish it.¹ It is the fascinating story of one of the most unpremeditated lives of usefulness the world has ever known, and it outstrips many a novel in its romance of realities. It is told in the crisp, straightforward style in which the doctor talked. It stands, indeed, as it was dictated under the increasing pressure of failing strength, for the doctor never saw the proof-sheets of his valedictory to the world.

His career was a sheer triumph of personality. In all his doings and contacts the man threw the doctor into the background. I remember so well how this happened in my own case, and my own case was similar to the experience of thousands.

I had been sent to the mountains in the bitter month of February to see a new specialist in an old disease. He was as yet nothing but a name to me, and I lay in bed wondering how he would look. I pictured an elderly and portly man, rather grave and dignified, who would approach me with a sorrowful smile, ask me some questions, feel my pulse, shake his head, write a prescription, whisper to the nurse, and disappear. While I was constructing this vision, there came a sudden short rap on the door, which opened to admit something long, lean, and lovable that glided noiselessly into the room, sat down on the edge of my bed, and began telling me it was below zero in the sun.

This most unexpected apparition, flecked with snow and fringed with ice, seemed much more like a devotee of the toboggan-slide than a renowned helper in the human predica-

¹ *An Autobiography*, by Edward Livingston Trudeau, M.D. Lea & Febiger, Philadelphia and New York. 1916.

ment. Despite the intense cold outside, he wore no overcoat. His costume consisted of a fur cap which had been pulled down over his ears, a sweater that came high up around his neck, trousers folded into long lumbermen's socks, called "Pontiacs," and moccasins that gave an Indian silence to his tread.

Above this picturesque apparel emerged a most unusual and impressive head. The upper part seemed abnormally large, for the broad, protruding forehead ran back into the baldness of the crown. The keen but kindly gray eyes were deep set beneath overhanging brows. The cheek-bones were prominent, the nose aquiline, and the lower face tapered into a small, sensitive mouth and clean-cut chin.

His movements were rapid and lithe, and he was obviously nervous, restless, and high-strung. Yet he brought into the sick-room nothing but soothing and uplifting magic. His voice had much to do with this. It was very smooth and low. His utterance was copious and rapid, but clear and modulated. The words ran from him like silk unwinding from a spool.

He began speaking as soon as he had crossed the threshold. He had no phrases of sympathy, and yet he radiated nothing else. In ten minutes he had subtly established a kinship of fellow-suffering between us. This was the bond that brought him so close to all his patients. He made them feel that he was not merely an outsider fighting for them, but an insider fighting with them.

I started to tell him about my case, but he asked me not to.

"I 'd rather find out for myself," he said.

Then he drew a little medical telephone from his hip pocket, made his connections, and received my message from headquarters.

"You have a chance," was the verdict. "I can't do much for you, but I can tell you what to do for yourself."

He told me. I did it. And here I am, after twenty-five years, writing about it!

Edward Livingston Trudeau was born in New York City on October 5, 1848. His father Dr. James Trudeau belonged to a well-known New Orleans family. His mother was Céphise

unalleviated suffering a most harrowing experience for young Trudeau, but after the trial was over he looked upon it merely as a detached episode of sadness in his life. He had no inkling that such scenes were to become the routine of his later years, or that he was to be chosen to open the tight-closed window of ignorance and let sunlight, fresh air, and hope into many dark places of similar distress. The harlequin of chance was still merely fumbling with the wires of his destiny.

He gradually drifted back into a life of pleasure with rather gay companions, but made some spasmodic attempts to get into business. He tried a broker's office and other things, but made good at none of them. He himself admits that he came perilously near going to the dogs at this time, and that all that saved him was falling in love with the fine girl who was to become his wife. Her influence soon acted as an anchor to windward, and for her sake he resolved to buckle down seriously to some lasting occupation.

This time he decided to study medicine, but was never able to explain why. There was no more valid reason for this decision than for his previous one to enter the navy. He had established such a reputation for flighty resolutions, moreover, that when he announced his plan to his friends at the Union Club, one of them said at once: "I 'll bet five hundred he never graduates!"—but the bet found no takers.

Trudeau entered the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1868, and was graduated in 1871. The same year he married Miss Charlotte Beare of Douglaston, L. I. After going abroad for a wedding-trip, he returned to New York and entered into partnership with Dr. Fessenden Otis—an elderly physician who wished to turn his practice over to a younger man. Trudeau proved an acceptable understudy, and his future seemed assured and bright. Then out of this apparently clear sky came the thunderbolt—tuberculosis showed its ugly head.

Trudeau went at once to Dr. Janeway, who found one lung badly involved. The verdict was that he must give up his practice and go South. He went, but gained nothing by the change, for the now obvious reason that he spent much of his time riding horseback and in other exercise. Returning

to New York in May, 1873, he was so much worse that Dr. Janeway again ordered him out of the city. But this time Trudeau made his own choice of destination.

He had two intimate boyhood friends, Jim and Lou Livingston, who had been at school with him in France. These companions had once, in his days of health and idleness, taken him to a primitive hunting-lodge in the Adirondacks called "Paul Smith's." He liked the people and the place, and now, in his hour of need, he felt something pulling him back to it. He knew that he could not take his wife and new-born baby there, and that the journey for himself to such a remote spot would be not only difficult but dangerous. Despite all this, he had set his heart on going, and his friend Lou Livingston consented to go with him.

He was so weak that he had to be carried wherever there was any walking to be done. He was utterly exhausted on reaching Plattsburg, and had to rest there for several days. It seemed criminal to continue the journey into the wilderness, but the invalid insisted. The railway went only as far as Ausable Forks, and from that point all transportation was by stage. Placed on a mattress in one of these, Trudeau was obliged to ride all day over corduroy roads to his destination forty-two miles away. He was scarcely more than alive when he reached there and was carried to his room by his old friend and guide Fred Martin, who laid him down with these cheerful words: "Why, Doc, you ain't no heavier than a dried lambskin!"

Lou Livingston stayed with him for a month, and then was replaced by his brother Jim. Paul Smith was always fond of telling how each of the Livingstons at leaving had come to him and said:

"Well, I've said good-by to the doctor for the last time. I'll never see him again."

As a matter of fact the dying doctor outlived both the Livingstons by many years, and Paul Smith by three. He also outlived E. H. Harriman, another boyhood friend who took a turn at watchful waiting with the invalid. The future railroad magnate was then as obscure a person as Trudeau himself, and shared his love of outdoor sports. He was an

excellent shot, and as much of a daredevil with his gun as he later became with his railroads. On arriving at Paul Smith's, gun in hand, he paused to shoot at a new gilt ball on top of the flag-pole, before entering the hotel to shake hands with the friend he had come to see. The friendship of these two essentially different men lasted and grew throughout the span of their widely divergent interests and careers. Not only did the man who grew to be very rich give delicately and helpfully to the friend who deliberately avoided money-getting, but the great financier held the gentle doctor in an esteem and affection above other men. If Trudeau went to the mansion in New York where many a mighty railroad conference was held, and chanced upon some calling magnate, it was more likely to be the latter than the country doctor who waited for an audience. The butler had orders never to turn him away.

During his stay of three months at Paul Smith's Dr. Trudeau gained appreciably, and the idea of spending a winter in the Adirondacks crossed his mind. He realized that the North Woods had somehow done him a good turn, and he was reluctant to leave them. Unfortunately, however, he yielded to the suggestion of spending the winter in St. Paul, Minn. The experiment cost him in health all that he had previously gained. But he learned his lesson—that the Adirondacks were the only place for him.

In the spring of 1874 he returned to them. He thought at the time they might yield him a few more months' reprieve; as a matter of fact they gave him forty years of almost unparalleled usefulness. This time, however, he took his wife and two children—a little son and daughter—with him. He began to pick up again at once, and when autumn came he had made up his mind to spend the winter right where he was. This was a rather momentous and astounding decision considering all the circumstances, and it was met with no enthusiasm by the Smiths. They were willing to do anything within reason to oblige the doctor, but his request to be kept through the winter seemed a little unreasonable. No city person had ever suggested such a thing before, and this emaciated consumptive seemed the last one who could face the rigors of an Adirondack winter and withstand the inevitable

discomforts and isolation that it brought to such a place, forty-two miles from the nearest railway. But the doctor pleaded and insisted, and, as usual, won the day. The Smiths had grave doubts about having done him any real kindness, however, and fully expected he would die on their hands, beyond the reach of the alleviations they would wish for him. Instead of dying, however, he surprised everybody by improving rapidly and substantially.

He was so much better in the late autumn that he induced Mrs. Trudeau to take the children and go back to her home for a visit. This she did, returning to the mountains in January by way of Malone. Dr. Trudeau and Paul Smith went out to meet her, and the latter never tired of telling the thrilling story of their return trip. After reaching Malone, they were caught in a heavy snow-storm and it took them two long days—from early morning of one to midnight of the next—to reach home. Even then only the travelers themselves got through. All the baggage had to be left at Barnum Pond over night. The road had to be broken out by riding the horses through it, piece by piece, and then returning for the load. During these delays the Trudeaus would camp by the roadside, and Paul Smith dug holes in the snow-drifts and lined them with a blanket for the children to sit on. This protected them from the wind and cold while the horses were making further progress possible. Paul Smith made many a hard trip through the winter woods in his pioneer days, but he always considered this one of the hardest. He made it as easy as he could for the Trudeaus, but they were never anxious to repeat the trip in midwinter. The wonder is that no harm came to the invalid of the party. But none did, and he improved steadily all through that winter and the following summer.

When another autumn came the doctor again wished to hibernate with the Smiths, but, perhaps because *he* would not move out, they decided to take the initiative. At all events, the ever-active Paul had bought the Fouquet House in Plattsburg, and had made his plans to run it during the coming winter. This forced the doctor to go elsewhere, and, having little choice of location in the then sparsely settled Adirondacks,

he decided on the "miserable hamlet" of Saranac Lake. He moved to it in the autumn of 1876.

The first four or five years of his settled residence in the Adirondacks were accounted as the happiest of his life. There was the joy of returning health and vigor; the solace of wife and children; the delight of an outdoor life in these wonderful woods. There were none of the cares and worries that harass. The doctor knew, of course, that he had regained only a measure of health, and still believed that the doom of a foreshortened life was surely his. But he was not the man to let this become an obsession or allow it to becloud the pleasures of an unhopd-for reprieve. Then, as all through his later trials, he drove a hard optimistic bargain with the inevitable.

He had virtually abandoned the thought of seriously practising his profession, but his services were always at the disposal of those who needed them, and he was constantly asked to give them, both in his summer and in his winter home. Most of the time, however, was spent in hunting and tramping, in which he keenly delighted. Indeed, he first endeared himself to the guides and natives of the community, and laid the foundations of a deep-rooted, wide-spread local popularity, far less through his medical ministrations than through his love of woodcraft and unusual skill with rod and rifle. The guides soon discovered that he was a crack shot, a clean sport, and an unbragging companion.

During his first winter in Saranac Lake he fell in with Fitz Greene Halleck,¹ one of the best hunters in the country. They would hunt rabbits and foxes together in the snow, and a friendship was thus formed that lasted through a lifetime. Halleck contended that for quickness and accuracy in hitting anything that moved, the doctor had no peer. His favorite illustration of this was the following story: They were out hunting rabbits one day near a swamp. The dog had started one and was running it toward the doctor. As it came nearer, a frightened partridge flew up. The doctor, who had a shotgun, brought down the bird with one barrel, and then killed

¹ Halleck died in Keeseville, Oct. 13, 1919.

the rabbit with the other—a truly remarkable feat of dexterity.

One of the favorite runways for foxes in those days was on Preacher Smith's or Jenkins Hill, now called Mount Pisgah. The runway led over the very spot where the main buildings of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium now stand. The location was so protected from the prevailing winds that the doctor could sit there in comparative comfort on the coldest days. At his feet, moreover, spread a wonderful view away to the eastward—a vista of undulating mountains trenching the valley of the winding Saranac River, and culminating in the distant dome of Whiteface. It was here, while waiting for a fox to kill, that the dream of saving human life often obtruded, and when the erstwhile hunter finally consecrated his partially regained health to that ideal, the old runway shared conspicuously in the consecration.

Hose Colbath, one of the old guides, had been with Dr. Trudeau on some of his vacation trips before he came to the woods for his health, and soon saw that the young sportsman was a remarkable shot. Hose always chuckled when he told the story of how he arranged a trial of skill between Trudeau, whom he played as a dark horse, and the two crack shots of the day—Adirondack Murray and Mace Colburn. It took place at Paul Smith's in the late sixties, and Hose wisely placed some side bets on the outcome, all of which he won. After defeating the champions, the doctor consented to give a special exhibition of his skill. Empty cartridge shells were tied to the limb of a tree, and caused to revolve in a wide circle, while the doctor picked them off one by one.

But shooting was not the doctor's only sporting accomplishment, although in the nature of things it was the only one in which he could indulge to any extent after his health broke down. He was also very fond of boxing, and could handle the gloves no less expertly than the gun.

One of the oldest campers at Paul Smith's was a stocky, well-knit gentleman who had a youthful fondness for sparring. He always carried a set of gloves to his summer home and urged his friends to indulge in friendly bouts in which he

usually came off victor. Soon after young Dr. Trudeau appeared on the scene and had recovered a measure of health, the rumor spread that he could spar a little. The robust gentleman no sooner heard of this than he began urging the frail doctor to put on the gloves with him. The doctor kept making excuses, but finally consented one day when he was feeling exceptionally well.

"I won't hit hard or hurt you. We'll just have a little fun," the robust gentleman assured him.

Five minutes after the gloves were on, however, the latter began to perceive that the tall, thin man was having a monopoly of the fun. He was hitting where and when he would, with lightning rapidity and unfailing accuracy. Finally he began announcing the particular spot of his antagonist's anatomy that he would touch, and then touching it. The robust gentleman always told the story with a good-natured relish of its humor, and concluded by saying: "Trudeau was the quickest man with the gloves I've ever faced."

It was this sort of thing that made the doctor immensely popular with all kinds and conditions of men. Expecting to die soon, he had gone to the mountains to await the inevitable, but, while waiting, he was getting better—much better. Could it be that the climate and the outdoor life had something to do with the paradox? The answer seems so obvious to-day that it is difficult to realize that it was not so then. But at that time tuberculosis was considered an incurable and unpreventable, as well as inherited disease. Its cause was unknown, and science had not even devised palliatives for its relief. Its victims were simply doomed to die—the sooner the better in most cases. These were the conditions against which Dr. Trudeau began to weigh his experience and pit some conclusions. He began to perceive that the mere being out of doors was benefiting him, but that exercise was often detrimental, especially if he had any active symptoms of his trouble.

About this time he chanced upon the theories of the German physician Brehmer, who tentatively advocated the outdoor and institutional treatment of tuberculosis. This paper impressed the younger man profoundly, and he felt instinctively



Photo by G. W. Baldwin

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH IN 1879, JUST AFTER IT WAS BUILT

There was no opening for Church Street, it being all fenced in. On the left are the Gray, Slater, and Bullard (Conklin's) houses



Photo by G. W. Baldwin

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH IN 1883

Dr. Trudeau's first house—the one that burned. To the right of the church is the house purchased by Dr. Baldwin, and afterwards moved to Academy Street

that the German was on the right track. Then, in 1882,—a memorable year in medical science,—Koch gave to the world his epoch-making discovery of the tubercle bacillus. Through a friend Dr. Trudeau secured an early translation of the "Etiology of Tuberculosis," and the reading of this remarkable paper fanned into flame the smouldering sparks of desire—into flame that no difficulties could dim, that no discouragements could quench—into flame that burned ever brighter as a beacon-light on the slowly charted coast of a dread disease.

From this moment the doctor's life suffered a radical change. The quest of his own health became secondary to the saving of others. The hunting of rabbits, foxes, and deer became the luxury of rare relaxations, whereas the hunting of the elusive tubercle bacilli became the vocation of a busy life. Up to this time of his exile he had not taken a medical journal, or more than glanced into a medical book. He now improvised a crude laboratory in a little room in his house, and set to work to repeat all of Koch's experiments. He had at first no suitable apparatus, no books, and even no training in the science of bacteriology. All these came by degrees, by patient effort and belated study.

There was neither coal nor electric light in Saranac Lake in those days. The first laboratory was lighted by a kerosene lamp and heated by a wood-stove, and on very cold nights the doctor often had to get up and replenish the fuel. Despite such difficulties he succeeded in growing the tubercle bacilli in a home-made thermostat heated by a kerosene lamp, and was the second experimenter in the country to achieve this. After repeating Koch's experiments, the doctor soon began making original ones. In the same week that Koch's announcement of the discovery of tuberculin was flashed across the ocean, Dr. Trudeau published in the "Medical Record" the result of his attempts to produce artificial immunity in animals by injecting tuberculin.

In 1893, while he was away in New York, the lamp connected with his thermostat exploded, and his house and laboratory were burned to the ground. Two days later Dr. Osler wrote him: "Sorry to hear of your misfortune, but take my word

for it, there is nothing like a fire to make a man do the Phoenix trick."

The truth of the assertion was quickly demonstrated. The next day George C. Cooper, a patient and friend, called on the doctor and offered to build for him a real laboratory and one that would not burn. The outcome was the present stone-and-tile building, erected at Saranac Lake in 1894, in the rear of the new house which the doctor put up on the site of the old one. At first he had yearly to solicit funds to carry on the ever-increasing activities of this new workshop, but Mrs. A. A. Anderson, the well-known giver to philanthropic causes, finally relieved him of this burden, by pledging annual support on condition that the laboratory be open to any doctor wishing to avail himself of its unusual advantages for the study of tuberculosis. This privilege has not only been accorded but freely encouraged. Later a splendid library was presented to the institution by Mr. Horatio W. Garrett of Baltimore. The index now shows twenty-five thousand titles on tuberculosis and related subjects, and the number is rapidly increasing.

Trudeau's was the first laboratory in this country devoted to original research in tuberculosis, and from it the doctor began to turn out work that was soon attracting attention all over the world. The experiments made and the papers written at Saranac Lake became the last word in tuberculosis. Gradually the doctor gathered around him a growing group of younger men, imbued with his ideals and trained to his high standards of research and experimentation. Under his guidance and inspiration they have done yeoman service in the great battle, and achieved results that no man could have compassed single-handed. Dr. E. R. Baldwin is now the dean of the surviving group and has received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from his Alma Mater, Yale, in recognition of his being "Dr. Trudeau's right-hand man and an American authority on tuberculosis."

The lines of investigation pursued at the laboratory may be briefly summarized as follows: testing specific methods of treatment and so-called consumption cures; proving the fallacy of methods aiming at the destruction of the tubercle ba-

cillus in the living tissues by germicidal agents; animal experimentation seeking the production of immunity by injections of sterilized cultures and toxins; the chemistry of the tubercle bacillus and the possibilities of artificial immunity. The work of the laboratory thus became a most valuable adjunct of the doctor's larger and, for the general public, more conspicuous enterprise—The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium. He was fond of pointing out the essential difference between the two institutions in this aphoristic phrase: "The sanitarium represents what we know; the laboratory what we hope to know."

From the time of reading Brehmer's paper and noting its coincidences with his own experience, he became more and more convinced that tuberculosis was a preventable and, in its early stages, a curable disease. Out of this conviction grew the desire for wider and more accurate knowledge, such as the laboratory could furnish, and then the dream of building a place where the tuberculous of limited means could enjoy advantages otherwise beyond their reach.

He spoke of the matter one day to Anson Phelps Stokes, while the two were boating together on St. Regis Lake. Mr. Stokes told him that if he ever decided to launch such an undertaking, he would give \$500 toward it. This started the ball rolling, and the doctor soon collected a fund of \$5,000 from his friends at Paul Smith's. Following this some guides and residents of Saranac Lake donated sixteen acres of land on the sheltered hillside near the village, where the doctor had so often hunted and vaguely dreamed of a future sanatorium.

Here, in 1884, he erected two small buildings, and thereby laid the foundations of an institution that was to become the model for all similar ones. It represented the first application in America of the outdoor sanatorium treatment for tuberculosis according to the theories of Brehmer and his pupil Dettweiler, and it is of interest to note that, although the German pioneer in the field began to work out his principles of a regulated fresh-air cure in 1859, and Koch did not discover the tubercle bacillus till 1882, the revelation of the specific cause of the disease did not alter or even modify the method of treatment.

Around Dr. Trudeau's first shack, known as the "Little Red" (still kept standing as a relic), which housed two rather shamefaced patients, a village has gradually grown up. Besides the many detached cottages there is a large administration building, another laundry and service building, an infirmary, a recreation pavilion, a work-shop, a drug store, a library, a church, and a post-office. The latter was established in 1904, under the official and commemorative designation of "Trudeau, N. Y."

The basic idea of the sanatorium was to furnish the best treatment and medical advice to poor patients at less than it cost to run the institution. The burden of meeting a yearly deficit through voluntary contributions was faced from the outset, and it remained the dominant responsibility and anxiety which Dr. Trudeau always personally shouldered. It was a burden, moreover, that always kept pace with the growth of the institution. While many gave steadily and liberally, no one ever offered the larger amount which would supply the total income needed. No word of complaint on this score, so far as I know, ever crossed the doctor's lips, but there is little doubt that it was a consummation he devoutly wished, and which would have gilded more than anything else could have done the sunset of his life.

The struggle of the early years was nothing short of heroic. He had to face daily indifference and doubt; solve the scientific and financial difficulties of his undertaking; submit to all the drudgery of detail, and bear all the petty worries and annoyances that are inevitable to hewing a new path through the tangle of human prejudices. Only a man with a lion's heart could have done it. The monotonous routine of years was finally modified and altered, of course, but the peak of the load rested to the last on the man who had generated it. He taught competent hands to run the machinery, but it was always he who oiled it and provided the fuel.

The doctor's first assistants at the sanatorium were Mrs. Julia A. Miller, as superintendent, and Frank Ingersoll, a young medical student who, in ill-health himself, was glad to render such service as his strength permitted in exchange for board and lodging. Later a Miss C. T. Kirby of New York

In 1910 the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by fitting and impressive ceremonies. The event brought to Dr. Trudeau words of congratulation and tokens of esteem from far and near. Several eminent physicians wrote appreciations of his labors and achievements. Their verdict of praise for lofty endeavor and substantial accomplishment was such as few men live to receive. They hailed him not only as the great pioneer and leader in a movement that grew to world-wide proportions, but as the great conservative who, though always eager to forge ahead, never advanced one step without being sure that the ground on which he trod was scientifically sound.

This conservatism has made and kept the sanatorium what it is to-day—the model for all other similar institutions. Many a larger and costlier one has been built,¹ but the greatest and the least of these owe their inspiration and methods to the hillside hamlet of the sick at Trudeau, N. Y.²

¹ A large State Hospital for Tuberculosis was built at Raybrook, half-way between Lake Placid and Saranac Lake, in 1900.

² This name was given to the post-office at the sanatorium before Dr. Trudeau's death. Shortly after his death the trustees of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium changed its name to the "Trudeau Sanatorium," so that the institution he founded might forever bear his name.

Two other memorial projects were launched at the same time, and have since been brought to completion. By the raising of a sufficient endowment fund the Trudeau School of Tuberculosis has been started. It is intended for practising physicians who wish the best opportunities for the advanced study of everything relating to tuberculosis. It gives summer courses lasting six weeks, and the schedule consists of lectures, demonstrations, examination of patients, work with the microscope, and experiments in the laboratory. It also offers unusual opportunities for observing actual treatment, various types and different stages of the disease. Such a school was Dr. Trudeau's last dream of accomplishment, and the friends who have made it possible could have conceived no more fitting tribute to his memory.

The other memorial is a large bronze statue, designed and executed (at cost) by Gutzon Borglum, and presented to the sanatorium by fifteen hundred of its ex-patients. The whole composition is large and massive, but very effective from a distance. There is a long but gracefully curved bench of Tennessee marble, cut in the center by a pedestal. On this reposes a full-length figure of the doctor, in a half-reclining posture, the folds of a robe draped over legs and feet. Thus poised on the edge of the sanatorium plateau, he is looking dreamily away to eastward over the valley at his feet and toward the mountainous horizon. So did he often gaze of old from a barren hilltop into a doubtful future, while now the dream once banked with clouds has settled round him in a grateful background of achievement. The dedication ceremonies for this beautiful statue .

Aside from his lofty idealism and indomitable optimism, two other spiritual sources fed the doctor's life: a profound religious sentiment, and a deep love for his wife. From his faith in God, he drew his faith in man and himself. His religion, moreover, had the rare distinction of never being preached but of always being practised. His reaction to the teachings of Christ was as sensitively humanitarian as his reaction to the merely mortal teachings of Brehmer and Koch: he applied both. He and his wife were the founders and continued to be the mainstay of the Episcopal churches at Paul Smith's and Saranac Lake. He nursed them along through troublous times, like many another of his disheartened patients.

His love for his wife, and hers for him, became the basis of perfect mating—active comradeship and quiescent understanding. Wherever the doctor had to go, Mrs. Trudeau always went if possible. The routine of his life was to spend the winters in Saranac Lake, the summers at Paul Smith's, sixteen miles away. In winter he drove daily to the sanatorium, one mile out of the village; in summer he drove over from Paul Smith's, regularly once a week. On these drives, Mrs. Trudeau, unless indisposed, was always at his side, and her absence always a cause for comment. These two being drawn to their daily task by Kitty, their ambling, unhurried, shaggy, plush-like little horse, was a sight that seemed as much a part of the village life as the striking of the town-hall clock.

This instance of Mrs. Trudeau's devotion to her husband and his work was, of course, but the visible and outward token of the spiritual companionship and support that meant so much in a life of monotonous struggle. Without them the re-

and the unveiling took place on August 10, 1918, before a large concourse of people. Dr. Walter B. James introduced Miss Louise Bonney, of New York, who, an ex-patient herself, presented the memorial on behalf of its many donors. The gift to the sanatorium was accepted by Dr. James, as president of the Board of Trustees. Dr. Francis B. Trudeau, especially present for the occasion, in the uniform of a captain of the Medical Reserve Corps, then lifted the shroud from the statue of his father. The exercises closed with an address by Rev. Philemon F. Sturges, rector of Grace Church, Providence, R. I., who was one of Dr. Trudeau's oldest friends and patients.

sults would surely have been dwarfed. Team-work is no less important in the contest for ideals than in the mere winning of a cup. No one realized this better than the doctor, who on all the notable celebrations in his career gracefully placed the laurels of his success at the feet of this loyal wife.

This does not mean, unfortunately, that his home life escaped trouble and sorrow. His vicarious burdens were immeasurably intensified by personal bereavements. His first child died in infancy. His only daughter died of tuberculosis in 1893, just as her father was beginning to be acclaimed as the great curer of the disease. His elder son Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, Jr. died suddenly after pneumonia in 1904, at the beginning of a very promising medical career. The only child who survived was Dr. Francis Berger Trudeau, born in 1887. He was married to Miss Garretson at Paul Smith's on July 7, 1914, and settled in Saranac Lake for the practice of his profession.

To such intimate sadnesses there is no offset, of course, but the doctor's public life received the rewards of struggle and the greenest laurels of unselfish endeavor. He was not only widely and supremely honored, but with the honors was made manifest a universal feeling of affectionate regard, which is not always a part of the ritual of renown.¹

He had frequent relapses of his old trouble in his later years. The wonder is, of course, in view of his many strenuous and nerve-racking activities, that they did not come more often and prove sooner fatal. But he constantly managed to apply the "Phoenix trick" to them, as to all else in his career.

¹ The first formal outside recognition of his labors came in 1899, when the honorary degree of Master of Science was offered him by Columbia University, and he was elected one of its trustees. In 1904 McGill University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In 1905 he was elected the first president of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The same year he was also chosen president of the Association of American Physicians, and Yale offered an LL.D., but he was too ill to attend the ceremony. In 1908 he was made Honorary President for America of the International Tuberculosis Congress. In 1910 he was tendered the presidency of the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons, which is held to be the highest honor within the gift of the medical profession. In May, 1913, he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. Custom requires the presence of those about to receive a degree, but in this case, owing to his illness at the time, precedent was waived and the degree conferred *in absentia*—an added honor.

A few years before his death he found great relief in the pneumo-thorax treatment—the artificial collapsing of the lung. For a year or so after he seemed as well and active as ever. But in the summer of 1914 he was again stricken, and was seriously ill. It appeared doubtful that he would be able to make his usual trip to Paul Smith's and be present there at the wedding of his son Francis. He improved sufficiently, however, to stand the journey under carefully prepared conveniences, and was able to share in some of the festivities, although unable to be present at the church. This was, of course, one of the crowning joys of his life, and even his partial participation was the greatest boon to all concerned.

With the relapses of his disease and the waning of his strength, he gradually gave up his practice and turned it over to the younger men who had clustered around him. He devoted his time and attention solely to the sanatorium and the laboratory, and allowed himself a little more rest and play.

This was made possible, it should be noted, only by the thoughtful, unfailing generosity of his friends. He never accumulated money by the practice of his profession. He made enough to support his family and educate his children, and that was all. From the poor he took nothing; but to them he often gave of his slender means. His fee for those who could afford to pay was always indiscriminately modest. It was never a graduated income tax. He inaugurated the high land values and general prosperity of Saranac Lake, but he scrupulously avoided making money out of the opportunities he had created. Such ease and luxury as he enjoyed in his last years were largely due to the providing forethought of his friends, whose delight in surprising this unselfish man was akin to that of giving toys to an unspoiled child.

One of the greatest pleasures thus provided for him was a hunting-lodge at Little Rapids. This was the central point of a large preserve near Dr. Webb's estate. It was nominally a hunting-club controlled by a few wealthy men, but in reality it was maintained principally for Dr. Trudeau's benefit. To this quiet, secluded nook, spring and autumn for many years, he went, health permitting—and sometimes, if truth be told,

when his health did not permit—to indulge in those sports for which the passing years dulled neither his keenness nor his cunning. On his last visit to Little Rapids he was carried to the runways in a chair especially constructed for him by his old friend Fitz Halleck. But even though too weak to walk, the doctor was still able to shoot, and bagged the first deer that came within range.

In 1910 he read a most notable and unusual paper before the Congress of Physicians and Surgeons. Instead of choosing a medical subject, he chose a psychological one of general interest, and gave it medical application. His paper on "The Value of Optimism in Medicine" quickly revealed itself, moreover, as autobiographical, and as such awakened that unanimous and unshop-worn attention which is so difficult to focus in large assemblies. The vivisection of greatness has no opponents. We all rush to this dissecting-table with eagerness. We are constantly expecting to put our finger on the intangible by being admitted to a closer view of the obvious. The lure is as eternally fascinating to human nature as it is futile.

From the doctor's paper, however, we carry away something more definite than is usually gleaned from the confessions of accomplishment. He does not attempt to tell us how he did it, but he gives us one big, concrete contributory cause to think about—the value of the direct rays of optimism. What this radiation of personality meant to his patients, only his patients know. He probably had a greater number of diversified patients ¹—from the very poor to the very rich—than any other physician in private practice; he probably had also more hopeless cases. But if these and the living could be brought together, there is little doubt that they would unite in praising the lovable and sympathetic quality of his physicianship above all else. Where he could give no medicine—and perhaps no doctor ever gave less—he generally managed to convey comfort or cheer in some form, and to leave his patients mentally better than he found them. He exemplified

¹ Among the many and diversified testimonials which he received from grateful patients, was a book containing over one thousand names of those who had experienced permanent benefit at his sanatorium.

to the full the maxim of a great French physician, which he was very fond of quoting: *Guérir quelquefois, soulager souvent, consoler toujours*.¹ This is the essence of the higher physicianship—the doctoring of the soul. The man who is sick in body is also sick in mind. Those who ignore this fact are little better than itinerant apothecaries; those who recognize it are destined to be remembered as great practitioners, like Dr. Trudeau.

The address on optimism was written under conditions which lend it peculiar interest as well as value. It was my privilege to be calling on the doctor shortly after it had been delivered, and our talk veered around to it. Laughingly, with no thought of anything but the grim humor involved, he told me the story of its composition. He had been suffering from one of his most serious relapses—high fever, acute coughing-spells, and broken sleep. He woke in the small hours of each morning, and lay tossing uncomfortably on his bed. Then it occurred to him that instead of lying there idly between coughs, thinking of himself and his troubles, he might better concentrate his mind on some preparation for the great meeting over which he had been asked to preside. So he turned on the light near his bed, reached for pad and pencil, and began the rough draft of this notable address on optimism. Not long after, he was able to leave his bed and deliver it in person. What it means to turn out optimistic literature under such conditions, only those who have tasted them can realize; but the unusual feat was essentially typical of Dr. Trudeau's whole career.

Our conversation took place on an upper side porch of the doctor's house, adjoining his bedroom. It was an enforced addition of the later years, and came to play a conspicuous and familiar part in the twilight of his career. As his strength waned he spent more and more time in this conning-tower. From it he could watch the traffic on the street, and call or wave to passers-by. To it came his idle friends or busy adjutants, making often a constant, and frequently a wearisome stream of callers. He often complained of being thus pestered, but in reality he had a very human weakness

¹ "To heal sometimes, to relieve often, to console always."

for this form of homage, and too seldom sought protection from it.

The fact that he lay stretched in a reclining-chair abated nothing of his interest in the past or future of his work, or of the rapid animation of his talk. And as he talked he stroked a shapeless mass of silken fluffiness that lay huddled in his lap. If this hairy something moved, it showed itself to be a dog that looked like a drooping mustache on legs. Actually it was a Pekinese spaniel,—answering to the name of Ho-Yen—the gift of a former patient. The doctor conceived a most surprising fondness for this diminutive dog, and the two became inseparable companions. When, therefore, the little fellow died suddenly at Paul Smith's, in the summer of 1915, the shock was clearly detrimental to the doctor's failing condition at the time.

When Ho-Yen first appeared upon the scene, the doctor was still occasionally driving his little mare Kitty, and these two shaggy satellites were sometimes seen upon the streets together. The sight inspired one of the doctor's patients to write some amusing lines about a tall, thin man

With his wee fluffy dog
And his little plush horse.

Soon after this Kitty was taken out of her harness forever and pensioned off on oats and leisure. Then one day, out of the land of surprises, there came to the doctor's door a spirited, high-stepping horse and an easy victoria, in which he was able to enjoy many a drive. Mrs. Trudeau still uses this equipage, and in her lap there is often a little Pekinese dog. This is Ho-Yen the Second, sent as soon as might be to replace the first, but coming too late to be the consolation that was hoped for.

The doctor's strength was failing fast. The final round in his plucky fight was being fought, and he was yielding at last to the disease which he had kept at arm's length for forty years. He had spent the summer as usual at Paul Smith's, and was taken back in the autumn to his home in Saranac Lake. There he died on November 15, 1915, in his sixty-seventh year.

The funeral took place on November 18th, and was of course a notable one—for the number of people who attended—for the wealth of flowers that were sent, for the endless sympathy transmitted by wire and by letter. Services were held at St. Luke's Church in the village, and then the "Beloved Physician" was carried for the last time over the road that had become almost a groove in his life. The long funeral cortège moved first to the sanatorium grounds, pausing there for brief ceremonies of respect, then continued on the longer journey to Paul Smith's. Here it stopped at the little church of St. John's in the Wilderness, where the doctor was laid to rest by the side of the three children who had passed that way before him.

A perfect day was God's last tribute to his faithful servant. A golden sun blazed in a turquoise sky. A dreamy haze hung just above the hills, as in men's minds, above the sorrow and the sadness, there floated thoughts of spiritual triumph, the triumph of the doctor's favorite statue—the "Gloria Victis" by Mercié. Surely, few men have ever opened for themselves or others so many avenues of victory for the vanquished!

CHAPTER XXII

PRE-TRUDEAU DAYS

THIS chapter is suggested by two facts of historical interest not generally known—that a number of tubercular patients came to the Adirondacks for their health before Dr. Trudeau became active in such a movement; and that his “Little Red” was not the first building on the present sanatorium site.

As to the first of these statements, all the early books about the region speak of its health-giving qualities, and mention instances of invalids being benefited by its climate. The most widely read of these books was Murray’s, published in 1869, and his reference to a tubercular patient became notorious. It has been fully commented upon in the Murray chapter. The other instances, recorded in other books, were from ten to fifteen years earlier.

The most comprehensive and detailed contribution to the subject is a little book published in 1886 by G. P. Putnam’s Sons of New York. It is called “The Adirondacks as a Health Resort” by Joseph W. Stickler, M.S., M.D. Several years before the publication of his book Dr. Stickler went to the mountains for a severe bronchitis, and found immediate and permanent relief. While traveling around he met so many invalids who had been helped by Adirondack air that their number impressed him. He decided that many more could be benefited if the possibilities were made more widely known. In this altruistic spirit he wrote to a number of doctors and patients for testimonials of experience concerning the Adirondacks. The numerous replies are published in his book, and form an authoritative record of early health-seekers. Not all of them were tuberculous, but the majority were. Most of the experiences were prior to 1880; many of them prior to 1870. None of them, therefore, are referable to Dr. Trudeau’s influence. His case, however, is mentioned as a notable one,

and the book closes with a friendly word of hope for the primitive sanatorium he had just started.

I find that a Mr. Edward C. Edgar is generally credited with being the first tuberculosis patient to stay in Saranac Lake for his health. He spent the winter of 1874 at the "Lute" Evans Cottage, and was the first of the long and notable list of invalids that house was to entertain. Mr. Edgar appears to have "taken the cure" before the phrase for doing so was coined—that is, he would occasionally wrap himself up in a fur coat and blankets, and sit out in the cold. And this, be it remembered, was two years before Dr. Trudeau came to the village, and several before he had become acquainted with Brehmer's and Dettweiler's "sitting-out" theories.

Among the guests at "Martin's," from as early as 1860, there were always a few who had tuberculosis, and went there for the relief they found. Some of these, in later years, after a summer at "Martin's," would spend the winter in Saranac Lake. Among these early but well-remembered invalids were: Jim Houghton, John Merriam, who boarded with Ensign Miller, John Colquitt, brother of Ex-Governor Colquitt of Texas; Mr. Rich, Dennis McMahon, who spent the winter of 1875 at Ensign Miller's, James Bettner, and Freeman A. Ricker.

The many scattered cases make an imposing number in the aggregate, and show clearly an instinctive tendency to gravitate toward these mountains, for tubercular relief, long before science had discovered the warrant for the impulse. The interesting fact abates nothing of Dr. Trudeau's great achievement. If he did not, strictly speaking, inaugurate the mountain cure, he focused its random nativities, organized its development, brought science to its aid, and gave the movement he had coördinated the clear impress of his unselfish, intuitive leadership.

The other point to which this chapter wishes to call attention, as being of historical interest, is the occupancy of the sanatorium site long before Dr. Trudeau began building upon it—so long before, indeed, that when he first saw the spot all traces of prior habitation had been completely obliterated, and he was long unaware of any previous occupancy.

About 1850 Azel Lathrop built a house on what was then called "Preacher's Hill," and it stood there for twenty years. In this house Estella E. Manning, who later became Mrs. William A. Martin, was born and brought up. Her mother was one of Azel Lathrop's daughters, and she was the only descendant of the family who remained in Saranac Lake. From her I have received first-hand information concerning her long-vanished and little-remembered home. I am also indebted to her intimate knowledge of early events and people, and to her unfailing willingness to place it at my disposal, for much valuable and varied help in this group of chapters.

At fourteen years of age she became the first girl telegraph operator in the Adirondacks. One of the earliest offices was established at Colonel Baker's hotel, as is told elsewhere. The colonel's stepson William A. Dana took charge of the wire for the first two years. During the last part of this time he initiated the young Estella Manning into the mysteries of the keyboard, and she proved capable of taking his place when he retired. Her salary was one dollar a week, board and lodging at "Baker's," and the privilege of attending school. She kept the position for two years. Not long after giving it up she married William A. Martin, the son of William F. Martin, whose famous hotel then became her home. Here she drifted back to telegraphy. And now after many vicissitudes and the loss of her husband, she once more presides over a wire, as local manager of the Postal Telegraph Company—formerly in Saranac Lake, now (1920) in Newport, Vt. From this brief sketch of her career, supplemented elsewhere in these pages by the frequent recurrence of her name, we return to the story of her grandfather and of the house which he built.

Azel Lathrop was born in Chelsea, Vt., where he married Susan Ellis, a sister of Loring Ellis, a prominent business man of Plattsburg. The newly married couple lived for several years in the old Lathrop homestead at Chelsea, which is still standing and occupied. They later moved to Palmer Hill, where Mr. Lathrop took the position of foreman in an iron mine owned by Loring Ellis. The next move was to Ausable Forks. Then Mr. Lathrop bought one hundred and

sixty acres of Adirondack land from Gerrit Smith. This included the present site of "Trudeau," and on it Mr. Lathrop built a home into which he moved with his wife and ten children.

It stood directly back of the present woodshed at the sanatorium. The first building was a very primitive log cabin, but this was soon replaced by a more comfortable and substantial house. It was two stories high, was clapboarded, and had a shingle roof, but it was never painted. In front of it was a large flower garden, and at the back a vegetable and fruit garden. Here were some apple-trees and two red plum-trees, which are still standing. The dwelling from the back overlooked the Saranac Valley, but faced the Old Military Road, the only highway which then existed. Approaching from Bloomingdale, it turned in from the river and climbed the sanatorium hill then as now. It passed the Lathrop house and came out through what is now Highland Park, descending Grove Street to the river again and crossing the old wooden bridge, which was the forerunner of the later iron one near "Baker's." The road that now follows the river at the base of the sanatorium hill was a much later improvement. When it came, however, it diverted traffic from the hill route, and left the Lathrop house in an isolation which ultimately had to do with its abandonment.

When the Lathrops settled here there was no school nearer them than the one in "the pines," more than a mile away. Mr. Lathrop consequently began agitating for educational facilities nearer home, and his brood of ten gave numerical weight to his efforts. These resulted in the building of a school on the hillside leading to his home. The old school-house still stands—although altered and enlarged into a dwelling long ago—on the right side of the road ascending from the river into "Trudeau." Mr. Lathrop, who stood six feet two in his stockings, helped to "raise" the original building and many another in the neighborhood. Here his children went to school, and here his wife and some of his daughters taught. Indeed, it was so much of a family affair that one rather wonders why it was not carried on under the Lathrop roof.

Mr. Lathrop hoped that as his children grew up they would settle around him on the ample but barren land he had to give them. His dream was to found a little colony that should perpetuate the name of Lathrop, and his dream was to come true, but not in the spot he had chosen. His children showed no lingering fondness for the bleak parental acres. His eldest son Azel Lathrop, Jr. went West to seek his fortune. He bought land thirty miles from Escanaba, Mich., and began farming and real-estate operations which proved very successful and resulted in putting a settlement called "Lathrop" on the map of Michigan. To this place, as the rest of the family began to marry and scatter, the parents moved and spent the remainder of their lives.

Only one daughter stayed behind in the Adirondack homestead—Mrs. Gabriel Manning, who became widely known as a teacher in this section. She taught in all the school-houses in the neighborhood; at the first one in "the pines," then at the one near her home, then at Bloomingdale, at Vermontville, at "Corey's," and at Jay. Several men of prominence received their early training from her, among them the Hon. William T. O'Neil, and his brother Frederick O'Neil.

Mrs. Manning, in the early seventies, sold a part of her land—including the present site of "Trudeau"—to Robert Smith, who owned, and whose family still own, an adjoining farm. At this time Mrs. Manning tore down the old Lathrop house and used much of the material in building a smaller home down on the "river road," the opening of which had caused her to move. This house, with the old watering-trough beside it, is still standing. It was purchased many years ago, with the remainder of the Lathrop land, by Stearns Williams.

There is poetry of coincidence in the fact that around the site of the original Lathrop home on "Preacher's Hill" a colony of human helpfulness should have been permanently established by Dr. Trudeau, for Mrs. Lathrop combined in her strong body and big heart those qualities of helpfulness and sympathy which brought the sanatorium into being. Before the day of doctors and nurses she carried the ministrations of both to widely scattered neighbors. She knew the therapeutic value of roots and herbs, and how to prepare and

administer them. She went far and near to births, illnesses, and deaths, and her help and advice were eagerly sought on these occasions. Her memory has faded with the vanished house and passing years, but her spirit still survives on the hillside dedicated to the saving of life and the softening of sorrow.

There could be no more fitting close to this chapter than the following letter which, through the courtesy of Mrs. E. E. Martin, I am allowed to print. It was sent to her in 1895, from Mrs. Mary Lathrop Goss—one of the Lathrop girls—then living in Plano, Ill. Mrs. Goss had just seen a copy of the “Adirondack Enterprise,” and some reference to the “old days” had awakened her memory of them. In this mood she wrote a retrospective letter—a reverie of much historical value, taking us back to the year 1855:

We close our eyes and go back mentally forty years. We go through the fifty miles of woods on the old State Road from the Keene mountains down through the valley to Malone. We traverse the seven miles of dense wooded solitude over Keene Mountain, and at its foot find a comfortable farm home—the Scott family keep “travelers” of course. At North Elba a few houses—the Osgood’s home. A few miles farther and we have the Moses Sampson home—good old Vermonters, than whom no better people ever lived. And this was the realm of John Brown and the colored brethren.

Next comes the Moody settlement, and then Captain Miller, *at the river*,¹ with his old-fashioned saw-mill. Crossing the river and rising the hill we have the Neal home. Mrs. Neal was a daughter of the Captain. The next farm is old Number Ten [the present “Trudeau”], a mass of rocks and hills, well wooded. Azel Lathrop and his son, William, after making a clearing and working two seasons over on the Racquette River, waiting for State roads, gave up and settled in what was then known as Harriestown, although the land was in St. Armand. Mr. Lathrop and his boys—for the others joined him—went from Ausable Forks, taking out a contract for five years from Garrit Smith’s agent, Mr. Calkins. Paying a small amount down, a house was built and land cleared. Potatoes were raised, and something else, we suppose. After the first year red raspberries were plenty, that is sure! In time other members of the family abode

¹ The italics are mine, to call attention to this old designation for Saranac Lake, of which mention has previously been made.

there; the log house was replaced by a small frame house. But the "ways and means" committee was not up to the problem of making money out of stones, or getting blood from a turnip, as the saying is. The father became an old man; the mother at sixty years of age was teaching school. Youth pined for the "great West" they were hearing about.

Twenty-five years brings changes. Ensign Miller thinks the public road preferable on the bank of the river; that leaves the once pleasant Lathrop home alone on the side hill. The last one of the Lathrop family left there, after many hardships and privations, became owner of part of old Number Ten, the rest passing into the hands of Robert Smith, son of the Rev. S. S. Smith.

Memory gives this casual review and, as we look farther, a magic wand has been extended over these same unfertile acres, stones have been hidden and hills cut down, roadways built and beautiful walks. These lead to a little village of ancient style dwellings, not too near the river bank, yet near enough for the accommodation of those who would enjoy pastimes on its waters. We find the rich, the poor, the young, the old, each seeking the balm of health the region promises. What magic has wrought all this? Money is the lever applied by men of hearts, but what of the toilers who bore the hardships of the early days, who felled the trees and leveled the ground, and made it possible that this great Sanitarium should be and have existence?

Alas, we see them one by one tiring of the hard lines and laying their burdens down, until of all that large family but few are left that ever called Number Ten home. They have so passed out of record that even in the latest historical write-up of Saranac Lake and vicinity they are not thought of, although the father, mother, and three daughters were teachers and workers.

HERE DWELT
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
DURING THE WINTER 1887-1888

"I was walking in the verandah
of a small house outside the
hamlet of Saranac. It was
winter, the night was very
dark, the air clear and cold
and sweet with the purity
of forests. For the making
of a story here were fine
conditions."

"COME," SAID I
TO MY ENGINE, "LET US
MAKE A TALE."

The Wonderful Engine

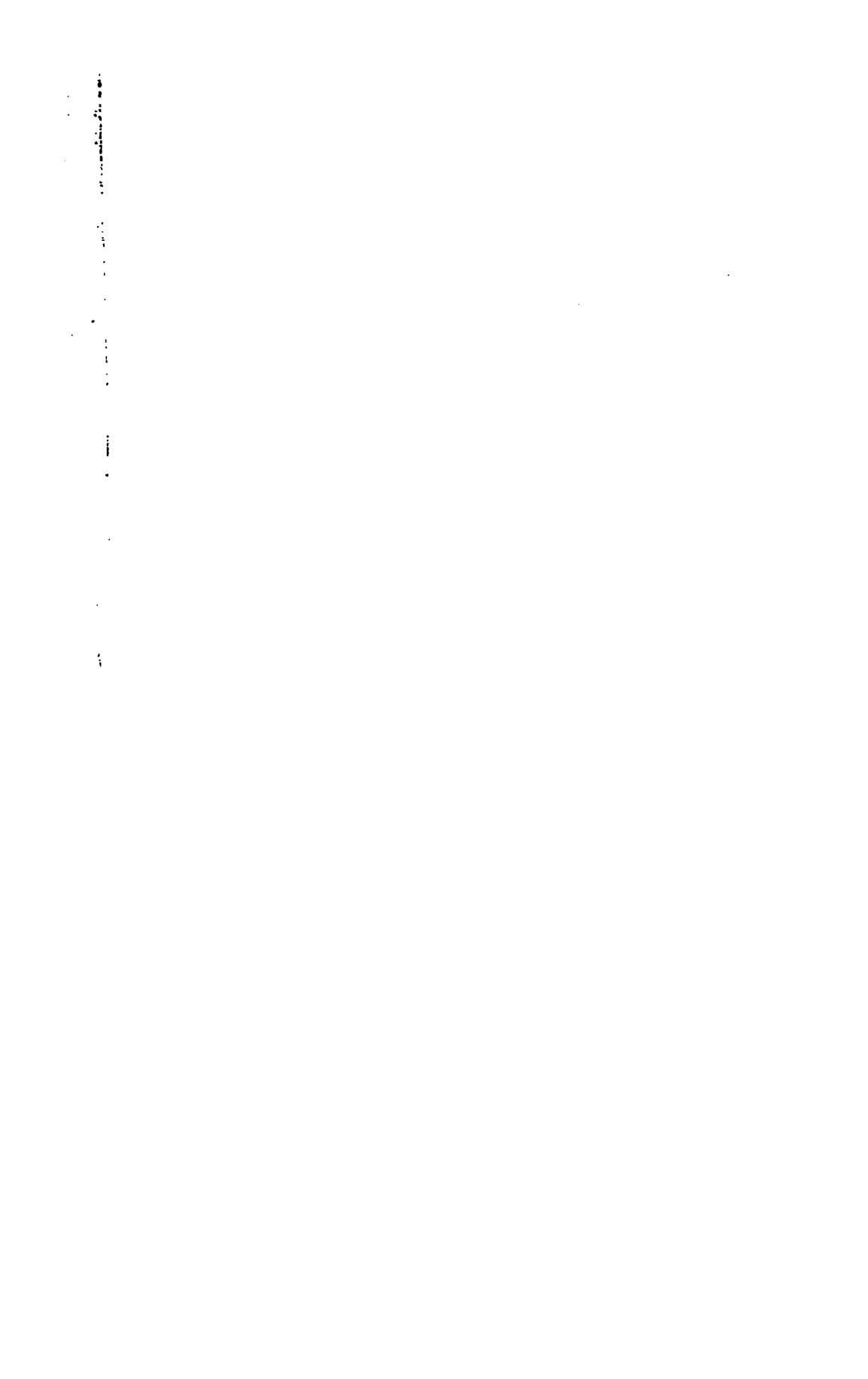
Here he wrote "The Master
of Ballantrae," "A Christmas Sermon,"
"The Lantern-Bearers," "Famous Umbra,"
"Beggars," "Gentlemen," "A Chapter on Dreams"



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W. L. Borglum,
Sculptor.

SARANAC LAKE STEVENSON MEMORIAL TABLET



CHAPTER XXIII

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LATER WRITERS ERRANT

STEVENSON spent the winter of 1887-88 in Saranac Lake, arriving there on October 3d,¹ and staying until the middle of the following April. For nearly three years previous he had been living in Bournemouth, England, suffering more or less acutely from pulmonary tuberculosis. On May 8, 1887, his father died at Edinburgh. Stevenson went there, caught cold, and returned to Bournemouth in very bad condition. He failed to improve, and his doctor finally issued an ultimatum,

"Stevenson," he said, "if you stay here another winter you will be under the ground. Go away, go anywhere, go to Colorado; any place will be better than this!"

A few weeks later, toward the end of August, he set sail for America. He was met by friends, old and new, who kept him visiting among them for several weeks. During this time he heard of Dr. Trudeau and Saranac Lake, and decided to go there instead of to far-off Colorado. With him were his wife, his mother, his young stepson Lloyd Osbourne, and an old family servant Valentine Roch.

His arrival in America at this time—his second coming—was coincident with his literary conquest of the country. He came as a victor to new-won fields. "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" had dug the trenches of his popularity, and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had carried the day. But still more lasting bids for fame were to come from his Adirondack sojourn. Soon after landing he came into intimate relations with Mr. Charles Scribner and Mr. E. L. Burlingame, the owner and the editor of "Scribner's Magazine." This gentleman made him an offer of \$3,500 for

¹ This is the date in Balfour's *Life*, II. 35. Colvin says "the end of September." Local tradition says Monday, Sept. 26th.

a series of twelve papers to be printed monthly in his periodical.

The offer was accepted, with frank surprise at its largeness, and he set to work on the essays at once, completing them all before leaving Saranac Lake. The one possible qualification to this statement is that he may have retouched the last ones while in Manasquan, N. J. He went to this place soon after leaving the mountains on April 16, 1888, and spent the month of May there, while Mrs. Stevenson was looking for a yacht on the Pacific coast.

In a letter to Lady Taylor written from Manasquan, he says: "Now I have all my miserable Scribner articles to rake together in the inside of a fortnight." This strongly suggests revision of what was already written, and probably means the reading of the last papers in proof. He would naturally wish to clean up this bit of contract work before starting on the distant, roving cruise he had in mind. Those still living who were in touch with him at the time no longer feel positive on the point at issue, but they incline strongly to the belief that he had virtually finished writing the last of the Scribner papers before leaving the mountains. The printed evidence, moreover, confirms this impression. There is only one specific reference to the matter, so far as I have been able to discover. Sir Sidney Colvin, in the introduction to the Saranac Lake letters,¹ says:

His work *during the winter* consisted of the *twelve papers* published in the course of 1888 in "Scribner's Magazine," including perhaps the most striking of all his essays, "A Chapter on Dreams," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Beggars," "The Lantern Bearers," "Random Memories," *etc.*

The italics are mine, and I consider the "etc." important. From the context it obviously includes the seven unmentioned papers. Partly because they were left unnamed here, and partly because of their lesser literary appeal (excepting the last one, "The Christmas Sermon"), they never became generally associated with Stevenson's work in Saranac Lake. Nor did he help to emphasize the connection. They are not

¹ Letters of R. L. S. Biographical edition, II. 66.

mentioned in his letters. In one of December, 1887, he speaks of having finished "Pulvis et Umbra," the fourth of the series, "which makes a third part of my whole task." A little farther on he adds: "The other three papers, I fear, bear many traces of effort, and the ungenue inspiration of an income at so much per essay, and the honest desire of the incomer to give good measure for his money. Well, I did my damndest anyway." And his damndest proved to be his best.

This is almost the last we hear of the essays. The very next letter announces that he has "fallen head over heels into a new tale, 'The Master of Ballantrae.' No thought have I now apart from it, and I have got along up to page 92 of the draft with great interest. It is to me a most seizing tale." He then proceeds to outline the plot and the characters. He had received the offer of \$8,000 from "Scribner's" for the American rights to a serial, and he soon talks of sending "The Master of Ballantrae." Doubts about the ending begin to obtrude and persist, however, and the tale is laid aside and not completed till 1888, far away in the antipodal South Seas.

It was also some years later, in Samoa, that the fancy seized him to tell the story of its birth, in a paper entitled: "The Genesis of Ballantrae." It was intended for "Scribner's Magazine," but was never finished.

I was walking one night in the verandah of a small house in which I lived, outside the hamlet of Saranac. It was winter; the night was very dark; the air extraordinary clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of forests. From a good way below, the river was to be heard contending with ice and boulders: a few lights appeared, scattered unevenly among the darkness, but so far away as not to lessen the sense of isolation. For the making of a story here were fine conditions. . . .

There cropped up in my memory a singular case of a buried and resuscitated fakir, which I had often been told by an uncle of mine, then lately dead, Inspector-General John Balfour. On such a fine frosty night, with no wind and the thermometer below zero, the brain works with much vivacity; and the next moment I had seen the circumstance transplanted from India and the tropics to the Adirondack wilderness and the stringent cold of the Canadian border. . . .

And while I was groping for the fable and the character required, behold I found them lying ready and nine years old in my memory.

. . . Here, thinking of quite other things, I had stumbled on the solution, or perhaps I should rather say (in stagewright phrase) the Curtain or final Tableau of a story conceived long before on the moors between Pitlochry and Strathairdle, conceived in Highland rain, in the blend of the smell of heather and bog-plants, and with a mind full of the Athole correspondence and the Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone. So long ago, so far away it was, that I had first evoked the faces and the mutual tragic situation of the men of Durrissdeer.

He was full of enthusiasm for the story and evidently set high hopes upon it, but his doubts about the ending were more than justified. The whole tale is morbid and gloomy, unrelieved by any sunshine or humor. The opening chapters are strong and compelling, but the last ones are weak and disappointing. One feels that the Adirondacks are dragged into them as a mere makeshift, and that the author has no enthusiasm for his background. It is blocked in with scarcely an identifying label. The "Genesis" offers a more vivid glimpse of the mountains than anything in the book itself. Let no one turn to it for Adirondack pictures. It holds none.

While at Saranac Lake Stevenson began collaborating with Lloyd Osbourne on a book which they ultimately called "The Wrong Box." This story—first called "The Finsbury Tontine," and then "The Game of Bluff"—was originally the product of young Osbourne's pen alone. It was written, revised, and ready for the press before the thought of collaboration occurred. Even so it remained very largely Mr. Osbourne's work. Stevenson only made a few alterations and added touches here and there. From the first, as his letters show, he was greatly taken with the story, and finally thought it would be good fun to help spruce it up. Then he also realized the commercial advantage of a joint book. Mr. Osbourne, being an American citizen, could secure copyright in the United States, which at the time was denied to Stevenson as a foreigner. The venture therefore led to other projects of collaboration which resulted later in "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide," both of which were more popular, and in both of which Stevenson's creative share was greater.

Other work done in the mountains includes the short preface to the "Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin," the prefatory note to

"The Black Arrow," one little poem, "Winter," and "Confessions of a Unionist," written for the Scribner series, but not published. A complete list of titles, with date of publication, follows:

WHAT STEVENSON WROTE IN SARANAC LAKE

Twelve Essays

<i>Name</i>	<i>Published in "Scribner's"</i>	<i>Reprinted in</i>
1 A Chapter on Dreams	January 1888	"Across the Plains," 1892
2 The Lantern Bearers	February	" " " "
3 Beggars	March	" " " "
4 Pulvis et Umbra	April	" " " "
5 Gentlemen	May	Not reprinted
6 Some Gentlemen in Fiction	June	" " "
7 Popular Authors	July	" " "
8 Epilogue to "An Inland Voyage"	August	" "Across the Plains," 1892
9 Letters to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art	September	" " " "
10 Contributions to the History of Fife: Random Memories	October	" " " "
11 The Education of an Engineer: More Random Memories	November	" " " "
12 A Christmas Sermon	December	" " " "

Confessions of a Unionist

This paper—"a talk on things current"—was intended for one of the Scribner series. It got as far as the proof-sheets, but no farther. It was never published at all, and the proof was ultimately sold in Mrs. Strong's sale. All we know about the article is the following reference in a letter of February, 1888, to E. L. Burlingame: "Of course then don't use it. Dear Man, I write these to please you, not myself, and you know a main sight better than I do what is good. In that case, however, I enclose another paper, and return the corrected proof of 'Pulvis et Umbra,' so that we may be afloat." The substitute was probably "Gentlemen."

The Master of Ballantrae

This was begun in December, 1887, and about two thirds of it completed under high steam. It was then laid aside, and not finished till 1888, in Honolulu; "the hardest job I ever had to do," the author wrote.

It ran as a serial in "Scribner's" from November, 1888, to October, 1889, and appeared in book form in September, 1889.

Preface to Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin

Preface to the American Edition, signed R. L. S., and dated Saranac, October, 1887.

Preface to the Black Arrow

Prefatory Note, addressed to "Critic on the Hearth," signed R. L. S., and dated Saranac Lake, April 8, 1888.

Winter

A poem—the only one he appears to have written in Saranac Lake.¹ It was published in "Court and Society Review," Christmas Number, December 14, 1887. Reprinted in "Songs of Travel," 1896.

The Wrong Box

This was written in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne, who began drafting the story in October, 1887. It was published as a joint book in June, 1889.

While in Saranac Lake Stevenson rented the house of Andrew J. Baker, the well-known guide. The Bakers reserved rooms in one of the wings, however, and so remained under the same roof. The bit of road leading to the house is now called "Stevenson Lane," and the house itself is generally spoken of as "the Stevenson Cottage," although it still belongs to Mr. Baker. But so does fame become a thief. Your sturdy woodsman toils long and late to possess his little home, and a stranger with long hair and a velvet coat, passing that way, steals it from him by lodging in it for the night!

Writing to Henry James of the place, Stevenson says:

Our house—emphatically "Baker's"—is on a hill, and has sight of a stream turning a corner in the valley—bless the face of running water!—and sees some hills too, and the paganly prosaic roofs of Saranac itself; the Lake it does not see, nor do I regret that; I like water (fresh water, I mean) either running swiftly among stones, or else largely qualified with whiskey. As I write, the sun (which has long been a stranger) shines in at my shoulder; from the next room the bell of Lloyd's typewriter makes an agreeable music as it patters off (at a rate which astonishes this experienced novelist) the early

¹ It is sometimes asserted that "Ticonderoga" was written at Saranac Lake, but such is not the case. It was written in Edinburgh, after his father's funeral.

chapters of a humorous romance; ¹ from still further off—the walls of Baker's are neither ancient nor massive—rumors of Valentine about the kitchen stove come to my ears; of my mother and Fanny I hear nothing, for the excellent reason that they have gone sparking off, one to Niagara, one to Indianapolis. People complain that I never give news in my letters. I have wiped out that reproach.

Stevenson's wife spent but little time in Saranac Lake, as the altitude did not agree with her. His mother and Mr. Osbourne also were away on occasional visits, so that the author was sometimes left quite alone. But whether alone or with his family, he was always busy. He invariably worked all the morning, usually in bed. Dr. Trudeau tells of often finding him there, his long legs drawn up for a table, his head propped forward by pillows; in one hand a pencil, in the other a cigarette; sheets of scribbled paper everywhere; the windows shut, the room stuffy with stove heat and tobacco smoke. So did genius "take the cure." After lunch he would go for a walk or skating. Then he would come home, and usually go to bed again till dinner-time. The evening was spent in playing cards or reading aloud. At ten o'clock everybody went to bed.

This humdrum routine of a quiet life left little residue of incident or anecdote for the chronicler. Nor did Stevenson himself leave any deep personal impress on the people or the place of his exile. He made no advances toward hail-fellow popularity, and consequently achieved none. He left a memory, which has blossomed with his later fame; but scant memorabilia. He was absorbed as never before, perhaps, in his literary work and the broadening potentialities of his pen. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Saranac Lake of 1887 was still a very primitive mountain hamlet. It had little but climate to offer, and naturally held few opportunities for the social contacts that would appeal to a man like Stevenson. For the formal, routine way of getting together, called "society," he never cared. The conventions that hamper the freedom of personality he shunned for himself and avoided in others.

He enjoyed meeting the Trudeaus, because he met them in-

¹ *The Wrong Box.*

formally. For the same reason he enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Louis Ehrich (of New York store fame) and his wife, who owned what was then considered a very fine camp on Lower Saranac Lake. It was, in fact, a comfortable, steam-heated house, quite habitable in the winter months, about two miles from the village.¹ Here Stevenson occasionally consented to go, forming a sincere attachment for the simple and lovable owners.

Once or twice he was taken by Dr. Trudeau to the home of the latter's wealthy patient Mr. George C. Cooper of New York, whose name is elsewhere mentioned. Mr. Cooper, who was the invalid, and his sisters were spending the winter in a rented house. They were most kindly and generous people, but they were attached to the pomp of cities. They had brought their silver and their butler to the backwoods with them. These things, especially the latter, always overawed Stevenson. He quailed before nothing else as he did before a butler. He could understand a valet—indeed, he aspired to possess one. He could reason and argue, and put himself right with a valet, but he felt that he had no recourse against the prandial sphinx. The latter's silent strictures were beyond appeal. For him no gift of repartee could atone for using the wrong fork. This power of voiceless condemnation always got on Stevenson's nerves, and the butler was a factor in his not becoming intimate with the Coopers.

The above orbit was virtually the extent of his social activities. Some minor attempts at lionizing were made by the village people, but they were not highly successful. This was largely because the lion, according to his own admission, looked, felt, and acted more like a sheep. Stevenson's rooms were on the ground floor, and he is known, once or twice, to have disappeared through the nearest window while hero-worshippers came in at the door. This sort of thing naturally tended to dull the edge of lion-hunting.

Quite aside from the question of opportunity, the fact remains that Stevenson was never less attuned to mixing than

¹ This is the extensive property now known as "Pinehurst," and belonging to Mrs. Wm. H. Haase. The old Ehrich dwelling still stands, but has been altered and enlarged beyond recognition.

during his stay in the North Woods. In one of her published letters¹ his mother writes: "Louis always takes his walks quite alone, and hates even to meet any one when he is out." This attitude would hardly challenge attention or call for comment were it not for the notable change that soon followed. On reaching Samoa the hermit of the North began to hobnob with every kind and condition of native, and was soon entertaining whole tribes at his house. The man who had sought the window to escape from people, now stood smiling a welcome to every one at the open door. To paraphrase a jest of his own, Mr. Hyde had suddenly blossomed into Mr. Seek.

One explanation for this was undoubtedly climatic. The gray skies, the cold winds, and the bleak snows of the North, chilled a nature that was lizard-like in its yearning for warmth and sunshine. The fur coat of the Saranacker became a chrysalis. The southern sun and environment brought out the butterfly. But other agencies than climate had a hand in the transformation.

Stevenson came to Saranac Lake in the depression of ill-health and exile. It was to him a rather cheerless prison. Then, suddenly, through the frosted window of his cell there shone a radiant light. The New York publishers began scrambling for his wares and offering undreamed-of prices for his literary output. They told him in the pleasantest way that he had arrived; that the struggling stage of authorship was passed; that they had tipped his pen forever with transmuting gold.

The realization of all this staggered him at first, and then settled into a fine exhilaration of mind and body. It helps to account for the work he did at "Baker's," for his gain in health, and for his self-absorption. When he was not writing he was planning the come-true of some persistent old day-dreams. We know their romantic, somewhat fantastic, trend. They were of yachts and aimless cruising, of southern seas and sun-kissed shores where lotos-eaters dwell, of roving life among primeval folk, and rich adventure in a vagabond's contentment. And Saranac Lake became the gateway to all this.

¹ *From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond. Being Letters written by Mrs. M. I. Stevenson during 1887-1888. Methuen & Co. London. 1903.*

It shaped itself into the shadowed portal through which he issued from his winter prison into the dazzling sunshine of eternal summer. No wonder there should be a faint suggestion of *Jekyll* and *Hyde* in the transition.

The Bakers did not see much of their famous tenant. Mrs. Baker recalls mainly a gentleman who smoked many cigarettes, burning some famous scars in her mantelpiece, and a few infamous holes in her sheets. Mr. Baker saw more of him, as he built the fires and brought the mail, but these ministrations did not yield any vivid impress of contact with greatness. The one thing that raised Stevenson above the level of other men in his landlord's eyes was his ability to skate. Moody Pond, a near-by lake, was used for the purpose, and Mr. Baker went along to sweep off the snow. This sheltered spot has since become a favorite one for winter sports, but in Stevenson's day it was not much frequented, and he enjoyed its seclusion, and was inclined to look upon it as his private rink. He became jealous of intrusion, and if the curious came to spy upon him, he was filled with the aspiration to be elsewhere. He did not mind performing before Mr. Baker, however, and the latter asserts that Stevenson was the best amateur skater he has ever seen—that the author could write his name on ice as readily as on paper, and could execute the most difficult figures with perfect grace and ease. Somehow this seems an incongruous accomplishment to discover highly perfected in R. L. S. It does n't seem to fit into the picture of his lifelong invalidism.

But if it is surprising to discover his unquestionable proficiency in a strenuous outdoor sport, it is still more surprising to find that neither he nor those who have written about him, lay any stress upon its possession. Sir Sidney Colvin makes no mention of skating, and Mr. Balfour only refers to it most casually in his Life.

In the chapter on "Student Days," after the leasing of Swanston Cottage in 1867 has been mentioned, the following occurs: "At this time he skated, chiefly from Edinburgh, at Duddingston Loch." While this is the first reference to skating, it can hardly mean that he only began to learn then. It scarcely seems possible that any one beginning at eighteen,

and with Stevenson's handicap of poor health, could have acquired the assured skill which he revealed on Moody Pond. It would seem, therefore, that he must have begun much earlier. Nor is this incompatible with the records of his sickly boyhood, for it was broken by spells of comparative vigor, when he was naturally eager, and apparently able, to indulge in the sports of other boys. It appears that he learned to dance, to ride, to swim, to row, and even to play a little football, before he was fifteen. It would seem highly probable, therefore, that he also learned to skate in these early years.

There are two other references in the Balfour Life, where it is said that Stevenson skated at Davos and at Saranac Lake. His mother also mentions it once in one of her letters from the latter place. But in each case it is merely a statement of the bare fact, and no knowledge is revealed of any unusual skill in the skater. I doubt if either writer knew of it. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne has told me that he was as much surprised as Mr. Baker the first time he saw Stevenson on skates. He did not know that his stepfather could skate at all, as no allusion to it had ever fallen from his lips.

This seems strange, but it is stranger yet that none ever fell from his pen. There is no mention of skating in the Adirondack letters, and yet, as soon as the first ice came, he telegraphed Mr. Scribner to send him a pair of skates. In all his works, so far as I have discovered, there are only three references to the subject, and they are all impersonal.

In "The Misadventures of John Nicholson," at the beginning of Chapter VIII, the hero pauses for a moment to watch some merry-makers on the ice. In the essay "Alpine Diversions," Stevenson writes: "Of skating little need be said,"—and little is said. He merely points out the danger of catching cold on the way home. In his book on Edinburgh, Chapter IX, "Winter and New Year," he says: "As for skating, there is scarce any city so handsomely provided." Then he describes the charms of Duddingston Loch, and pictures the weird effect of the torches lighted and carried by the skaters at nightfall. But never a word of his own participation! And yet this would seem to be a likely place for it to flow naturally from his reminiscing pen. Skating was the

one thing, aside from writing, that he could do surpassingly well, and yet he affects to conceal it. He does not even make any of his characters skate—as if he feared they might betray his secret. For secret he certainly made of it, without apparent rhyme or reason, just as he did of some other things in his life.

In the "Boyhood" chapter of the biography Mr. Balfour emphasizes the unusual amount of traveling Stevenson did at an early age, and another cousin testifies to the keen and intelligent interest he took in the places he visited. None impressed him more than Venice and Rome, and he later became well read in the history of both. And now mark what Mr. Balfour says (the italics are mine): "Yet nowhere, so far as I know, did Louis allude to any of the more famous towns he then visited, as if they had come within his personal ken. Horatio Walker frequently discussed Venice with him at Davos, *but without even discovering that he had ever set foot in Italy.*" Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is then quoted as saying that he only once heard his stepfather admit a personal acquaintance with Rome, and the paragraph closes with these words: "half an hour with a guidebook would have furnished him with all the knowledge of Italian cities that he ever displayed."

What is all this but the same freak of reticence that he spread over his skating? He clearly found some strange pleasure in these hoaxes of suppression, and they can only be explained by the "streak of Puck" which Mr. Henley has so aptly placed in the mosaic of his make-up.

Obviously, if he could indulge in the strenuous exercise of figure-skating while in Saranac Lake, he was in fairly good health at the time. And such was the case. Dr. Trudeau says his disease was not active while he was in the mountains, and his mother writes of his marked improvement and of his "growing quite fat." He himself, while he railed at the cold, bleak climate, admitted that it benefited him greatly.

Dr. Trudeau was the only person in the place with whom he became at all intimate. Professional calls brought them together, and their unique personalities gradually did the rest. They were fundamentally different, but each soon found much

to respect and admire in the other. Neither, it must be remembered, was then the celebrity he is to-day. They met on the threshold of their later fame, and neither, I fancy, expected the other to achieve quite so much. Dr. Trudeau was not a bookish man, and the quest of the right word appeared to him about as vital as catching butterflies. Stevenson, on the other hand, considered the growing of tubercle bacilli a far less alluring occupation than raising pigs. Oddly enough, the play of chance has left the record of a pithy incident to illustrate the point.

Dr. Trudeau kept urging Stevenson to come and see his laboratory—not the present handsome one, of course, but the primitive, home-made one in the house that burned. Shortly after finishing his “Lantern Bearers,” the author made the visit. He was full of his essay, while Trudeau, full of science, showed him unpleasant-looking things in tubes. The little room was hot and stuffy, and Stevenson suddenly felt sick and faint. He edged toward the door and stepped outside into the fresh air. The doctor followed him and inquired what was the matter.

“Trudeau,” he said, “your light may be very bright to you, but to me it smells of oil like the devil!”

That sums up the difference between the two men. They were like the driver and the stoker of an engine. Stevenson sat aloof at the literary throttle of idealism, turning the steam on and off. Trudeau, begrimed with coal-dust, fed the fires that made the steam. Both helped to make the engine go, but each in a different way. Trudeau, in his autobiography, has written these words concerning his illustrious patient:

Mr. Stevenson and I had many interesting and at times heated discussions by the fireplace in the sitting-room. It was really a great privilege to meet him in this informal way, and even if we did n't always agree, the impression of his striking personality, his keen insight into life, his wondrous idealism, his nimble intellect, and his inimitable vocabulary in conversation, have grown on me more and more as the years roll by.

How much Stevenson thought of his physician is attested by the unique gift he had prepared for him after leaving

Saranac Lake—a complete set of his books in fifteen volumes, bound in uniform size and style. This priceless set, the only one of the kind Stevenson ever gave, was burned with Dr. Trudeau's house in 1893, but the dedications have fortunately been preserved:

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

To win your lady (if, alas! it may be),
Let's couple this one with the name of Baby!

TREASURE ISLAND

I could not choose a patron for each one;
But *this* perhaps is chiefly for your son.

KIDNAPPED

Here is the one sound page of all my writin',
The one I'm proud of, and that I delight in.

THE MERRY MEN

If just to read the tale you should be able,
I would not bother to make out the fable.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY

It blew, it rained, it thawed, it snowed, it thundered—
Which was the Donkey? I have often wondered!

PRINCE OTTO

This is my only love-tale, this Prince Otto,
Which some folks like to read, and others *not* to.

MEMOIR OF FLEEMING JENKIN

The preface mighty happy to get back
To its inclement birth-place, Saranac!

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS

My other works are of a slighter kind;
Here is the party to improve your mind!

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Trudeau was all the winter at my side!
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

UNDERWOODS

Some day or other ('t is a general curse)
The wisest author stumbles into verse.

THE DYNAMITER

As both my wife and I composed the thing,
Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS

Greeting to all your household, small and big,
In this one instance, not forgetting—Nig!¹

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE

I have no art to please a lady's mind.
Here's the least acid spot,
Miss Trudeau, of the lot.
If you'd just try this volume, 't would be kind.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

No need to put a verse on this; I dipped
Into it, and see p. 39.

(At p. 39 the compositor had spelled devilry "deviltry," which the author objects to as follows:)

I will stand being misspelled; but not this reveltry
Of nonsense. Deviltry ! ! ! O Devilry!

AN INLAND VOYAGE

My dear Trudeau, there is not one
Other rhyme left in me, so please
Accept in prose the assurance of my
Gratitude and friendship.

Several of Stevenson's friends paid him visits at the Baker cottage, and out of one of these grew a legend that Richard Mansfield had made the journey in order to act out the main scenes in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for the exiled author of the story. The fact is that Mansfield was not in Saranac Lake during Stevenson's sojourn, although he spent a summer there much later, and shortly before his death. He was, however, acting in the dramatization of Stevenson's story during the winter of 1887-88, but the latter never saw him in the play.

The legend of the visit to "Baker's" undoubtedly grew out of the following incident mentioned in Mrs. M. I. Stevenson's letters. Under date of March 31, 1888, she writes: "The sensation of the week has been a visit from Bandmann, the actor." This was a charming old gentleman of Austrian birth, who had retired to a ranch he owned in the Rocky Mountains. There "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had been brought to his notice, and, seeing the possibilities of a good play in it,

¹ Abbreviation for Nigger. The name of Dr. Trudeau's favorite dog at the time.

he had come all the way to Saranac Lake to ask permission to dramatize and act it. As these privileges had already been disposed of, the request could not be granted, and nothing ever came of the visit but the Mansfield myth.

The Baker cottage, both inside and out, is virtually the same to-day as it was in Stevenson's time. The only radical change is the introduction of hot-water heating in place of the old wood-stoves, and the fact that Stevenson's rooms have been leased and turned into a memorial museum.

THE STEVENSON SOCIETY

In 1916 the Houghton Mifflin Company published in booklet form, slightly enlarged, a delightful little sketch of Stevenson by Stephen Chalmers, entitled: "The Penny Piper of Saranac," which had previously appeared in the "Outlook." While the author was working on this manuscript, Robert Hobart Davis the well-known New York editor paid him a visit in Saranac Lake. The two men talked much of R. L. S., and it was brought home to Mr. Davis for the first time that Stevenson's most lasting contributions to English literature had been written at the Baker cottage. He soon made the suggestion of placing a memorial tablet there, and offered to interest Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, in the scheme, if Mr. Chalmers would pave the way locally for its consummation. This was soon done. Permission to place the tablet on the house was readily granted by the owners, and a committee was organized to prepare fittingly for the attendant ceremonies. Gutzon Borglum designed a bronze bas-relief tablet, offering his services as a personal tribute to the sculptor of words. It was placed on the veranda of the cottage, and unveiled before a large gathering of enthusiasts, on October 30, 1915.

The meetings of the tablet committee, and the unexpectedly wide interest aroused by their purpose, led to the suggestion of organizing a permanent Stevenson Society. This was finally decided upon and prepared for, and after the unveiling of the tablet, the Memorial Committee resolved itself into the "Stevenson Society."

The object of the society is to foster and perpetuate in every

son spent the winter of '87. He did n't like Saranac Lake, and I fancy was not very popular. It is a beautiful spot, nevertheless. The sunsets and the sunrises compensate one for the solitude, which moreover has a charm of its own.

Of all places in the world this is the place to read. We've taken an overgrown cottage on the outskirts of the town, which at night looks like a cluster of stars dropped into the hollow. The young Aldriches have a cottage near by, and there are two or three other houses visible—when it does n't snow. It snows nearly all the time in a sort of unconscious way. I never saw such contradicting, irresponsible weather. It is n't cold here, for human beings, when it is 20 degrees below zero. Everything else is of course frozen stiff. The solitude is something you can cut with a knife. Icicles are our popular household pets. I am cultivating one that is already four feet long—I am training it outside, you understand, on a north gable. I feel that all this is giving you a false idea of our surroundings, which are as beautiful as a dream. Every window frames a picture of bewildering and capricious loveliness. If our dear boy only continues to gather strength we shall have a happy winter in this little pocket-Switzerland. He is very thin and white and feeble. At times I have to turn my eyes away, but my heart keeps looking at him.

A little later Mr. Aldrich bought land and erected a house of his own in Highland Park—the fine large dwelling now owned by Mr. William B. Trowbridge. Here, with occasional absences, he lived for two years; and here, every now and then, he did some literary work. "The Porcupine" was the name he gave to his new home, "because it had so many good points, and because it was occupied by a quill-driver." His occupancy was shrouded in retirement, however, for the sorrow of his sojourn there was becoming the great sorrow of his life. At such a time he naturally shrank from all new social contacts, and turned to his creative powers for the opiate of forgetfulness.

In the winter of 1902 the plot of "The White Feather" came to him "out of a blue sky of idleness." The same year he published a volume of short stories, entitled: "A Sea Turn and Other Matters." In the autumn of 1903 he brought out his "Ponkapog Papers." The preparation of these volumes for the press took up much of his time, and were a solace to which he gladly turned. His son died in March, 1904, and Mr.

Aldrich then left Saranac Lake never to return. All his letters show a kindly feeling for the place, and in one of them he says: "Why did Hutton go to Jerusalem for 'Literary Landmarks' when he might have found plenty of them in the Adirondacks?"

STEPHEN CHALMERS

In 1908 there came to Saranac Lake Stephen Chalmers, a young man who, having left his Scottish home at an early age, had circled the Seven Seas in the urge of a roving life and the love of adventure. Landing finally in New York, he soon became a special reporter for the "New York Times." When the Jamaica earthquake occurred, his intimate knowledge of the locality made him the only man who could grapple with the complicated news situation created by the disaster. He succeeded in doing some brilliant reportorial work, but the strain of it caused his health to break down. He was sent to Saranac Lake, and made it his home till 1919, when he moved to California.

Soon after coming to Saranac Lake he began writing fiction, and became well known as the author of stirring tales of adventure, and also as the architect of delicate and haunting rhymes. His facile and versatile pen, moreover, was often wielded, like a lance in rest, for the honor of his adopted home.

His "Penny Piper" has been mentioned. "Watching the Hour Glass" is a narrative essay about local conditions. His "Sanitary Saranac Lake" won a prize offered by the "World's Work" for the best article dealing with the sanitary development of a small community. It should be read by all who have vague fears of the place in question. "The Beloved Physician" is an intimate and sympathetic sketch of Dr. Trudeau, published shortly after his death.

A Scotchman born, Mr. Chalmers was the fitting and enthusiastic, as well as the active and efficient, secretary of the Stevenson Society, until his change of residence made his resignation unavoidable.

CHAPTER XXIV

MARTIN'S HOTEL AND THE MARTIN BROTHERS

IT will be recalled that the name of William F. Martin has been mentioned as the first lessee of the Captain Miller house, which stood on the site of the present village office building, and was the first approximation of a hotel in Saranac Lake. It has also been said that his fame became linked with another locality.

That locality was a strip of land jutting out into Lower Saranac Lake at its northeastern extremity, at a point about a mile distant from the heart of Saranac Lake village. Here Martin built a hotel of his own, and ran it for thirty-one years, during which time its name became a byword in Adirondack annals. Everybody stopped there at one time or another; everybody knew "Bill" Martin and his house. Not a book of the early days but mentions the man and the place, but not one, on the other hand, gives any facts of historical interest concerning either. In gathering those offered here, I have been greatly helped again by Mrs. E. E. Martin, who married the son of William F. Martin, and lived at his hotel for many years. She has not only furnished me with personal reminiscences, but has put me in touch with various people, now widely scattered and greatly reduced in numbers, who, as guests or employees of long ago, had first-hand knowledge of the subject of this chapter.

Mention has been made of the lack of contemporaneous records. Let us see what the two most widely read Adirondack books of the time have to say about one of its two most famous hotels—the other being Paul Smith's.

Murray, in his chapter on hotels, mentions five: Paul Smith's, Bartlett's, Mother Johnson's, Uncle Palmer's, and Martin's. Of the latter he says:

This is the last house of which I shall speak. It is located on Lower Saranac, at the terminus of the stage route from Keeseville. It is,

therefore, the most convenient point at which to meet your guides. Its appointments are thorough and complete. Martin is one of the few men in the world who seem to know how to keep a hotel. At his house you can easily and cheaply obtain your entire outfit for a trip of any length. Here it is that the celebrated Long Lake guides, with their unrivalled boats, principally resort. Here, too, many of the Saranac guides, some of them surpassed by none, make their headquarters. Mr. Martin, as a host, is good-natured and gentlemanly. His table is abundantly provided, not only with the necessaries, but also with many of the luxuries, of diet. The charges are moderate, and the accommodations for families, as well as sporting parties, in every respect ample. "Martin's" is a favorite resort to all who have ever once visited it, and stands deservedly high in public estimation.

Wallace's "Guide to the Adirondacks" (1875), the best book of its time, has a somewhat lengthier notice (p. 114):

"Martin's," one of the far-famed gateways to the Wilderness, is a most desirable tarrying place for all in quest of health or sporting recreation. The house has recently been greatly enlarged and now affords apartments for 250 guests. The parlors are 64 ft. and the dining hall 84 ft. in length. The rooms are generally large and airy, and are furnished with taste and neatness, and while occupying them one may enjoy most of the comforts of the "St. Nicholas" or "Fifth Avenue," together with all the rare and dainty viands the region yields, and at the same time command an exquisite view of the varied beauties that lake, mountain, and forest ever give.

For the interest of ladies we will say that the fine croquet ground connected with the premises will afford them agreeable diversion when weary of boating. Stages arrive and depart daily and tri-weekly for Paul Smith's, Hough's [Saranac Inn], Point of Rocks [the old terminus of the railroad before it came to Ausable Forks], North Elba, Wilmington Notch, Keene, Elizabethtown, and Westport, and mail and telegraphic communications are complete. Parties, including a goodly sprinkling of ladies, assemble here in large numbers during the summer months, some of whom make this their headquarters, while others proceed to Bartlett's, Corey's, Hough's, Dukett's, Kellogg's, Cary's, Moody's, and Graves's, or to camp on some of the many delightful lakes or ponds that form a vast net-work in this romantic Wilderness. Martin furnishes the sportsman with a complete outfit, comprising boats, guides, tents, and all the requisites of camp life; as do also all the hotels above noted.

Some 22 or 23 years ago Mr. Martin located here at the head of

this charming bay. The spot at that time was entirely wild, but he has lived to see the forest immediately around him "blossom like the rose." He is a thorough sportsman as well as landlord, and can throw a fly or secure a deer with a skill equal to that of the most finished disciple of Isaac Walton, or the fabled Nimrod. P. O. address is: Wm. F. Martin, Saranac Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.

This is the most detailed account of "Martin's" anywhere to be found that I know of. Other early travel books mention the place as existing, but do no more. It seems to have occurred to no one to tell the story of its growth, or of the man that made it grow.

One William Martin, a soldier in the English Army, came over to this country and settled somewhere in Connecticut. On December 2, 1820, he married Dolly Branch.

William Fortune Martin was the first child of this union, born on January 19, 1823, in Westville, N. Y., a little village near Malone. This boy lived to write the name of "Bill" Martin in large letters on the Adirondack map. He died at Saranac Lake, October 3, 1892, and is buried in the cemetery there.

The other children were:

Henry Wheeler Martin,	born July 20, 1825
Stephen C. Martin,	born Jan. 20, 1828
Clarinda Martin,	born Nov. 29, 1831
Susan Martin,	born Apr. 12, 1834

Both the younger boys worked for their elder brother after he built his hotel, but neither of them was financially interested in the venture. Stephen, a man of towering physique and great strength, became widely known and liked as a guide, and notable incidents in his career are mentioned elsewhere in these pages. Henry also was a big man and an expert woodsman, but, after a few years at the hotel, he went out West and settled. The last that was heard of him he was living near Seattle, Wash.¹

After living in Westville for a while, the Martins moved

¹ Before going he linked his name with an event of historical interest. He shot the last moose ever seen around the Saranac Lakes. This occurred in the autumn of 1857. It was not, however, as is sometimes asserted, the last moose killed in the Adirondacks. That event is discussed in Chap. XXXVII.

to Bangor, N. Y., where they bought a farm and built a home. From there the boys went to the Adirondacks, but their parents remained in Bangor, and died there. After their death, the sons, who had inherited the old homestead, deeded it to their two sisters Clarinda and Susan. The girls soon joined their brothers at Saranac Lake, however, and Clarinda taught for several years in the "school-house on the hill." When thirty years of age, she married Charles Lee of Bangor, N. Y., and, taking her sister with her, she went back to the Martin homestead there.

The Martin brothers were all notable for their size and strength. William was the smallest of the three, but he stood six feet high and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He was powerfully built, but supple and quick in his movements. He had sharp, snapping gray eyes, and they could flash fire on occasion. He had a peppery temper and a stinging tongue when roused, but ordinarily he was mild-mannered and soft-spoken. Unlike his red-headed brothers, he had hair and beard of a dark chestnut color and of curly texture. He became bald at an early age, however.

He married twice, and was markedly fortunate in both of his wives. They were both women of sweet and sterling character, and each contributed potentially, through personality as well as management, to the success of his hotel.

The first wife was Laura P. Hunkins of Brushton, near Bangor, N. Y. She was a woman of innate refinement, very quiet, but withal easy and gracious in her manner. She was an excellent housekeeper, and had the knack of making everybody under her roof feel at home. She gained the esteem and affection of all with whom she came in contact, from the most fastidious guest to the roughest guide.

There were three children by the union:

William Allen,	born Oct. 7, 1849; died Feb. 24, 1907
Laura Ann,	born June 2, 1851; died Mch. 24, 1862
Lemuel K.,	born Dec. 26, 1852; died Nov. 7, 1853

William Allen, the only child to survive, married Miss Estella E. Manning, and became famous as a builder of Adirondack guide-boats. More will be told of him later.

The premature death of the only daughter was a blow from which Mrs. Martin never recovered. The little girl became seriously ill in March, 1862, which was an unusually severe winter. A blizzard had made the roads almost impassable, and the nearest doctor was at Keeseville, forty-five miles away. As the child kept growing worse, however, Mr. Martin made up his mind to get that doctor, if human effort could do it. He picked his most powerful horse and hitched him to a pung—a hand-made, wood-shod, low box-sleigh. Into this he put an ax and a shovel and started out to dig and plow himself through heartless miles of drifted snow—and in the many narrow places of the road he met drifts from ten to twelve feet high. It was a Herculean task, and nothing is more typical of the man than his readiness to undertake it for the sake of those he loved.

As he came to houses along the road, he made his errand known, and all the men in the place turned out and helped him dig, often going a mile or more until fresh help was volunteered. In this way he finally reached his destination and found the doctor. The difficulties of the journey are attested by the fact that the powerful horse was exhausted and unfit for the return trip. A fresh one was secured, however, and Martin—without taking any rest—and the doctor started back immediately. The return was, of course, comparatively easy, and accomplished with little delay. Even so, the stupendous effort had been in vain. The child died just fifteen minutes before the doctor reached her bedside. It was an *Erlking* ride of the North Woods—one of those tragedies of distance that bring home to us the epic hardships of the pioneers. Mrs. Martin never recovered from this shock. Her health failed rapidly, and she died on August 13, 1864.

In April, 1865, Martin married again. His second wife was Miss Sarah E. Lamson, of Vermontville. She returned to that village after her husband's death, and lived with her brother there until her death on May 30, 1913, at the age of sixty-nine. She had no children. In her youth, she taught for a while in the "school-house on the hill."

In manner and characteristics she was strangely like the first Mrs. Martin. She was extremely sweet in appearance,

refined in manner and tastes, and gently strong in character. She had marked executive ability in domestic matters, and enhanced the established reputation of "Martin's" for simple excellence of food and homyness of atmosphere. She mingled freely with her guests, many of whom were people of distinction. They in turn sought and valued her companionship, as well as her husband's, and considered their indoor or outdoor pastimes incomplete unless their host and hostess shared in them.

I have before me an interesting and valuable letter from an elderly lady in New York, who, years ago, was one of the distinguished guests at "Martin's." This particular letter was followed, spontaneously, by another lengthier one on the same general subject. I quote from the latter as follows:

I wish I had thought (but after-thoughts are proverbial!) when I spoke of the hole in the house, to ask you to pay a tribute to the late Mrs. William Martin. She was sweet and refined, far beyond the people who surrounded her, being appreciated by all her guests. Though delicate, she gave herself unsparingly to their comfort, and spread a table only equalled by Mrs. Bartlett's. She did quite as much as Bill in building up "Martin's"!

Martin was always the first to acknowledge the part which these two unusual women played in the success of his hotel, but, after all, that success was the result of team-work, and to an equally unusual man belongs due share of the credit. His was the master mind that conceived, planned, and dominated the larger aspects of the enterprise. His was the early vision of the toilsome thing achieved. He first came to Saranac Lake in 1849. Dr. Lundy's picture of the "miserable hamlet" in 1877 is at least physically accurate. It is not difficult, therefore, to imagine the extreme primitiveness of the settlement twenty-eight years earlier. There were a dozen houses perhaps within the radius of a mile. There were virtually no roads, and there were no horses. Some came and went over the Old Military Road, but oxen took their place in the settlement. Mr. Martin brought to it the first resident team of horses. As many Indians as white men straggled through the place or lingered in it. Moose and wild-cats, and

even panthers, abounded in the woods. One crude house of entertainment existed—the Captain Miller House. Here an occasional sportsman from the city stopped, and here the full potentialities of the fact dawned on “Bill” Martin. He soon became convinced that if this class of people were offered neat and comfortable lodgment and good food, they would flock to these wonderful mountains and bring their families with them. He had the courage of his convictions, and it did not take long to prove their soundness.

Before his year’s lease was up on the Captain Miller House, he had bought land on Lower Saranac Lake and had begun to build his new hotel. The event is historically notable for two reasons. It was the first hotel in the Adirondacks built solely to attract people of leisure and wealth; and it was the first frame house erected in the region. No clapboards were to be had then, so the house was double boarded up and down, with strips over the joints on the outside. The beginning of the hotel was a low L-shaped building, with the long side facing the lake. The rear of this shows in the accompanying picture, near the tree to the left of “the hole in the house.” The front part of this original structure was soon enlarged and raised to three stories and a mansard roof. Before long there followed another large addition. This was built over the road that skirted the house and led to the lake, and the result was a wooden tunnel that became famous as the “hole in the house.” This could be seen from a considerable distance, and strangers were always told to watch for it, as indicating the end of a long day’s journey. I have an interesting letter which refers to this, from a gentleman who made his first visit to “Martin’s” in 1880:

I recollect we travelled by train to Whitehall, thence by steamboat on Lake Champlain to Plattsburgh, thence by train to Ausable Forks, and from there, starting out shortly after sunrise, we made an all day journey of it on the old fashioned, six-horse tally-ho stage. That being the only public conveyance to Saranac Lake, it was always crowded—people engaging inside and outside seats and staying put in those seats, regardless of rain or shine. We would stop at a half-way house, either at Franklin Falls or a place called French’s,¹ for

¹ See Chap. XXVII.

a midday dinner, then cover the remaining distance to Saranac in the afternoon. I remember as we approached the end of our journey my father told me to keep a bright outlook for the Hole in the House—that being a tunnel cut directly through Martin's Hotel, which could be seen at a considerable distance. We were thankful enough to see that building at last, with the "Hole" we had heard so much about. Approaching, we drove through the hotel, and, emerging on the other side, there we were on the shore of the Lake.

There were steps at this end of the "hole," and it was a favorite and picturesque lounging-place for guides and guests. The last building phase at "Martin's" made the two large wings uniform in size and appearance, with a tower between them, just to the left of the "hole." There were outbuildings of all kinds and descriptions erected as the need for them arose. Chief among these was a large and comfortable guide-house. This stood near the water, to the right of the road leading to the "hole."

When Mr. and Mrs. Martin moved from the Captain Miller House to their new hotel, an ox-team hauled their belongings, and they covered the distance on foot, the husband carrying his recently born son William A., in his arms. On the way they encountered a big catamount. Martin, although unarmed, succeeded in frightening him off. As soon as he reached his new home, he got his gun, called to a couple of men, and set off in pursuit of the animal. They found nothing but his tracks, however.

Some of the registers used at "Martin's" have been preserved, and I have been allowed to examine them. They contain a surprising number of names of people socially and intellectually prominent.

Many of these were regular patrons of the hotel, returning to it year after year. Most of them, moreover, established ties of real friendship with their host and hostess. They sought their companionship whenever possible during the day, and always insisted on their joining in the indoor amusements of an evening. Indeed, many of the guests looked forward to their games of whist with Martin and his son as eagerly as they did to the outdoor sports of the region. And not only were they on friendly terms with Martin at his hotel, but they

asked him and his family to their city homes in the winter-time, and always received them as honored guests. He was on this intimate footing with such men as Vice-president William A. Wheeler of Malone, and Dr. J. Savage Delavan of Albany, owner of the Delavan House, and at one time United States Minister to France.

Martin's character was more varied than that of his pioneer contemporaries. He had their sturdy underpinning of personal strength, energy, perseverance, and initiative, but he lacked their innate shrewdness and concentration on the dollar. His business methods were happy-go-lucky—and there was much more of go than of luck in them. He was generous and honest to a fault, and inclined to believe that all with whom he dealt were equally so. The illusion, as usual, cost him dear. He built the first real hotel in the woods, he ran it with great apparent success for thirty-one years, and yet in the end he lost it and died a poor man.

He was an indefatigable optimist, however, always expecting a favorable turn in the tide of his affairs whenever they went wrong. He was also a deeply religious man, and thoroughly familiar with the Bible. He did not go to church, however, or attach importance to the observance of any formalism. The earliest resident missionaries and ministers in Saranac Lake were all his friends, and made his hotel a headquarters both for personal relaxations and parochial activities. The annual autumn "donation" party for the minister always took place at "Martin's," and people came from all the surrounding settlements—even as far away as Keene—to attend the function. Jim McClelland always brewed one of his famous oyster stews, and Bill provided the means of eating it, and a dance to help digest it. In this way, as in many others, he always stood ready to help the church.

In politics he was a Republican, at a time when Republicans were very scarce in this section. Despite this, he was repeatedly elected to Town office, which is proof positive that his personality outweighed his politics in the eyes of a majority of the voters.

An inconspicuous side of the man was a fondness for study and books. He did a great deal of reading on the quiet, often

surprising people with the scattered information thus acquired and stored away in his retentive memory. After the death of his little daughter, he was deeply impressed by the fact that it was largely due to the remoteness of the nearest physician. Hoping to save himself or others from a similar tragedy in the future, he began reading medical books and seeking, from the medical men who stopped at his house, fundamental instruction in the treatment of the most common diseases. These men realized that his purpose was warranted by conditions, and soon discovered that he had the temperament and intelligence to act conservatively and efficiently on their hints and suggestions. They gave them freely, therefore, and sent him authoritative books and magazines, as well as medicines. Among the doctors who thus helped, none took a keener interest than Dr. J. Savage Delavan, who came to "Martin's" each spring for the fishing, and each autumn for the hunting. He would often go with Martin to visit some sick person, and would suggest the proper line of treatment, and often said that in the pioneer's lack of opportunity to qualify as an M.D. the community had lost a born physician and surgeon. Martin was able, however, to render his neighbors many a valuable service, for his fame as an amateur doctor quickly spread in a community where there was no regular one. He was often asked to go as far as West Harrietstown, Lake Placid, and Bloomingdale, and he always answered such calls without demur—and without charge. It got to be so that men hurt or cut in the lumber-camps would be put in a sleigh and carried to "Dr." Martin, who would treat and dress their wounds, and feed and keep them till they were able to be taken away. He also occasionally became a dentist and pulled an offending tooth. All such activities, however, were gladly given up as soon as the first accredited doctor and dentist settled in the neighborhood.

I quote again from the reminiscent letter of an old New Yorker, who used to be a patron of "Martin's":

Mr. W. F. Martin, familiarly known throughout that region as "Bill Martin," was a man of unusual force of character and of business enterprise. He penetrated the Adirondack wilderness, and established the famous Martin's Hotel at Saranac Lake, when the near-

est railroad communication was Keeseville, over sixty miles away, and his foresight and public spirit did much toward making the Adirondack region the famous resort it is today.

In the primitive days of which I speak, Mr. Martin, ever busy in the care of his guests, and yet finding time to associate with them in their sports and amusements, gave his establishment a peculiar personal interest. I remember he was an expert rifle shot, and with a little Robinson rifle, of primitive type, he would sit on the front piazza of the hotel of a Sunday afternoon, with fifteen or twenty of his guests, each armed with his Winchester or some other type of rifle of that period, and they would spend the hours firing at a target across the lake, which consisted of a stove lid against a large rock painted white. When you hit the bull's-eye, the ring of the metal announced the fact. No especial thought was taken as to the possibility of stray shots hitting any one on that side of the lake, because it was assumed that no one went there. The site of this target in later years became the location of the fashionable hotel known as the Ampersand.

From another source I have another story of this same diminutive rifle. The once famous Creedmoor Rifle Club spent a summer at the hotel, and naturally indulged in target practice, but instead of using the target described in the foregoing letter, they imported a steel one that displayed a red flag when a bull's-eye was hit. They left this target when they went away, and it remained in use for many years. One day, Martin, while passing by, was asked to join in the shooting. He immediately went in and got his little gun, which was hailed with shouts of derision. "Why did n't you bring a pop-gun or a bean-shooter?" he was asked. Ignoring the sarcasms, he quietly proceeded to make three bull's-eyes in succession—a record which no member of the club was able to equal.

This little Robinson rifle, made especially for him by the manufacturers, became as well known as its owner. Many a guest tried to buy it as a relic, but Martin would never part with it, and it is now in the possession of his grandson.

Martin organized the first rifle-club in Saranac Lake. A rough board shelter was built back of the hotel, and the range was across the Edgewood Inn Road to a target in the rear of what was later known as Caribou Bill's Camp.

Besides outdoor sports, Martin enjoyed and was adept at most indoor games—especially cards. He was also an expert at the old-fashioned dancing, and never lost his keen delight in this pastime. When he was over sixty years old, he attended a supervisor's meeting in Malone one morning, and drove all the way home in the afternoon, so as to be on hand for a ball given by his son at the hotel, and at which, despite his fairly strenuous day, he danced virtually all night.

In the spring of 1881 he lost his hotel. There was a comparatively small mortgage on the place, held by "Uncle Silas" Arnold of Keeseville, who spent the greater part of his summers at "Martin's," fishing, smoking, and yarning with the guides. He was very friendly to the proprietor, and would have done nothing to embarrass him. He died suddenly, however, and the past-due mortgage became the property of his son Elisha, who was an eccentric, unapproachable recluse. The son immediately started foreclosure proceedings. Martin received the promise of the necessary funds from a New York friend, but there was a delay in the mails, and on the day of sale the property was bought in by Milo B. Miller.¹

After losing his original hotel, Martin, nothing daunted, started to build a new one on the high point of land where the roads from the Ampersand and Algonquin join. This was a part of the old Goodrich lot, comprising 160 acres, which he had bought of Ensine Miller, and which he owned free and clear. This land, the furnishings from the hotel, and

¹ Mr. Miller at once began making changes and additions to the hotel, which bore henceforth the name of the "Miller House." The most conspicuous alteration was the changing of the famous "hole in the house" into a spacious office, beautifully finished in hardwood. No hotel in the mountains could boast anything finer or more spacious, but the old-timers—guides and patrons alike—always mourned the passing of the picturesquely unique "hole," the lounging-spot of the most famous guides and hunters; the daily scene for years of arriving and departing stages.

In March, 1888, the main part of the hotel was completely destroyed by fire, but the large guide-house built by Mr. Martin, a little in the rear, was saved. This had piazzas around it and contained about thirty bedrooms, and was run as a hotel—still called the "Miller House"—for several years longer. Finally, however, in March, 1897, this too was burned, and the last trace of "Martin's" went up in smoke and flame. A former club-house, unused tennis-courts, and a deserted golf-course are near the site to-day.

\$1000 turned over by his son from the sale of a steamboat, was all the capital he had to put into his new venture.

He built a house of about thirty bedrooms, with private suites for himself and his son. The outside was never completed as originally planned. After the house was opened there was no lack of guests, but naturally it never enjoyed the unique popularity of the original one. The new site lacked the scenic attractions and conveniences of the old; and, above all, it lacked the associations in which the other was so rich. The host, too, had changed. Misfortune and the advancing years were taking their toll. He kept a brave spirit, and was always hopeful of the future, but his reverses and disappointments had undermined his health. He no longer had the physical strength to back his optimism. For the last two years of his life he was an invalid, able to do little but sit on the hotel piazza, or to be rowed occasionally on the lake by his son, in a boat well padded with cushions. He could still tell funny stories and take an interest in sedentary games, but under this outward cheerfulness those nearest to him knew how deep the sadness of unmerited failure had eaten into his soul. The end came quietly and quickly.

At noon on the day of his death, T. Edmund Krumbholz—the well-known hotel-manager, who had worked at “Martin’s” as a young man—came with his wife to call.

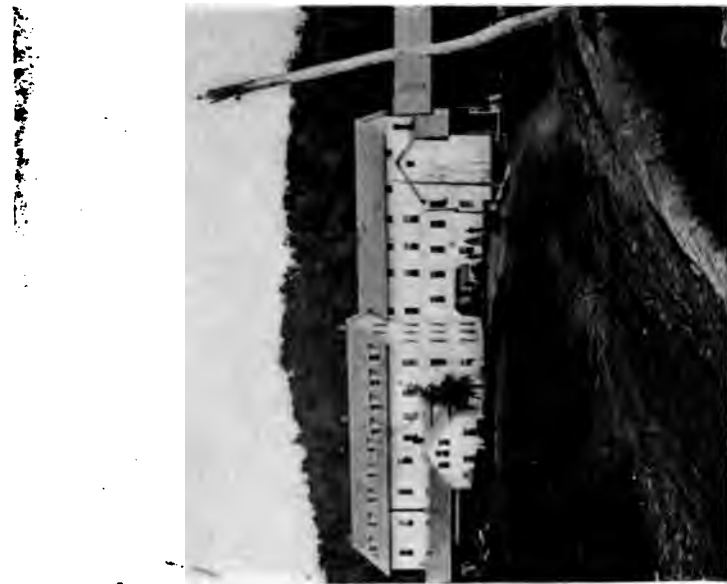
“Well, Ed,” said Martin, smiling, “I’ve been pretty sick, but I’ll be better soon,” and then began talking of plans for the future.

That evening—October 3, 1892—at six o’clock he passed away.¹

¹ The hotel in which he died was sold to the Ampersand Co. by his widow, and was renamed “The Edgewood Inn.” It became a second-rate place, run by various parties—of which Tom Dewey was the last—until it burned to the ground in 1900.

In 1886, Wm. J. Stillman and his daughter visited at Martin’s new hotel, and related many of the things that have been embodied in this sketch. Mr. Stillman told how Mr. Martin built the “Philosophers’ Camp” on Ampersand Pond and stocked it with a year’s supply of groceries, a cook-stove, and the necessary furniture. Everything had to be drawn up by hand, and “nobody but Bill Martin would ever have done it!” the artist concluded.

Before leaving, he took Steve Martin and revisited for the last time the site he had chosen for the club-house thirty years before. All that was left of it were some of the rotting sills of the old foundation.



MARTIN'S HOTEL
Approach from back, showing "Hole"



MARTIN'S "HOLE IN THE HOUSE"

WILLIAM A. MARTIN AND *THE WATER LILY*

William Allen Martin, born at Saranac Lake, October 7, 1849, was the baby carried in his father's arms when the latter moved into his new hotel. William grew up there and worked for his father, marrying later Miss Estella E. Manning.

As a boy he showed a marked bent for machinery and boat-building. The senior Martin used a very large number of boats in connection with his hotel, because in the early days he hired all the available guides, and furnished each one with a boat. A man named McLenathan came from North Elba every winter and spent it in the Martin boat-shop, making new boats and repairing old ones. Young William was always to be found in this place in his spare moments, watching the work and lending a hand. When he was sixteen years old he asked permission to be allowed to build a boat all by himself. It was given rather reluctantly, but the boy turned out a bit of work that was so creditable as to surprise both his father and McLenathan.

After this he applied himself to learning the trade, and later set up for himself as a boat-builder. This did not take place, however, till Martin Sr. had lost his first and built his second hotel. Among the first guests at the latter was a young man named T. Edmund Krumbholz, who was very ill, and had been sent to William F. Martin with a personal letter of introduction from Dr. Ward of Albany. At the end of a year the invalid's health had greatly improved, and he became anxious to do something. As a result, he formed a partnership with William A. Martin for the building of Adirondack guide-boats. The two young men erected a workshop across the road from the new hotel, and started in business. After a year and a half, however, Mr. Krumbholz withdrew and went into the hotel business. He became one of the best-known and most popular hotel-managers in the mountains. He may also be considered as one of the most remarkable "cures" on record. He seemed hopelessly ill in 1882, and yet, after years of strenuous activity he is alive and well in 1920, and is running a hotel at Camden, S. C.

William A. Martin continued in the boat-building business

alone, and made the boat-shop on Lake Street famous for its product. He not only improved the lines and models of guide-boats, but he was the first to conceive the idea of making them lighter. This innovation met with scorn at first, and considerable sarcasm was aimed at "Willie Allen's egg-shells." The "egg-shells" won out, however, for as soon as the guides discovered they had the necessary strength and durability, there was no complaint over the greatly lightened load on the carries. It was not long before every guide and camper wanted a Martin boat, and the demand was always ahead of the supply.

In the spring of 1886 the boat-shop was entirely destroyed by fire, involving the owner in a complete and crushing loss of materials and records. He rebuilt the following summer, and started to work again, but his health soon broke down and forced him to retire. He remained an invalid until his death on February 24, 1907.

William differed in many ways from his father, and never became so popular or well known. He was of a very quiet, retiring disposition, and had no gift for mixing. He held his friends, once made, but he did not make them easily. On the other hand, he had an endowment of marked abilities which, with more self-seeking push and wider opportunities, must have led to notable success. He had a natural bent for mechanical invention, and anything that was needed in the way of machinery around his father's hotel, he contrived to make. He also learnt telegraph-operating in the early days, and became an expert. Lucrative positions were offered him, but he did not wish to go away, and his father did not wish to have him go. So he stayed at the hotel and presided over the wire there until his wife relieved him of this duty. On the social side, he shared his father's love of games and dancing. He was also a natural-born musician and, without ever taking a lesson, could play on the piano any tune he had once heard.

His boat-building business was carried on by his son Henry Kilburn Martin for a while and then abandoned. In the old boat-shop could be seen the model of the first steamboat launched on the Saranac River, and, so far as I have been able to discover, on any inland Adirondack water. This boat was

built by William A. Martin and Fred W. Rice, Sr., who was a builder of sail-boats in Willsboro, N. Y. The suggestion came from William F. Martin, as a means of expediting the heavy traffic in tourists and merchandise between his place and "Bartlett's."

In the channel of the Saranac River, between the head of Lower Saranac and Round Lake (formerly called Middle Saranac) is a small island, which used to break the navigability of the narrow stream at this point by what was known as the "Middle Falls"—diminutive rapids on the right of the island, going toward "Bartlett's," and a back channel of very shallow water trickling over jagged rocks on the left. Here, going up, it was always necessary to empty the boats and carry them over the short portage. Coming down, the guides would often attempt to shoot the rapids, and the more skilful would often get through unscathed, but the venture was always fraught with danger and uncertainty. The elder Martin conceived the idea of eliminating this nuisance.

In the autumn of 1877 he took his son and a gang of men to the place. They blasted out the solid rocks on the back channel and turned more water into it by building a dam across the head of the rapids. The result was a channel sufficiently wide and deep to allow the passage of a small steamer. During the winter the steamer was built, with cabins of bird's-eye maple and cherry highly polished.

The first official trip of the *Water Lily* was made on July 4, 1878. She had on board Sousa's Band—which was playing at "Martin's" that summer—and people came from miles around to see and ride on the new wonder—most of them gazing for the first time at a power-driven boat.

All that summer she made regular trips to "Bartlett's" and back. On pleasant evenings, moreover, she was frequently chartered, with the band, for excursions on the lake. So the steamer and the new channel were an undoubted success for their projectors. They did not long escape, however, the usual fate of pioneer innovations. A latent spirit of antagonism began to make itself more and more apparent. The guides felt that the steamer was cutting into their business, and some hotel-keepers complained of its frightening away

the deer and the fish. Anonymous letters, threatening to sink the boat, were received by both the Martins. The climax came in a different way, however. One dark and stormy night the dam was completely destroyed by dynamite.

No attempt was made to rebuild it, but a dock was built at the Middle Falls,¹ and the *Water Lily* continued to run to this point and discharge her passengers, waiting for a return load. The trip from the falls to "Bartlett's" and back was made in an unusually large rowboat, that became widely known as "Captain Clough's Shell." This combination was kept up for several years, but was finally discontinued. The *Water Lily* was sold in 1881 to George Billings of Lake Placid, and taken over there. Not long after she sank at her landing and was abandoned.

STEPHEN C. MARTIN AND THE DEER FIGHT

"Steve," as he was popularly called, was a unique personality and one of the most famous guides of his day. He was born in Westville, on January 20, 1828. He married Roxy Miller, a sister of Ensign and Milo B. Miller, and lived and died in Saranac Lake.

He was the youngest but tallest of the three Martin brothers. He stood six feet two in his stocking feet, was lean, lank, and red-headed, and of great muscular strength. He guided at "Martin's" for many years. Later he took charge of the E. J. Dunning property, which is now the Swain Camp.² When, after a few years, the Dunning Camp was sold to Nathan Straus, Steve bought the "Chet" Peck house in Saranac Lake village (now No. 1 Riverside Drive), and lived there until his death in March, 1895.

He was the favorite guide of many notable men, and his name is mentioned in all the early Adirondack books. It was Steve Martin who, with W. J. Stillman, prepared the first "Philosophers' Camp" on Follansbee Pond. It was Steve Martin whom Adirondack Murray has immortalized in his

¹ The dam was replaced by the State in 1912.

² The original Dunning Camp, built in the autumn of 1881 and spring of 1882, was the first luxurious one erected in these parts. It had real plumbing, and both the fixtures and the plumbers were imported from New York.

famous deer-fight story in his "Adventures in the Wilderness." It is in the last part of the chapter entitled: "Jack-shooting in a Foggy Night," and the hero of the final episode is ushered into the action by a full-page description. Murray says of him:

A tall, sinewy man he was, in height some six feet two, in weight turning perhaps 170 pounds,—every ounce of superfluous flesh sweated off his body by his constant work at the paddle and oars, which gave him a certain gaunt, bony look, to be seen only in men who live the hunter's life and eat the hunter's fare along our frontiers. Yet there was a certain litheness about the form, a springy elasticity in the moccasined foot, a suppleness of motion, which, if it was not grace, was something next akin to it . . . a good guide, I warrant, easy and pleasant of temper when fairly treated, but hot and violent as an overcharged and smutty rifle when abused.

The highly laughable escapade that follows has been frequently branded as fabulous, but Steve never denied the essential facts of the occurrence. One thing is certain—that of all the guides of his day he was the one of whom such an extravaganza could most readily be believed. From all reports he was constantly projecting himself into the unexpected and unusual. He had about him a sort of lovable grotesqueness that made him strongly resemble a Dickens character. Further corroboration of the probability of the deer story, and a very brief but comprehensive pen-picture of Steve, is placed at my disposal by Dr. William B. Dunning of New York, who was a frequenter of "Martin's" in the old days:

Bill Martin had a brother, Stephen—popularly known as Steve Martin, and famous as a guide throughout that entire region. He was a tall, powerful man, with red hair, and if ever a man was born to his craft, I should say that was true of Steve Martin. He had the native instinct of an Indian—a perfect genius for meeting practical ends by the most instant means. I do not remember ever seeing him at a loss in any emergency. If he wanted to drive a tack, and the nearest hammer happened to be your gold watch lying on the table, he would drive that tack, without regard to what became of the watch. I recall one instance related of him: when going down the Raquette River, and when for some wonderful reason he was without his rifle, a fine buck appeared on the point of the river. Instantly

Steve, hugging close to the shore and creeping up on the animal unobserved, suddenly barked like a brace of hounds, and the deer, frightened, plunged into the river to swim across, supposing the dogs after him. Steve easily caught up with him, and, rowing alongside, whipped an oar out of the oarlock and brained the animal before he reached the opposite bank. It was part of Steve's religion never to let an animal get away from him, and it didn't matter in the last what implements he chanced to have at hand.

Steve was famous for physical strength in his early years. W. J. Stillman, the journalist, told my father that Steve swam five miles one day after a boat which had drifted away. When he first came into the Adirondack region, he brought with him a wide reputation as a wrestler. He was perhaps the most famous of the old guides so well known in the Adirondack region. He will always be a picturesque figure in the history of Saranac Lake.

CHAPTER XXV

"BARTLETT'S"—DR. ROMEYN—THE SARANAC CLUB— SARANAC INN

WHEN William F. Martin gave up his lease of the Captain Miller House in Saranac Lake, it was taken over by Virgil C. Bartlett, who ran it for two or three years. In 1854, however—influenced no doubt by what his predecessor had successfully done—Bartlett bought 267 acres of land on Upper Saranac Lake and built a small hostelry of his own in a then extremely remote spot.

He chose a knoll of narrow ground between a deep bay on Upper Saranac and Round Lake. The distance between the two sheets of water made a short and easy portage, and the place was soon dubbed "Bartlett's Carry." The hotel was called "The Sportsmen's Home" on advertising cards and letter-heads, but was generally known and spoken of as "Bartlett's."

The house, which accommodated about fifty guests, was a long, low, two-storied, rambling structure, devoid of outward beauty, but offering cleanliness, coziness, and comfort within. It faced the first stretch of the Saranac River, which breaks out of Upper Saranac Lake, half a mile away, and flows into Round Lake just below Bartlett's Landing. This first bit of the famous stream plunges downward over many rocks in a series of short falls and pools and rapids. Here, in the old days, the speckled trout were abundant, and no better fishing was to be had in all the woods. This is vouched for by such gourmands of the sport as Dr. Van Dyke and Dr. Romeyn of Keeseville.

"Bartlett's" never grew to be a very large place. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were conspicuous in their day for an utter lack of the buying or building mania. They never added to their original purchase of land, nor, barring a few outbuildings, did they ever greatly enlarge their original house. They

were perfectly content with what they had. It paid them well, and instead of reinvesting each season's earnings in a larger plant, they preferred to spend them in travel and in comforts and luxuries which their neighbors lacked. The unchangeableness of their little hostelry was one of its homy charms.

Remote as it was in location, it soon became the connecting link and favorite half-way house between the two great highway lakes of this section. Its patronage was, therefore, largely transient, although some families spent the season there. Mrs. Bartlett soon established the reputation of setting the best table in the mountains, for both guest and guide. It followed, as the night the day, that guides were always eager to get their parties there for a meal, and were never in a hurry to take them away.

It will be recalled that the lady who wrote of the excellence of Mrs. Martin's table, said it was second only to Mrs. Bartlett's. Another lady, Mrs. E. J. Dunning of New York, who was soaked and nearly swamped in crossing Round Lake in a high wind, said "the discomfort was not too high a price to pay for a meal of Mrs. Bartlett's brown bread." This excellence of food and the oddities of the owner combined to make "Bartlett's" one of the most familiar and talked-of places in the woods.

Mr. Bartlett was born in Massachusetts in 1816. He built his hotel in 1854, and ran it until his death in 1884. After that his widow ran it till it was purchased by a private club. Mr. Bartlett's peculiar temperament was part of his stock in trade, and played no small part in his fame. He was, as an old guide put it, "a whole show in himself." One of the attractions of his house was the anticipation of seeing a "show," and very few went away disappointed.

"Virge," as he was universally called, was a rather short, thick-set, stoutish man. He had a pair of keen, sharp gray eyes, set in a close-cropped bullet head. He looked pugnacious; and he was. His temper was quick and fiery, and, when roused, he had a command of profane abuse that flowed from his mouth like lava from an active crater. The effect of such outbursts was intensified by his high, nasal voice, that often

cracked under the strain of excitement. The result was that these "shows" could be delightfully funny for those outside the vicious circle. But for those involved it was pretty hot.

There was another side to the man, however. He cooled down as quickly as he boiled, and in his unruffled moments he was a pleasant companion, with a keen sense of humor—often even at his own expense. This is well illustrated by the following story. One autumn he bought a new cutter for winter use. It arrived late, and was left on the front porch over night, where some young dogs discovered the new cushions and playfully tore them to shreds. Early the next morning a passing guide saw what had happened. He went back to the guide's house and summoned his companions to come out and see the "show." A little later Virge appeared on the porch, eager to examine his new cutter. As soon as he spied the tattered cushions, he got red in the face, and began to explode in his most eloquent manner. Just then a giggle caught his ear. He turned quickly, and saw several pairs of eyes peering at him from behind adjacent trees. He realized the situation in a moment—and rose to it.

"You can go home, boys," he said quite blandly, after a cooling-off pause; "I've decided to postpone this till I'm alone." And he turned and went back into the house.

Virge was a despot and a martinet in his own little kingdom, and ruled it with a rod of iron. An indefatigable worker himself, he brooked no shirking from others, and was a sharp thorn in the side of all lazy flesh. Honest workers, however, liked and respected him, for they were always sure of a square deal and a square meal. Indeed, his despotism was essentially paternal. Any one who had honestly worked for him established thereby a claim that was never forgotten.

One winter he and his wife made a bed in one of their "jumpers," and took a long, hard drive to a lumber-camp to bring back a man who had fallen sick. When they got him to their house they sent to Keeseville for a doctor, and then nursed the invalid gradually back to health. And all this simply because this lumberjack had worked for them at one time.

Things like this—and there were many similar instances—

naturally weighed heavily in the credit balance against a quick temper and a sharp tongue. That Virge was at bottom kind-hearted there is little doubt, for he had likings which the fundamentally ugly don't have: he was passionately fond of animals and children. He had pet fawns, raccoons, and weasels. He had a parrot that always said: "Good night, Mrs. Bartlett," when it was time for that lady to retire. He also had some white mice, a flying squirrel, a tame otter, and dogs galore.

The Bartletts had no children, but they virtually adopted several. They took legal possession of a niece of Mrs. Bartlett's, Carrie Niles, whom they brought up like their own daughter. They also took two other young girls, Kate and Martha Shene, to live with them for a number of years. Mrs. Bartlett's elder sister married a guide named Tom Haley, who lived in a little house near the hotel. In course of time they had a boy, who was christened Bartlett Haley. Virge took a great fancy to "little Barty," and virtually adopted him. As soon as the child was old enough, Virge had him sleep in a little bed beside his own, and made of him a constant companion, taking him along on all trips and excursions. The lad could get anything he wanted from his much-dreaded patron, and the local saying was that the only things he did n't have were the things he did n't ask for.

Virge never held nor sought office, but he played an important part in Town politics. One of the strictly enforced implications of his paternal despotism was for his help to vote the way he told them to. No one dared to forecast the issue on election day until Virge had delivered his "solid South" at the polls. Twenty or thirty men voting one way usually meant defeat or victory in those days, and the coming of the boat-loads from "Bartlett's" was always eagerly awaited.

Mrs. Bartlett was a strong contrast to her husband in every way. She had been a Miss Caroline Greene of Jay, a school-teacher before her marriage. She was a tall, strong, fine-looking woman, educated and refined. She was an excellent cook, but no slave to the stove, for she had the knack of getting others to do things just as she wished them. She had a fond-

ness for clothes, and was always exceedingly well dressed. Her disposition was phlegmatically calm and even, and her manner full of friendly poise. The violent irruptions of her husband's temper never seemed to disturb her in the least. She seemed to take them as a matter of course, and paid no more attention to them than a Neapolitan to the daily smokings of Vesuvius. It is needless to add that her share in the success of "Bartlett's" was very considerable.

A pleasant pen-picture of the vanished place is drawn by Dr. Van Dyke in his "Little Rivers." In the chapter on Amersand he gives us the only intimate glimpse of "Bartlett's" that has been preserved in print, so far as I am aware. It was written in 1885, one year after the founder of the place had died. The author asks:

Did you know Bartlett's in its palmy time? It was the homeliest, quaintest, coziest place in the Adirondacks. Away back in the antebellum days Virgil Bartlett had come into the woods, and built his house on the bank of the Saranac River, between the Upper Saranac and Round Lake. It was then the only dwelling within a circle of many miles. The deer and bear were in the majority. At night one could sometimes hear the scream of the panther or the howling of the wolves. But soon the wilderness began to wear the traces of a conventional smile. The desert blossomed a little—if not as the rose, at least as the gillyflower. Fields were cleared, gardens planted; half a dozen log cabins were scattered along the river; and the old house, having grown slowly and somewhat irregularly for twenty years, came out, just before the time of which I write, in a modest coat of paint and a broad-brimmed piazza. But Virgil himself, the creator of the oasis,—well known of hunters and fishermen, dreaded of lazy guides and quarrelsome lumbermen,—"Virge," the irascible, kind-hearted, indefatigable, was there no longer. He had made his last clearing, and fought his last fight; done his last favor to a friend, and thrown his last adversary out of the tavern door. His last log had gone down the river. His camp-fire had burned out. Peace to his ashes. His wife, who had often played the part of Abigail toward travelers who had unconsciously incurred the old man's mistrust, now reigned in his stead; and there was great abundance of maple-syrup on every man's flapjack.

Further on in the same essay Dr. Van Dyke mentions Romeyn of Keeseville, and he who should write of "Bartlett's"

without writing of Romeyn, might almost be accused of representing "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out.

ROMEYN OF KEESEVILLE

Dr. J. B. Romeyn was a well-known physician of Keeseville, whose wider fame, however, came to him through fly and rod, and the unique record of having whipped the same rapids for forty-five consecutive years! He made his first trip to "Bartlett's," as a young man, in 1855. He made his last, as an old man, in 1900. Every spring in the interim, as regularly as the buds came out upon the trees, Dr. Romeyn came out of Keeseville, and wended his way to "Bartlett's," passing through Saranac Lake, and stopping for a night or a day at the Evans Cottage. "Lute" Evans had been his favorite guide, and the doctor had been one of the first guests at the well-known boarding house on Main Street, which he continued to visit as long as he lived.

The last years of his pilgrimage were filled with the keen sadness of change, but the routine of a lifetime held dominion over him. He continued to do the thing which for years had been his greatest pleasure, even after he knew there could be only sorrow in its repetition. He outlived the regency of Virge, and the vice-regency of Virge's wife. He saw their domain of blended personality change into a soulless "club." He wandered over the familiar ground when the familiar landmarks and people had disappeared. His recurrent presence became the one thing changeless in the midst of change. He became a last and lonely link with the past—the avatar of "Bartlett's"—perpetuating in his tall and gaunt but kindly person the half-forgotten memories and associations of its heyday.

There is no more lovable or pathetic figure in Adirondack story than Romeyn of Keeseville, for a lifetime casting his fly in the Bartlett rapids—outliving not only the friends on the bank but the run of trout in the waters. At last, in the spring of 1901, he came no more, and early in the following year he died. Men said he did not come because he died; but we who knew the lonely fisherman will always think he died because he could not come.

THE SARANAC CLUB

This was organized in 1899 by former frequenters of "Bartlett's," who bought the property and turned it into a private club for themselves and their friends, offering at the same time transient privileges to the touring public.

In the spring of 1891 the old house was enlarged and re-fitted, and a new annex, containing about twenty rooms, was built near it. In July of the same year the Bartlett house was completely destroyed by fire, but the annex escaped.

In 1893 a large new club-house, having the proportions of a hotel, was built on rising ground about three hundred feet west of the hollow where the old Bartlett place had stood. This became widely known as the "Club House," for the carry was kept open, and tourists were allowed to pause there for a meal or a night's lodging.

The club had twenty-four members, and the officers were:

Jonathan J. Broome,	President.
Washington Wilson,	Vice-president.
S. Hedding Fitch,	Treasurer.
R. D. Douglass,	Secretary.

For many years Edward L. Pearse—formerly connected with "Hough's" (Saranac Inn) was the popular manager of the Saranac Club. The club was gradually overtaken by dis-integrating influences, and the property was sold in 1913. It is still run as a public summer resort, and the old name of "Bartlett's" has been revived and applied to it.

SARANAC INN

This now famous hotel at the north end of Upper Saranac Lake, was originally built by a Mr. Hough, as early as 1864. He was a man of means and social position, who was among the earliest patrons of Paul Smith's, on St. Regis Lake. Mr. Hough always occupied the same suite of rooms, which he had fitted up luxuriously at his own expense. Long after he had ceased to occupy them they were known as the "Hough suite." He gave them up because he suddenly lost most of his money, and was confronted by the necessity of earning a living. It occurred to him—not unnaturally, perhaps—that

a hotel in the Adirondacks might be a paying proposition. So he bought land and built one. He ran it for nine years, till 1875, and then failed.

He knew nothing about running a hotel, of course, and gradually discovered that the knack of making one pay, especially in the mountains, was given only to the few. His was equipped with cut glass and costly china and linen from his own home, but these fancy touches did not bring success. The Prospect House, as the name implies, commanded a fine view, but, being off the beaten track, commanded a very uncertain patronage, and the formula for making the most of this was lacking. So gradually disaster came.

When Hough was forced out, the hotel passed under the control of Ed Derby, who ran it, much more successfully, until his death in the spring of 1884. After that his widow continued to run it for two seasons, with Edward L. Pearse as manager—the same gentleman who later was for years the popular and well-known manager of the Saranac Club.

Mrs. Derby sold the Prospect House, in 1886, to Dr. Samuel B. Ward of Albany, and some other gentlemen, who incorporated as "The Upper Saranac Association." At the same time they secured control of the entire township surrounding the hotel—Township 20, Macomb's Purchase, Great Tract I. This contained 26,880 acres, and twenty-five years before had been lumbered over by C. F. Norton. During this time a merchantable second growth had matured, however, and the association dammed the outlet to Big Clear Pond, built a mill, and began to cut and saw logs for their own use and for sale. All their cutting was scientifically done, however, and they exercised every intelligent care for the conservation of the wood and game on their valuable preserve—which contains no less than fifty lakes, large and small.

They continued to run the hotel as a public house, but changed its name to "Saranac Inn." As such it has become one of the most popular and successful hotels in the mountains. It has been enlarged and improved, of course, but the original building has never been torn down.

One of the organizers of The Upper Saranac Association was Quincy Riddle, a lawyer of New York. He had a brother

D. W. Riddle, who had gone to Saranac Lake for his health several years before. His condition having greatly improved, he was offered the position of manager at the new Saranac Inn. He accepted, and remained with the association until his death in 1913. During the later years, owing to failing health, his duties were lightened and he was given the title of superintendent. He died at a cottage of his own—"The Gables"—which he had built near the hotel.

Dr. Ward, the first president of the association and an ardent Adirondacker, was an Albany physician of note. He died in 1915. During his life he numbered many distinguished people among his friends and patients, and lured many of them to the inn or its neighborhood. Grover Cleveland spent several summers there, occupying a cottage belonging to Mr. Thomas Blagden, who owns a large estate near the hotel. ✓

CHAPTER XXVI

PAUL SMITH'S

PAUL SMITH was the dean of pioneer guides and hotel men. He outlived them all, and outshone them all in success and popularity. Oddly enough, the name that he made famous and which was so often on men's lips was not his given name. He was baptized Apollos. The first contraction of this was "Pol." But this unusual abbreviation was quickly slurred into "Paul" by native tongue and ear—and Paul it has been ever since. He accepted and adopted this colloquial designation, and used it throughout his life. Only on legal occasions demanding it, did he use his baptismal name, and then the deliberation of remembrance was required to offset the force of habit.

The venture on St. Regis Lake that was to make him famous was a primitive house of entertainment in the most literal sense of the word, for every guest who went there was entertained, whatever else befell him. Reduced to its simplest terms, there is little doubt that the foundation of Paul's success lay in his wife's ability to cook a good dinner, and in his own to tell a good story. These were the rocks of patronage on which he built with exceptional shrewdness and remarkable foresight.

He gradually became a fad with people of wealth and fashion, and yet no man ever truckled less to either. He was no respecter of persons. He joked with a millionaire just as he did with anybody else. Perhaps the novelty of being treated like a man, instead of like a bank-account, appealed to the millionaire. Something did, at all events, for he and his kind kept coming to the place in ever increasing numbers. Before long they began buying land and building palatial camps upon it,¹ and Paul, of course, sold them the land, the lumber, and

¹ The first of the costly and artistic camps to be built on the St. Regis Lakes, was erected by Miss Ella Reid, a niece of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, in 1882. The

and more, but it never disappeared entirely. Paul always hovered somewhere in the background.

Apollos A. Smith was born August 20, 1825, at Milton, Vt. He came of sturdy New England stock. His father Phelps Smith was a lumberman, who lived to be seventy-three years old. His mother did not die until her ninety-sixth year. Paul learned as a boy to hunt and trap. When he was old enough to earn some money, he and a friend began working a canal-boat through the Northern Canal, between Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. This was controlled at the time by Peter Comstock. Boats would go down to New York laden with grain and produce, bringing a return cargo of merchandise and edible supplies that were sold along the Vermont shore. Whenever Paul could get away from his canal duties, he would cross the lake and penetrate the Adirondack wilderness on hunting and trapping expeditions. He thus acquired an early and intimate knowledge of the region his personality was later to dominate. He used to make his headquarters at John Merrill's on Loon Lake—then the only house on or near it. Paul soon became a regular visitor there each autumn, and other visitors soon began creating a demand for his services as a guide and expert hunter. They also suggested that he build a place of his own, where true lovers of gun and rod might foregather for the finest hunting and fishing in the country. Paul considered this, and made of the suggestion his first stepping-stone to fame.

In 1852, he bought two hundred acres of land near Loon Lake, for which he paid \$1.50 per acre. On the north branch of the Saranac River, one mile from the lake, in a sheltered ravine, he built a home which he called "Hunter's Home." It was very primitive. It consisted of one large living-room and kitchen, with eight or ten thinly partitioned sleeping-quarters overhead. No provision was made for ladies. It was strictly a man's retreat, but its patronage was select—largely doctors and lawyers of high standing in their home cities. They maintained a certain brotherhood reserve about the delights of their wilderness lodge; but the word was passed along to the elect, and novitiates were never wanting. The enterprise prospered from the first.

Board and lodging was \$1.25 per day; but it cost \$2.00 a day to hire a guide. There was, of course, a bar on the premises, and it was run on the pay-as-you-enter principle. In one corner of the living-room stood a barrel of rye whisky. Fastened to it by a stout string was a tin dipper. The price of a drink was four cents—probably because nickels were not in general use at the time,—and the consumer thereby saved a penny. To get a drink you placed four coppers on top of the barrel, and removed the spigot from near the bottom. That the bar paid under these conditions argues extreme moderation somewhere—either in the guests or in the whisky. This was Paul Smith's, the first phase.

The second and last opens in 1858. On a Sunday afternoon in September of that year two hunters sat down to eat their lunch on the shore of Lower St. Regis Lake, which was then an utterly wild and uninhabited spot. One was Paul Smith; the other Daniel Sanders, a well-known Boston lawyer. The latter had been a stanch devotee of the Maine woods, but the capable companionship of Paul had converted him to the Adirondacks. As they sat eating and chatting, the lawyer said:

"Paul, this is a lovely spot. Why don't you build a hunting-lodge right here?"

Paul replied that he had no money for such a venture, and the talk drifted to other things.

The suggestion was lightly made and lightly taken. But somehow it stayed with Paul, and appealed to him more and more. After his return to Hunter's Home, he mentioned it to another friend and patron Dr. Hezekiah B. Loomis of New York. The latter became enthusiastic at once, as he and others who frequented Hunter's Home wanted Paul to build a place where they could bring their wives. He offered to advance the money if Paul would buy land on St. Regis and put up a comfortable hotel there.

Paul needed no further urging. He took all the ready money he had—three hundred dollars—and bought fifty acres of land. Then with money advanced by Dr. Loomis and secured by mortgage, he began the erection of the small hotel which has grown into the enormous structure of to-day. The original building contained seventeen bedrooms, and was con-

sidered rather luxurious for the time and the place. It was completed and opened in the summer of 1859, and soon became one of the best-known and most amazingly successful summer resorts in the United States.

In the early days the nearest post-office was at Bloomingdale, nine miles away, and at first the mail was sent for only once a week. In 1870 Paul Smith's was made a post-office, and Paul naturally became postmaster, in which capacity he served for many years. He was once asked how he managed to do this in the face of changing administrations.

"Well," he explained, "I guess there ain't never been an administration that could change any quicker than I could."

The Civil War period proved a very profitable one for Paul. At the end of it he had paid off his mortgage and accumulated a considerable surplus. This he reinvested in his hotel plant and in the acquisition of new lands.

The story of one of his early purchases illustrates his foresight and alertness to opportunity. He learned that the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York had foreclosed a mortgage on 13,000 acres of land adjoining his. This land had been lumbered over and consequently was not considered commercially very valuable. But Paul had begun to see new standards of value in Adirondack real estate, if it contained lake fronts and were near a base of supplies. Furthermore, he heard that Smith M. Weed of Plattsburg, the well-known lumber king, was after this particular strip. Knowledge of this fact decided Paul to buy it if he could. He went to New York and entered the offices of the Mutual Life early one morning. He offered to take the 13,000 acres at \$20,000, the company's price, if they would take \$1,000 down, and the balance on contract. The offer was accepted. While the contract was being drawn, a telegram came from Mr. Weed offering cash for the property. But Paul had made his initial payment, and held the company to its bargain. Upon his return home Mr. Weed offered him at first \$5,000 and then \$10,000 for his day's work, but Paul refused both offers. After paying off his contract and taking title to the property, he sold five acres as a camp site to the Garretts of Baltimore for \$20,000—what he had paid, less interest, for the entire tract.

And so it went. He kept on shrewdly buying in large blocks and advantageously selling in small ones. Only once did his judgment and nerve desert him at a critical moment. For \$1.50 an acre he could have bought the now immensely valuable 40,000 acres that belong to the William G. Rockefeller estate. But Paul felt land-poor at the time, and let this one golden opportunity slip through his fingers. It was the only really good thing he ever missed.¹ Otherwise his story of gradual expansion is one of almost uncanny foresight and unbroken success. He continued to buy land until he owned between 30,000 and 40,000 acres. He continued to sell camp sites to the wealthiest families in the country, and his hotel became a huge caravansary for wealth and its satellites. Yet it always retained a flavor of its primitive days and the pervading dominance of Paul's personality. The original building was simply added to until it became an enormous one. It had no great beauty inside or out, not even of location; but it held some undeniable charm for great numbers of people—a charm which, in the last analysis, traced back to the owner's personality.

Paul proved to have been as shrewd in selecting a wife as in the other vital decisions of his life. And he always gave her unstinted credit for her large share in his success. On September 5, 1859, he married Lydia Helen Martin, a graduate of the Willard Seminary in Troy. The wedding took place at the famous old Franklin Falls Hotel—a place which Paul ultimately bought, because he realized that the adjacent falls were one of the most valuable water-powers in the Adirondacks. On his eighty-seventh birthday he visited it for the last time, to inspect the new hydro-electric station erected there by the Paul Smith's Electric Light and Power and Railroad Company.

Three sons were born to him. The eldest died at the age of twenty-nine. The other two—Phelps and Paul—survive. They have for years managed the hotel company and its allied interests.

Mrs. Smith died in 1891. She not only was a woman of education, but had a vein, akin to Paul's, of innate shrewdness

¹ See Chap. XLII. under "Brandon."

and common sense. She not only was a good cook and excellent housekeeper, but, being the better penman of the two, kept the books, made out the bills, and even drew many of the land and labor contracts for her husband in the early days, and he always boasted with pride that he had never lost any money on a contract she had drawn. Indeed, his pride in all she did was very great, and his admiration of her while she lived, and his lasting devotion to her memory after she died, were among the finest traits in his character.

They were not sentiments that he paraded, and they lay unsuspected by many in the depths of a rugged nature, but they quelled up spontaneously in all the emotional moments of his life. On his seventy-ninth birthday, and again on his eighty-fifth, some of the oldest of his friends and patrons gave him a surprise dinner, with speeches and presents and specially devised expressions of esteem and affection. The old man was deeply touched and moved. The usually laughing eyes filled with tears, the usually ready tongue fumbled for words, and on both occasions he reverted to the one thing lacking to make his joy in them complete. "How I wish my wife could see this!" were the first words that faltered from his lips.

After incorporating as "The Paul Smith's Hotel Company" he turned the management of the hotel over to his sons, and merely drew a salary as president of the company. He also incorporated the Paul Smith's Electric Light and Power and Railroad Company. This represented the electric road he built from Lake Clear Junction to the door of his hotel, and the valuable water-powers along the Saranac River (at Franklin and Union Falls), which he acquired long before any one else foresaw their future value.

The one hobby of his later life was traveling, and as he became less active in his business interests, he became more active in his wanderings. He usually stayed at home in summer, but took long journeys in the winter. He went as far west as California, and often into Canada, but never crossed the ocean.

In stature he was a tall, broad-framed, big-boned, powerfully

built giant, well poised and balanced—a veritable Apollos Belvedere. He carried himself with youthful elasticity, erect and alert, well into his eighties. With his snow-white hair, his Van Dyke beard, his blue serge suit—usually dotted with a flower in the buttonhole—his light felt, broad-brimmed hat, he was such a trim and towering figure as the mind inevitably associates with royalty. He would have laughed at the humbug of a crown, of course, but he took a beaming pride in wearing the purple of the pioneer in his tall-timbered court. He was always surrounded by friends, whether at home or abroad. He loved companionship, and had a rare gift for launching and promoting it. His lips seemed always twitching to speak, and his clear, sharp eyes were always twinkling with humor and scouting for the trail of a joke.

His wit, like his shrewdness, was inborn. He was not a reader, and held all book-learning in rather open contempt. "No fool like an educated fool!" he once remarked to Dr. Trudeau, after being told by a bookish man how he ought to run his hotel. Paul's theory of success was that you are either born with the knack of shrewdness, or you are not—that you profit by experience, or you don't. Books and education were merely the frills of these fundamentals. The theory is perfectly sound, and he exemplified it impressively. His schooling was most meager and rudimentary, yet he proved more than a match for all the educated shrewdness that crossed his path.

His attitude toward men in general was one of sunny skepticism. He suspected every one of possessing and parading an element of humbug, and he delighted to expose it. But his victim was never held up to criticism—only to ridicule. The spirit was always one of mockery. Jestings was his way of making friends. He laughed—and the woods laughed with him.

His niche in the hall of story-tellers should be beside Mark Twain, whom, in narrative manner, he strongly resembled. He could put a champagne dryness into his voice, use the drawl, the pause, the facial grimace and the swift descriptive gesture, with consummate skill and unpremeditated art. His

stories were for years a verbal currency of the woods. They passed from mouth to mouth, and men could buy a drink by recounting the latest quip of the St. Regis jester.

Paul was never adversely influenced by his great popularity and success. He remained to the last simple and unaffected in his nature, his tastes, and his habits. He smoked and drank till he was eighty-five, but never to excess. He retired and rose early all his life, and never had a serious illness till his last.

The first signs of this appeared in October, 1912. He was soon removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, where an operation on the kidney was found necessary. From this he recovered, but after a second operation a few weeks later, he died in the hospital on December 15, 1912, at the age of eighty-seven. The body was brought home, and the funeral services were held in the little church back of the hotel—St. John's in the Wilderness—on December 18, 1912.

Between seven hundred and eight hundred people of all kinds and degrees attended. The floral tributes and telegrams also poured in by the hundreds—the latter coming from all over the country. Every newspaper in the State, and many outside of it, published lengthy obituaries. Few men in private life have been laid to rest with greater outpourings of esteem. And he deserved them all.

He came to the woods a penniless youth; he left behind him properties worth over a million. His only outside venture was running the Foquet House at Plattsburg for a few winters when his own was only a summer hunting-lodge. Otherwise he hewed his fortune and his fame out of the primeval wilderness, and he compassed the former without ever tarnishing the latter. He lived and died respected and loved by old and young, rich and poor alike. In the early days of his hotel, his name is said to have been more frequently printed and more often spoken than any other in the State. I have heard it fall from the lips of high and low for many years, but I have never heard it coupled with malice or reproach.

When Paul Smith died the curtain fell upon the era of the pioneer. His lifetime spanned the long transition from oxen

CHAPTER XXVII

OLD STAGE LINES, DRIVERS, AND ROUTES

IN these days of excellent roads and swift-moving automobiles, nothing in the Adirondacks seems more remote than the era of the buckboard and the stage-coach. They have already become the curiosities of a bygone age, to be seen only occasionally in the museum of some old shed. The railway really proved their friend in disguise; it was the power-car that sent them to the junk-heap.

For about thirty-five years, between 1855 and 1890, everything depended on the stage-coach. It carried the people, the parcels, the mail, and the news. Its coming and going was the event of the day, a ceremonial that even the busiest would seldom miss. The passing by of the stage often marked the lapse of time along its route. The crack of the whip and the rumble of wheels replaced the clock in many a roadside home. The driver of the stage knew everybody. He carried messages and did errands. He brought medicine to the sick, and the cheer of friendly gossip to the lonely.

But these men were not only kindly and good-natured; they were men of sterling parts, skilled in handling four to six horses, cool and resourceful in danger, hardened to fatigue and exposure. And they had need of these qualities, for their calling was no easy one. The corduroy roads of those days were made to try men's souls. They were at best narrow and bumpy, full of treacherous holes, and thick with sand or deep with mud. The grades were steep; the curves abrupt. The men who drove their human loads from thirty to forty miles daily over them, in all kinds of weather and often after dark, without ever meeting with a fatal accident, obviously deserve more credit than a careless world is apt to give to routine merit.

Probably the two most widely known drivers were Fitch (A. F.) O'Brian and George Meserve. Other once familiar

names are: John J. Miller, Gabriel Manning, William and Ed Harper, Henry McQuillan, Phil McManus, Matt Miller, Charley Reynolds, Fred Cook, Dan McKillip, Billy Hinds, George Derby, Charlie Greenough, William G. Burt, Tuffield Latour, and Isaiah Vosburgh.

George Meserve had the most varied career. He was born at Conway, N. H., in 1834, and inherited from his father his love and knack of handling horses. He drove a baggage wagon during the Civil War at General McClellan's headquarters on the Potomac, and was later with Burnside and Hooker, and finally with Grant at the fall of Richmond. After the war he drove six horses at Hampton Beach from Montpelier to St. Johnsbury, Vt. In 1878 he came to the Adirondacks and started driving for Fitch O'Brian. Soon after he went to Paul Smith's, and for twelve summers drove the six-horse coach between the hotel and the railway station. After that he went to Lakewood, N. J., and became coachman for Grover Cleveland. He died at Ticonderoga in 1905.

Alexander Fitch O'Brian—popularly known as Fitch—was the dean of Adirondack stage-drivers. A small, modest, quiet man, he had an almost hypnotic command over horses, and seemed to possess a sixth sense for driving them through the darkest night. He is credited with having covered more miles with the reins in his hands than any of his compeers. He was the first to take a Concord coach and four over the Wilmington Notch Road, and the last to run a stage between Lake Placid and Saranac Lake.

He was a veteran of the Civil War. After it closed he drove a stage between Troy and Greenwich, then called Union Village. In 1875 he moved to Saranac Lake with his family, and bought the stage line then owned by Elnora Miller. Later he took a Mr. Platto into partnership, and then went back to staging by himself till there was no more demand for that kind of transportation. Then he retired. He died in Saranac Lake on July 6, 1909, at the ripe age of eighty. His widow still lives (1920), and their old homestead on the St. Bernard Street hill still stands. The near-by barn was for years an interesting relic-room of ancient vehicles belonging to the age of horses.

Many of the other drivers have also passed beyond the last toll-gate, all of them remembered as good fellows and good horsemen, but one of them most brightly remembered as the originator of a famous joke.

One of the most familiar figures at "Martin's" was a guide named Mark Clough. He was a big, lanky, overflopping fellow, who had perfectly enormous feet. They were as long and broad as the humor they suggested. One night the stage was late—a very unusual occurrence. Ordinarily it arrived at five o'clock, but this day it did not come till after supper. The hotel was full, and all the guests, and most of the help, were lounging about uneasily, harking for the tramp of horses and the distant rumble of wheels. At last the long-expected stage rolled in, Phil McManus driving. He was at once pelted with questions as to the cause of the delay. He answered not, but drew from under the boot a large roll of leather—intended for the village cobbler. He held it up for all to see, and then explained his tardiness by saying: "Mark asked me to bring him some leather for a new pair of shoes. I managed to bring enough for one to-night, but we had to go slow. I'll fetch the rest to-morrow—so I'll probably be late again!"

The hit was palpable. The crowd roared with laughter and then cheered. In the meantime Phil slipped quietly away, without having revealed more than a railroad official might have done in later years. But the joke stayed, and spread like wild-fire all over the mountains. For years after, the lateness of almost anything might call forth a reference to Mark Clough and new shoes.

Among the drivers still living in Saranac Lake (1920) are Charles J. Greenough, William G. Burt, Tuffield Latour, and Isaiah Vosburgh.

Mr. Greenough has for many years run an extensive feed-and-grain business. Mr. Burt has long been connected with the New York Central Railroad as express messenger. "Tuf" Latour, as he is familiarly known, is now retired. He began driving for V. C. Bartlett in 1874. Later he formed a stage-line partnership with Mr. Platto, and finally established a large and successful livery business in Saranac Lake.

Mr. Vosburgh is the oldest of the early drivers still living.

He did not follow staging very long, and was only a boy when he began. In 1862, when he was seventeen years old, he started driving the Bartlett stage from "Martin's" (the Bartlett landing-place) to Keeseville. In 1867, having married in the meantime, he gave up driving, and he and his wife moved to "Martin's" and took charge of the guides' house there for the next six years. In 1873 he bought and moved to a large farm in Harrietstown—the one later owned by Frank G. Tremble, and called "Highland Lodge." He stayed on this until he purchased the hotel at Franklin Falls in 1880. The following year he sold the hotel, and returned to his farm. In 1894 he sold this to Mr. Tremble, and moved to Saranac Lake, where he engaged in various business activities. For several years he was in partnership in the wagon trade with Tuffield Latour. From 1896 to 1910 he was State game protector. Beginning in 1908, he was seven times elected president of the village. On settling there he built a house on Church Street, which he later sold to Dr. Kinghorn. He then, in 1900, built his present home on the crest of the St. Bernard Street hill, opposite the Fitch O'Brian place.

The first regular stage lines in the mountains were established in connection with the three pioneer hotels—Martin's, Baker's, and Bartlett's. Bartlett, having no road connection beyond "Martin's," used that place as a boat landing, but carried his guests to and from it in his own stages.

On the rising ground back of "Martin's," on what was known as the Goodrich lot, were two barns and an old log cabin. The barns stood on the site of the house built by Perley J. Squires, at the junction of Lake Street and the Edgewood Road, and now occupied by Larry Evans, the author. These buildings were rented by Bartlett for nearly thirty years and used in connection with his stage line. In the log house across the road from the barns, his men were lodged and fed under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Manning.

The main stage routes of the early days started from Elizabethtown, Keeseville, and Ausable Forks. The Whitehall and Plattsburg Railroad was built from the latter place to Point of Rocks, or Ausable River Station, as early as 1868, and this at once became the main distributing center for passengers

and freight for the central Adirondacks. It remained so till the railway was extended four miles farther to Ausable Forks in 1874.

From there the stages went through Black Brook to the Toll Gate, where they could strike the Port Kent and Hopkinton Road for Loon Lake to the northwest, or continue due west (as the bulk of travel did) to Franklin Falls. Here the Saranac River was crossed on the way to Bloomingdale, where the road forked again. The straightaway led to Paul Smith's; the southern turn to the Saranacs.

Two other roads started from the Forks, one passing through Wilmington Notch to Lake Placid; the other through Jay to Keene Valley. Most of the travel for this section, however, came in through Elizabethtown. A boat, or later the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, could be taken to Westport. From there it was a level ten-mile drive to Elizabethtown, where the four and six-horse coaches were ready for the hard climb over the mountains into Keene Valley. Fred Cook, previously mentioned, became a noted driver on this route. For fifteen years he drove his six horses to and from Beede's, over the difficult and dangerous Spruce Hill Road.

When the Adirondack Railroad was put through to North Creek, in 1871, a new approach from the south was opened to the Raquette Lake region. Stages ran from the new station to Blue Mountain and Long Lake, and two well-known drivers on this route were Ike Roblee and Tom Brown.

The west side of the mountains also had its stage lines, of course, but they did not compare in extent or popularity with those of the eastern gateway. Fewer travelers approached from the west in the early days, and the Fulton Chain lakes offered a natural waterway for their distribution. This continued to be the case until the railroad to Raquette Lake was built in 1900.

FRANKLIN FALLS

In the days of stages there were not two more familiar names than Franklin Falls and "French's" in all the mountains. To-day they are seldom heard and little known. "French's" has long ceased to exist as a hotel; and Franklin

Falls is heard of only as a hydro-electric power-station. But in the heyday of coaches these names spelled dinner for the hungry tourist. They were the half-way stopping-places on the Black Brook Road from Ausable Forks to the Saranacs and Paul Smith's.

Franklin Falls is in the southeast corner of Franklin County, and was the first settlement in the Town of the same name. It was started by two men, McLenathan and Wells, who built a forge and a sawmill there in 1827. After that it was known as McLenathan Falls, until a post-office was opened there in 1851, and the name changed to the present one. The pioneer venture was not successful, and was soon abandoned. In 1846, two other men, Fitzgerald and McLean, built a new mill at the falls. The following year they sold a half-interest in it to Keese and Tomlinson of Keeseville, and in 1848 Peter Comstock of Port Kent bought control of the business.

This was one of the many men who grasped at much and carried away nothing from the virgin opportunities of Adirondack lumbering. He was a man of intensive enterprise. He was one of the builders and first commercial navigators of the Champlain Canal. The place where he lived on its shores, still bears his name. He was the promoter of the once famous Red Bird Line Stages that ran between New York and Montreal, and also the builder of the Cumberland Head Light-house.

When he became interested in Franklin Falls he started in at once to put it on the map. He built a hotel, a store, a school, and houses for his workmen, and soon had a thriving and eager little community around his busy mill. The future for it began to look very bright when, on May 29, 1852, it was completely wiped out by fire. Most of the buildings, owing to the narrowness of the ravine in which they stood, were strung out in rows on each side of the road. Of some thirty of these, only two isolated houses were left standing. The surrounding woods had been on fire for some days, and on this one they were suddenly fanned into irresistible fury by a hurricane that fairly hurtled them through the narrow gully. They swooped down with such rapidity that the saving of life became difficult, and the rescue of anything else impossible.

It was a severe blow to Comstock, who lost heavily, but he started in at once to rebuild. Business was soon resumed, and the place began to grow again in a small way, but it never attained to its former size. During the reconstruction period Comstock, too busy with other interests to be on the spot himself, chose one of his most trusted employees, George Tremble, and sent him to the place as general manager. Mr. Tremble moved there in 1852, just after the fire, and stayed there the rest of his life. He became not only the leading citizen of Franklin Falls but a man well known and respected throughout the county.

After a few years he formed a partnership with T. A. Tomlinson, and bought out Comstock's interests. Tomlinson and Tremble sold out later to C. F. Norton, the lumber king, who added Franklin Falls to his chain of mills along the Saranac River. He retained Mr. Tremble as manager, however. This relationship lasted till 1868, when Mr. Tremble went into business for himself. He built a store and ran it for many years.

In politics Mr. Tremble was a Democrat. He was supervisor of his Town for twelve years, and postmaster, almost consecutively, for thirty-five. In 1858 he married Emeline D. Stickney, a daughter of Dr. Eliphat Stickney of Jay, who was the first physician in the Adirondack region. He settled in Jay in 1802, when there was only a bridle-path between that place and Plattsburg.

The Trembles had five children—four sons and one daughter, Mary E., who married George W. Lamson of Loon Lake, and died in 1897. The sons all survive (1920). They are: Frank G., who owned the large farm in Harrietstown, known as "Highland Lodge"; Marion D., who was for many years in the grocery business in Lake Placid and Saranac Lake, under the firm name of Tremble and Winans; Henry B., who now lives in Syracuse; and Fred T., who was cashier of the Adirondack National Bank, at Saranac Lake.¹

Mr. George Tremble was born in Elizabethtown on February 26, 1818, and died at Franklin Falls on January 17, 1894.

¹ In 1919 Fred T. Tremble resigned from the bank and bought the large Veeburgh Garage on River Street.



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His wife then moved to Harrietstown and lived with her son, Frank, until her death in 1910.

The hotel at Franklin Falls—The Franklin House—built by Peter Comstock under Mr. Tremble's supervision, is the one that became famous as a half-way house in the old days of stages. Its career was decidedly checkered, and it frequently changed ownership, as the following table will show:

Peter Comstock	1852-62	Isaiah Vosburgh	1880-81
Hand Rice	1862-63	N. I. Arnold	1881-86
Enos Fletcher	1863-64	Dr. S. W. Dodge	1886-88
Lewis L. Smith	1864-68	Harvey Dodge	1888-91
A. W. Moody	1868-72	Paul Smith	1892
Spencer C. Gunn	1872-79		

When Paul Smith became owner of the hotel and water-power at Franklin Falls, he closed the old house to the public. A bit of sentiment was involved in the acquisition, for it was there that he was married in 1859, when the hotel was the finest one in the mountains. In 1912 he completed at the falls a handsome and costly hydro-electric station, of which he was very proud. One of the last pleasure-trips he ever took was to see the machinery of this new plant set in motion. He was then in his eighty-seventh year. He came in an automobile, traversing a road he had often traveled in the early days no faster than oxen could move, and he rested for the last time at the old hotel where he had been married fifty-three years before.

To show how lively this now deserted spot had once been, I quote a passage from Charles Hallock's "The Fishing Tourist," published in 1873. He is speaking of approaches to the Adirondacks, and after calling attention to the beauties of the Wilmington Notch road, he says:

By the other route there is a romantic bit of scenery at the Franklin Falls of the Saranac; but its natural charms are disfigured by one of those utilitarian improvements, a saw-mill. Here is the "half-way house" where passengers for Smith's and Martin's dine. Two seasons ago (1871), while indulging in a post-prandial cigar, I took the trouble to count the names on the little hotel register, and found that they numbered fifteen hundred!—and the season was only half over.

"FRENCH'S"

Of the other half-way house—"French's"—there is less of historical interest to tell. It was on the Black Brook Road, two miles nearer the Forks than Franklin Falls. There was an old farm-house, and a sawmill on a near-by stream, that appeared to have stood there from time immemorial. At least no one remembers when they were built.

French made his first bid for fame and public patronage in 1872, by putting an addition on his house and calling the latter a hotel. The incentive to do this came from the increasing number of tourists that were constantly passing his door and frequently overcrowding the Franklin House. "French's" was soon sharing the patronage and popularity of the older place, and continued to do so for the next fifteen years.

But it became more than a favorite half-way house. Its location near Whiteface Mountain made it a most convenient starting-point for the ascent of that peak. Realizing this, French made a passable wagon road that led four and one half miles up its northern slope, and from there cut out a two-mile foot-trail to the summit. He also built a rough camp near the top, where parties could spend the night and see the sunrise. He furnished conveyances for the trip, so that this easy method of making the climb became a favorite one, and was used almost exclusively for many years. The old trail is still used, and French's old house still stands, but long ago closed its doors to the public.

UPPER AND LOWER JAY AND AUSABLE FORKS

These three old settlements lie just outside the "blue line," but so close to it as to warrant some mention here. Their exclusion from the park, moreover, is clearly the result of accidental necessity rather than of deliberate intent. Geographically the two Jays undoubtedly belong inside.

The "blue line," as previously explained, follows everywhere the established boundaries of counties or Towns. At this point it follows the straight eastern boundary of the Town of Keene to its northern limit, then, in order to connect with the eastern boundary of the Town of Wilmington, it

makes a rectangular turn to the west. In the resultant jog lie the villages of Upper and Lower Jay. A straight northward continuation of the "blue line" would have included them both, but not Ausable Forks.

The two Jays have acquired the usual misleading and illogical designations. The original village of Jay (now Lower Jay¹) took its name from the Town of Jay, erected in 1798, and called after Governor John Jay. In the course of time there sprang up a sister settlement four miles to the *south*, which people called Upper Jay. Both villages are merely a sequence of detached houses and farms scattered along the highway that skirts the Ausable River. Most of the dwellings are very old, but noticeably neat and thrifty in appearance. Among them, here and there, the presence of some old-fashioned brick and stone houses challenges the attention. The former are seen nowhere else in the mountains, and are explained by the early brick industry which once flourished in this region.

Lower Jay was settled in 1796 by a man named Nathaniel Mallory, and for several years the locality was known as "Mallory's Bush." A little later Joseph Storrs and John Purmont came to the place, and became the pioneers of the extensive iron industry that developed in that section. While exact dates seem no longer ascertainable, it is known that a forge, and a school, existed in Jay before 1812.

The iron-works and lumbering opportunities brought settlers rapidly for a while, then the place stopped growing, and is much to-day as it was fifty years ago. When tourist travel began, great numbers of people passed through Jay, but none stopped there. Nor were they enticed to do so. It is notable, moreover, that Stoddard's guide-books do not mention the place.

All that has been said in a general way of Lower Jay, also applies to its southern sister. Upper Jay was settled much later, but it is difficult to say just when. It was in reality a mere gradual and tenuous extension of Lower Jay. Everybody wished to build along the highway, and so new settlers

¹ This is a colloquial form, for the sake of clearness. The official designation, still found on the maps, is simply "Jay."

kept pushing farther and farther along it, until a new locality was finally created. It was not recognized as such for a long time, however. As late as 1878, W. W. Ely's map, prepared for Wallace's guide-book, shows only Jay—no Upper Jay. This designation first appears, I think, in Stoddard's map of 1883.

One of the earliest settlers in the new village was Henry Prime, and his descendants for years have been the most conspicuous members of the community. The Primes, very literally, put Upper Jay on the map. In 1867 Ashley S. Prime, a son of Henry by his first marriage, started a general store, which is still doing business on its now famous corner, where the valley road crosses to the east bank of the Ausable. Later he took into partnership his two half-brothers (sons of Henry by a second marriage) Silas W. and Spencer G. Prime. In 1883 A. S. Prime retired from the firm.

The "Prime Bros." store came to do a very large and extensive business. Its trade was not only local but reached far back into the heart of the mountains. It dealt in everything, including politics, and councils of great pith and moment were often held, it is said, around the central stove. The big store and its owners tended in every way to make Upper Jay the more lively and conspicuous of the twin communities.

Ausable Forks lies about six miles north of Lower Jay,¹ at the junction of the West and East (or South) Branch of the Ausable. The river here forms the boundary between Essex and Clinton counties, and a large part of the village lies on the north bank of the stream, in Clinton County.

The opportunity for water-power industries first caused its settlement. In 1825 two men, Burt and Vanderwarker, bought land and erected several sawmills. In 1828, in connection with Keese, Lapham & Co., they built a four-fire forge. In 1834 they merged their various interests into a stock corporation, called the Sable Iron Co. This concern got into financial difficulties, and business was suspended in 1836.

The following year, James and John Rogers—two brothers, who had started a successful iron business at Black Brook in

¹ Half-way between these two places is a collection of houses to which recent maps give the name of "North Jay."

1832—bought the entire property of the Sable Iron Co., and carried the business along most profitably. In 1870 they incorporated their holdings in the three villages—Black Brook, Ausable Forks, and Jay—as the “J. & J. Rogers Co.” The firm became widely known, and is still doing business. About this time they also began to manufacture bricks, which accounts for the brick houses to be seen in the neighborhood.

The still prominent mercantile firm of H. Smith & Co. was started in 1864 by Henry Smith and George Featherston. This general store, like the Primes', drew trade from all over the northern Adirondacks, and became widely known across the “blue line.” When the early railway was built from Plattsburg to Ausable Forks, the latter naturally sprang into prominence as a distributing center for tourists and merchandise, and for years the famous “Notch Road” to the Saranacs was a busy highway of commerce and travel.

One of the best-known residents of Ausable Forks was Dr. Francis J. D'Avignon, general practitioner and surgeon, who gradually linked his name very conspicuously with the interior Adirondacks. He settled in Ausable Forks in 1875, and started a practice which soon extended over wide areas within the “blue line.” His hurry calls often came from thirty and forty miles away, as his fame spread farther back into the country. Complicated illness in some mountain home, or an ugly accident in some lumber-camp, and Dr. D'Avignon was sent for. And he usually came with astounding promptness. His powers of endurance seemed at times superhuman. Often he is known to have driven half the night over almost impassable roads, and to have performed immediately upon arrival a major operation, by the light of oil lamps and with such help as the guides could give him.

In the nature of things those far away sent for him only in dire need, and the response to every such call became literally a race with death. The doctor usually won, moreover, and his sporting delight in the speed contest was unmistakable. He drove to a dying patient as New York fire-engines, of old, were driven to a fire. To arrive was more important than to travel wisely. A personal reminiscence may help to illustrate.

One winter's day of the middle nineties, I was driving over the now little-used "Upper Road" between Ray Brook and Saranac Lake. It was bitterly cold, and the upturned collar of my fur coat dulled my hearing of approaching sounds. My mettlesome mare was ambling leisurely along, when suddenly she set back her ears, snorted, and started to run. Reining her in, I looked around for the cause of her trouble. I spied it quickly. In the sunken gully beside the road, where the unbroken snow was over two feet deep, I saw a galloping team of madly plunging horses, drawing a light cutter with a single occupant. This man, like myself, was buried in a fur coat. He showed no outward concern for what was happening. He did not even turn his head to look at me. After gaining enough headway, he swerved abruptly into the road again, landed as by a miracle in the beaten track, and disappeared around a big boulder which he had barely escaped hitting. The whole performance was hair-raising—reeking with danger and daredeviltry. I laid it to the gods that madden and then preserve the drunkard. On my return to the village, I related the incident and inquired who the man might be. Every one knew at once from the description of his driving. It was Dr. D'Avignon hurrying to an operation. It would have taken time to manœuvre a passing in the narrow, snow-hemmed road, so he plunged into the swale beside it, reckless of the strong probability of its being lined with rocks.

Thus, for nearly thirty years, did the only available surgeon of the region dash wildly hither and thither through the northern Adirondacks, working always under pressure, and operating generally under the most primitive conditions. To a skill thus severely tested, was added an unfailing willingness to go anywhere, and to any one, when needed. This made the doctor popular with all kinds and conditions of men, and will help to make him long and gratefully remembered as the pioneer surgeon of the Adirondacks.

Another well-known name to sift through Ausable Forks and Jay into the heart of the mountains, is that of Dr. Frank E. Kendall, now president of the Saranac Lake National Bank. Born in Keeseville in 1858, he studied medicine with Dr. Conant Sawyer of Ausable Forks, took his doctor's degree from

New York University in 1880, and then began practising in Jay. A few years later he moved to Saranac Lake, and founded the Kendall Pharmacy, as has been elsewhere told.¹

WILMINGTON

The little village of Wilmington is the central point in the Town of the same name. Like the Jays, it was settled at a very early date, but although within the "blue line," it is not actually in the mountains. It lies east by north of Whiteface, whose wide-winged shadow falls upon it with the westering sun. The little place once bustled with pioneer activity, but gradually subsided into the sleepy ways of a toll-gate hamlet, where the traffic toiling to and from the inner mountains paused to rest but not to stay.

The village lies on the West Branch of the Ausable, where that river flows into broad reaches of level country after foaming and fluming through the narrow rock-bound ravine that is Wilmington Notch—the most beautiful highway gorge in the mountains. Between its sheer walls the winding road follows the much-sounding river. In the old days it was so narrow as to make passing difficult and dangerous, and the haul through the Notch was the dread of all teamsters. But now, widened and smoothed into a State Highway, it has become the daily delight of the motorist. The improved road, completed in 1916, has put half-forgotten Wilmington upon the map again.

The earliest settler in the place of whom we have any record, was Captain Pliny Miller—the same who later pushed on into the heart of the wilderness and laid the foundation of the present Saranac Lake.²

The man who gave Wilmington its inceptive boom, however, was Major Reuben Sanford. As early as 1810 he built a forge, a sawmill, and a potash factory, and also opened a so-called hotel in the place. After the battle of Plattsburg, in which he and his fellow Wilmingtonians distinguished themselves in action on the Saranac River, Major Sanford added a church, a school-house, and a store to the settlement he had

¹ See Chap. XX, "Saranac Lake."

² See Chap. XIX, "Saranac Lake."

started. The buildings he erected remain the nucleus of the hamlet to-day. It has never grown much larger.

The major was a man of push and enterprise, and of both brawn and brains. He excelled in all kinds of manual labor. He won a wager on a day's chopping by cutting up twelve cords of wood, and could also outdo his neighbors at sickling grain or mowing grass or any other rural dexterity. On the higher plane, he represented his district in Assembly from 1814 to 1817. He was chosen a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1821, and a member of the State Senate in 1827. He was altogether an unusual man, an outstanding figure in northern New York, and certainly the most prominent Adirondacker of his day. He died at Wilmington in 1855.

Shortly before this the little place had indulged in the most exciting event of its quiet career. It possessed an old cannon—a relic of the War of 1812. This was always used to proclaim the advent of the Glorious Fourth. It was proposed so to use it in 1850, and before daybreak on July 4th of that year the patriotic youth of Wilmington foregathered in the upper story of the Sanford brick store to prepare their charges for the cannon. With the first glimmerings of dawn they issued forth to load the gun, but when they reached the spot where the relic had stood, they found it gunless. Investigation finally revealed mule-tracks on the sward and in the sandy road. Now, the only place where mules were kept—and nothing else, the Wilmingtonians said—was at Black Brook, some miles away. The resultant suspicions were soon confirmed by the arrival of a traveler from the iron settlement, who reported that the people there were having the time of their lives with the stolen cannon.

That settled it. The hue and cry went forth in Wilmington. Every able-bodied man was drafted into an army of rescue, which set forth in wagon-loads for Black Brook. There the gun position was stormed, a lively skirmish of gibes and vilification took place, and the Wilmingtonians returned in noisy triumph with their recaptured gun and whitewashed honor.

Like all stirring events this one found its bard and its historian. The latter compiled the "Chronicles of Wilmington and Black Brook," setting forth in archaic verse and biblical

language this cause of strife between two Adirondack tribes. It was first printed in the "Mountain Echo" at Ausable Forks in 1881, and was reprinted in the "Adirondack Record" of April, 1910, with biographical notes of the participants; the same paper published the bard's rhymed version of the affair—a lengthy jingle beginning:

The Black Brook folks to celebrate
July the Fourth in proper state,
Thought it quite right to steal a gun,
So posted off to Wilmington.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LAKE PLACID (THE VILLAGE)

THE name "Lake Placid," following the usual vagaries of Adirondack nomenclature, applies to both land and water, and covers two distinct localities. The village of Lake Placid does not lie on the shores of the lake whose name it bears, and in order to avoid the confusion arising from this fact the two localities have been given separate treatment here.

The village of Lake Placid centers around the shores of Mirror Lake. This is an oval, sheltered sheet of water, about a mile long and a third of a mile wide, lying south of Lake Placid, but not connected with it. The two lakes nearly touch at the northern extremity of Mirror Lake, but they are separated by a narrow ridge of land. The outlet of Mirror Lake is at its southern end, and flows into the Chub River, which is sometimes called the Elba.

This little lake was originally called Bennett's Pond, in honor of a pioneer who cleared the first land upon its shores. Little else is known of him, and his personality is lost in prehistoric mists. All that he left behind him was a clearing and a name writ in water. This lasted till Joe Nash appeared upon the scene, and then the lake was often spoken of as Nash's Pond.

In the early seventies one of the guests at Brewster's new hotel was a Mrs. Judge Monell. Impressed by the constant serenity of the then secluded lake, and chaffing with others at its prosaic name, she was inspired to suggest calling it "Mirror Lake," and to write some verses under that caption. This name was at once taken up by the summer visitors, and has fortunately been perpetuated.

The first settlement in this region was in 1809, when Archibald McIntyre and others established the Elba Iron Works

on the Chub River, on the site of the present electric-light works. This early enterprise, although successful for a while, was abandoned in 1815.¹ It brought the first settlers to the neighborhood, and many of them squatted on the adjoining State lands. They formed a thinly scattered community that for a while was known as Elba, but later called *North Elba*, although it lay *south* of the works that suggested its name. This anomaly was brought about by the discovery that there was another Elba in Genesee County, in the southwestern part of the State. To avoid the confusion which began to arise, the word "North" was prefixed to the Adirondack Elba.²

In 1849 the residents of North Elba, which was then in a remote and isolated corner of the large Town of Keene, made application to the Supervisors of Essex County to be incorporated into a separate Town of their own. The necessary steps were taken, and in March, 1850, the Town of North Elba was legally organized, with John Thompson as its first supervisor.

It contains part of Township 11, and all of Township 12, of the Old Military Tract. It is fourteen miles long, north and south, and eleven miles wide, containing some 90,000 acres and the highest arable lands in the State. The wide plateau around John Brown's farm was often called the "Plains of Abraham."

Soon after the abandonment of the Elba Iron Works, Peter Smith, the father of Gerrit Smith, bought all the available State land in that section. He told the squatters that they might remain, but he refused to sell them any land at the time, although he intimated that he might do so later. This uncertainty, however, caused most of them to move away. As a consequence, as late as 1840, there were only six families living within the large area that was to become the Town of North Elba. These were: O. J. Bartlett, Alexis Tender, Iddo Osgood, R. Thompson, Moses Sampson, and S. Avery, the founder of Averyville.

¹ See Chap. XIV, "The Adirondack Iron Works."

² On a map of New York State, published by Andrus and Judd, at Hartford in 1833, Elba is the only place-name in the whole Adirondack region. On a map of 1840, however, the same locality is designated as North Elba.

When Peter Smith died, his lands passed to his son Gerrit Smith, who in 1846 offered them for sale. This attracted some new settlers to the region, among them Thomas Brewster, Robert G. Scott, and R. Nash, three men whose names were to become household words in North Elba.

“SCOTT’S”

Scott was the first man in those parts to offer food and shelter to sportsmen. In 1850 he built on the Cascade Road to Keene, about two miles beyond the present Iron Bridge.¹ It was a plain one-and-a-half-story farm-house, built originally as a home, but yielding gradually to the increasing demand for a half-way house, and becoming ultimately a well-known stopping-place of the early days.

Scott was a man of unusual and rather unprepossessing appearance. He was small, and gave the general impression of being shriveled up. His skin was very dark, and his face, I am told, looked like a baked apple wrought into human mold. Nor was his good wife famed for her beauty, but both had qualities of deeper worth. They had no children, but they adopted and brought up two little girls belonging to a brother of Mr. Scott. One of these became Mrs. Andrew J. Baker, of Stevenson Cottage fame; and the other became Mrs. Moses Ames, who for many years was well known as the housekeeper of the Riverside Inn, Saranac Lake, and later of the Stevens House, Lake Placid.

Scott died in 1877, and ran his place till within a year of his death. In 1876 he sold it to Moses S. Ames, who had married the adopted daughter Martha Scott. Ames enlarged the place by building on a long wing which came out flush with the road. He ran the hotel until his death in 1887. It was then managed by his wife and son until it burned down in 1903. The son Robert Scott Ames rebuilt a small cottage and entertained a few summer guests there until he became postmaster at Lake Placid, in 1917. There is, therefore, a house to-day on the site of the famous old Scott tavern, but it is not the original one.

¹ The Flanders place, where John Brown first lived, was the only house on this road till Scott built about half a mile beyond it.

“NASH’S”

The second house in North Elba to evolve into one of entertainment was erected on the northwest shore of Mirror Lake. It was built in 1852 by Joseph V. Nash, a son of R. Nash, the pioneer. Like Scott's place, this was a primitive structure, built originally as a home, but coming in time to mimic the habits of a hotel. It grew, in consequence, to be an unsightly collection of extensions, additions, outhouses, and barns. It was not an attractive place to look at, but it was a very pleasant place to be in and look from.

A part of the original building is still standing (1920) at the left of the steep road descending from the Stevens House to Mirror Lake, between a house owned by William Lamb and the old Lakeside Inn. But of course there was no hill road in the early days. The only approach to “Nash's” was over what is now the Main Street of the village.

“Uncle Joe,” as Nash was commonly called, was born in Duxbury, Vt., in 1825. He followed his father to Lake Placid, and died there in 1884. He became an outstanding figure in the community. Everybody knew and liked Uncle Joe. He was a short, stout, well-rounded little man of kindly heart and jovial disposition. His face proclaimed both. He wore a Horace Greeley beard, on the outskirts of a broad mouth, and his hair slanted upward, giving him a look of constant surprise. Two clear and deep-set eyes met yours squarely, and usually twinkled with humor, for Uncle Joe liked to hear or to tell a funny story.

He appears to have had one of the earliest threshing-machines in the mountains, and to have earned good money by traveling around from farm to farm with it. He was considered a man of wealth in the community, and was noted for always having a roll of bills in his pocket, when such a thing was seldom seen. Most trading was done in commodities in those days, so that when cash was needed for some special purpose, men went to the bank of Bennett's Pond and “hired” it of Uncle Joe.

In 1851 he married Harriet C. Brewster, a daughter of Thomas Brewster, the pioneer. “Aunt Harriet” proved an

excellent mate for "Uncle Joe." As their home became a stopping-place for hunters and vacationists, Aunt Harriet had a large share in making it popular. Like her husband, she was chatty, jovial, kind-hearted and open-handed, and their team-work brought recurrent patronage. She was an excellent cook, and the trout and venison dinners at "Nash's" became favorably known among hunters of good cheer.

One of the earliest guests at "Nash's" was Charles Loring Brace, author, philanthropist, and founder of the Children's Aid Society. He made his first trip into the woods in 1855, and ever after was an enthusiastic lover and herald of their beauties. There is every reason to believe—although the evidence is purely circumstantial—that one of the earliest editorials ever written about the Adirondacks was from his pen. It appeared in the "New York Times" for August 9, 1864, and contains the first printed suggestion of preserving the woods as a great park for the benefit of the State and the people at large. This gives it such historical interest that it will be found in full in Appendix D.

For years Mr. Brace was a regular contributor of signed letters (many of them about the Adirondacks) and of unsigned editorials to the "Times." His biographer¹ feels that this fact and the internal evidence of the editorial in question point strongly to the probability of his having written it.

It was in 1860 that Mr. Brace first drifted into "Nash's," using it as a base from which to climb Whiteface. He was so charmed with the beauty of the spot that it became his favorite haunt in future years. What Mirror Lake was in those days, it is now difficult to visualize. No lake has changed more completely. The shores, once densely wooded with lovely trees, are now partly covered with village houses. The only approach of old was from the south and through a forest stretching from the hollow that now is Newman to the very edge of the lake. After climbing the long hill, the road suddenly emerged from the trees, and the traveler found himself at gaze before a sudden sheet of water that was scarcely

¹ *Life and Letters of Charles Loring Brace. Edited by his Daughter.* (Emma Brace, now Mrs. Henry H. Donaldson, of Philadelphia.) Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1894.

ruffled on the windiest day. It seemed, in sooth, a mirror hidden in a hallowed spot and dedicated solely to the vanity of vagrant clouds or dusk-delighted stars.

So charmed was Mr. Brace with this enchanting nook that he brought his family to it in 1870, and they spent the summer at "Nash's"—being the first people to spend an entire season in the place. Before that, only transient climbers of Whiteface, hunters, and fishermen had stopped there. This shows how slowly the place developed as a resort, and how conservative we must be in thinking of it as anything like a real hotel. Mr. Brace found it scarcely adequate for his family of five.

"BREWSTER'S"

At the head of the lake was the only other house on its shores—the old Brewster homestead,¹ where Benjamin T. Brewster, Nash's brother-in-law, was living. Brewster and Mr. Brace often met and chatted together, and one day the latter suggested that the former put up "a real hotel" on the knoll near his house. Mr. Brace agreed to fill it with his friends, several of whom he was particularly anxious to bring to the beauty spot he had discovered. Brewster fell in with the idea, and the result was the building of the Lake Placid Inn, which was opened for guests the following season. Mr. Brace brought them, according to his promise. To him, therefore, belongs the honor of being the first to proclaim the possibilities of Bennett's Pond as a summer resort, and to give this vision of a brotherhood in beauty—as to many another dream of doing good to others—its first constructive impulse.

The Lake Placid Inn—or "Brewster's," as it was then called—began its checkered career in 1871, and lasted till 1920. It was the first building in the region to be constructed for hotel purposes, and architecturally it was in the kindergarten class. It was a bare, straight, angular, two-storied affair of clapboards, that for several years remained unpainted and unfinished. It held several of those anticipatory

¹ Mrs. Billings's gray house stands on the site to-day.

doors that lead the mind to possible piazzas, but threaten to mislead the body into unrestricted space.

The simplicity of the inside was equally austere. There were about ten rooms. Two large square ones on the ground floor constituted the "Brace Suite." The upstairs rooms were smaller. Each contained a bed, a chair, and a wash-stand—for there was not a drop of running water in the house, excepting what came through the roof when it rained. Then there was rather too much. The management seemed to incline to the theory that a leaky roof could not be repaired in wet weather and did not need to be in dry. Those who wished the luxury of a table in their rooms induced Mr. Brewster to lend them a spare barrel, if he had one and could find time to bring it up. The barrel then became a wash-stand, and the wash-stand a table. Closets, and even hooks, were unknown. Nails for the hanging of clothing, however, could be had by application at the office. The mattresses on the beds were filled with corn husks and hay, so that fatigue became the sole arbiter of sleep. In short, the physical discomforts of this primitive hostelry are scarcely conceivable to-day. They were not considered, however, too high a price to pay for the outdoor grandeur that went with them.

The place prospered, grew in size and comfort, and ultimately became the obvious hotel that stood at the head of Mirror Lake. For fifteen years Mr. Brace and his family spent nearly every summer there, and attracted, directly or indirectly, some of the most distinguished people in the country to the inn. The old registers are still in existence, and reveal an impressive roster of eminent names. Among the children who spent a part of their youth at Brewster's were those of Calvert Vaux, the architect of Central Park, and DeWolfe Hopper, the actor. The latter is said to have been the very life of the place—a boy of most attractive personality, full of clever mischief and serious fun, with his bent for mimicry and theatricals overflowing in contagious enthusiasm.

The early success of "Brewster's" gave the proprietor a local prominence which he supplemented by a long life and an unusual patriarchal record. He was born in Jay in 1829, and

wooded shores, broken by crags and crannies, lead the eye to where old Whiteface billows roundly against the eastern sky—an aërodrome for clouds. On the other lies Mirror Lake, directly at one's feet, and far beyond it stretches a vast panoramic sweep of mountain royalty, flanking the distant majesty of Marcy to the south.

The new hotel was called the "Excelsior House," but Nash ran it for only one season and then sold it to the Stevens brothers, who have made it famous as the "Stevens House." It has the exceptional record of over forty years of prosperity under the same name and management. It has not, however, escaped some disheartening mishaps.

All went well for the first ten years, but on Christmas Day 1887, the hotel was completely destroyed by fire. The loss far outran the insurance, and was a heavy one for the proprietors. They were of the Phoenix breed, however; and despite many difficulties, chiefly financial, their good name was such that they were able to start rebuilding by March, 1888. By May two thirds of the frame of the new structure was completed. Then a strange, almost unaccountable thing happened. During the night of May 14th the framework was blown down. The collapse was complete, but the wind that caused it was by no means unusually violent, and did no other damage. It seems as if a local whirlwind must have formed and torn away some vital support, for the finished structure has withstood many a harder blow.

Be that as it may, these hotelers of the hill were summoned by a mighty crashing in the night to go forth and look again upon the ruin of their all. But the push of the wind soon yielded to their own. The catastrophe occurred at 2:30 A. M. of a Saturday morning. As soon as daylight permitted, the forty men working on the job began clearing away the débris. The noise of the collapse had literally gone abroad, and soon a stream of townspeople was gravitating to the spot, and a hundred volunteers were grappling with the scrap-heap. The cleaning-up process lasted for two days—Saturday and Monday—and became a famous "bee"—a story that old men still tell their children. The Stevens boys were popular, their hotel helped the community, and so it in turn helped them.

By Tuesday the foundation was cleared and rebuilding began. There was a scarcity of sawed lumber, however, and it was then that the Stevens brothers began cutting down the forest that stood on Signal Hill, and sawing it for their own use in their own mill. By July 4, 1888, the new hotel, while not entirely completed, began receiving guests. It has been receiving them ever since, and its story has quieted down to one of steady growth and success, marred by nothing more serious than the burning of an annex one winter.

The caliber of the men behind this success is shown by the way they faced and overcame their difficulties. They had the vision of God's country, faith in themselves and their hotel, and a courage that neither wind nor fire could subdue. They were big men physically, too. Both were born and bred on their father's farm near Fern Lake, about half-way between Ausable Forks and Black Brook, just on the edge of the mountains.

John A. Stevens, the elder brother, born in 1848, was a tall, rather thin but well-knit man, who bore through life the traces of an early breakdown in health. He was a machinist by trade, and was working in the Lane, Pitkin & Brock shops at Mt. Pelier, Vt., when illness forced him to seek some less confining employment. He joined his brother George, who was then traveling on the road for the Isham Wagon Co. Soon after this the Adirondack venture was hatched.

George A. Stevens, born in 1856, was a man of fine physique and Samsonian strength, filled with the sap of perfect health and jovial spirits, with a consequent leaning to the social side of early tavern-keeping.

Both boys were fond of hunting and all woodland sports. In the autumn of 1876 they took a hunting-trip together and camped on the side of the present Loon Lake House.¹ One

¹ This is the only point at which our story happens to touch upon the Loon Lake House, so it seems the most fitting place to say a word concerning this well-known and popular hotel. The Loon Lake House lies off the beaten track and very near the northern "blue line," which, indeed, runs through the center of Loon Lake. The hotel has been notably successful, but its success has been attended by a steady, inconspicuous growth devoid of any high lights of narrative interest. It was built in 1879 by Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand W. Chase, who had been running a hotel at Essex Junction, Vt. The original Adirondack structure

day they talked of prospects and of future plans. Both loved the Adirondacks. One needed the curative air; the other liked it. So they decided then and there to stay among the pines, and keep themselves by keeping others. They broke camp to go forth and buy a hotel. They found that Nash would sell his new one, and they decided to buy it. Their decision was not affected by the fact that John had only \$430 to put into the venture, and George only \$50. Their mother and some friends helped them to raise enough to make an initial payment, and they bought the Excelsior House and forty acres of land, under contract, for \$8,000. They took possession on March 8, 1877, and at once changed the name of the hotel to the "Stevens House."

John managed the place alone at first, as George wished to take a course at the Burlington Business College. After that was completed, in 1880, he entered into formal and active partnership with his brother, and they ran the hotel together till 1905. John then retired, and bought the Crosby place, where he died in 1913. In 1908 he was elected president of the village. He married twice, and left a widow and one son.

George A. Stevens was prominent in many ways. He was a member of the executive committee of the New York State Hotelmen's Association, and was president of the Bank of Lake Placid. In politics he was a stanch Republican, and served as Member of Assembly from Essex County for two terms. In 1887 he married Frances J., daughter of Martin P. Flanders of Ausable Forks. He had four sons: Paul, Raymond, Hubert, and Curtis.

Mr. Stevens continued to run his hotel up to the time of his death. He died suddenly and unexpectedly of heart failure on September 17, 1920. The funeral was one of the largest even seen in the Adirondacks. Over two hundred automobiles, filled with Adirondackers of note, accompanied the

was of logs, but it was soon replaced by a more modern building. Mrs. Chase was the managing and enterprising partner. She delighted to mix with her guests and promote among them the sentiments of a large family for a communal home. In creating this atmosphere she was eminently successful, and it has always been the distinctive and alluring charm of the place. Mr. Chase died in 1916. Mrs. Chase still (1920) runs the hotel.

body from Lake Placid to Ausable Forks, where interment was made.

A third brother, Henry C. Stevens, survives (1920) the other two. He was well known for many years as the captain of a line of steamers on Lake Placid. In 1919 he sold out to George and Bliss.

OTHER HOTELS

In 1877, the year after the Stevens House was originally built, Mose Ferguson bought from Nash some land on the southwest shore of Mirror Lake, and put up a hotel which he called the "Grand View." He ran it for a few years, then failed, and the property passed under mortgage to Reuben Clifford, who sold it in 1887 to Henry Allen.

In 1880 Henry Allen had built a hotel of his own, the Allen House, on the shore of Mirror Lake, below and in front of the elevated Grand View. The Allen House burned down in 1886, and the following year Henry Allen purchased the Grand View. This he greatly enlarged and it is, next to the Stevens House, the biggest hotel in Lake Placid to-day.

The largest one of its time, however, was the Mirror Lake House, built by Mr. Isham in 1883. It stood not far from the Grand View, opposite the present fire-engine house. It was destroyed by fire in 1894, and never rebuilt.

The first store in the village was opened by Frank Stickney in 1878, and the Lake Placid post-office was established there in 1879. It was located where the Ryan store now stands (1920). It marked the beginning of the long row of shops that line the once thickly wooded road that led to "Nash's" and "Brewster's." This is now the main street of the village. The stores have crowded for the most part on the lakeside, and overhang the water. The effect is somewhat Venetian, especially at night, when the kindly darkness dulls much of the un-Venetian crudity of scheme and color. The over-crowded village has spread out toward the open spaces on the Plains of Abraham, where the original settlement of North Elba had grown to villagehood. It became part of the incorporated village of Lake Placid, but it is essen-

tially a distinct community and bears another name. It is called "Newman"—and thereby hangs a tale.

NEWMAN

About 1866 a Miss Anna Newman came from her home in Philadelphia to the Harvey Holt Farm in Keene Valley, and returned to it each summer for several years. She took a great fancy to the Holts, and they came to regard her as one of the family. She was then a young woman between twenty-five and thirty years of age, rather short and stocky of build and slightly mannish in her movements. Her features were well formed, but here again was a suggestion of masculine hardness, relieved, however, by a very feminine smile. She had good brown eyes that looked straight at you.

Little is known of her early life, and I have not been able to discover those who could tell me much about it. Her home was in Philadelphia, and her family had social position and comfortable wealth. She was a distant cousin of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who visited her once soon after she had bought her North Elba farm. He saw but little of her when they were young, however, and merely remembers her as "a very original and interesting person," who, as he phrases it, developed into "a benevolent individualist"—which is the beautiful way of saying kind-hearted but queer.

She was a woman of strong character and marked gifts. She could draw and paint with deftness, and it was the reputation of Keene Valley as a gathering-place for artists that first attracted her to the spot. She was also a trained musician, and could sing and play with skill above the average, and had composed and published some dance music. She did a little sketching when she first came to Keene Valley, but her favorite pastimes soon became mountain-climbing and lakeside camping, and she enjoyed the general excitement of a deer hunt, although she never attempted to bring down the game herself. Her first guide was Orson Phelps, and with him she made the ascent of many difficult peaks, including Marcy.

About 1870 Harvey Holt bought the large Hinckley Farm in North Elba. It comprised nearly a thousand acres, partly woods, and partly the highest arable uplands in the State, at

an altitude of 2,200 feet. It was the highest of the many high farms that are scattered over this wonderful stretch of Adirondack tableland, and the solitary and secluded farm-house commands a view of sweeping grandeur. The house is banked against a wooded slope; in front of it stretches a level expanse of plowed field, so broad that a horse and plow at its extremity are scarcely discernible to the naked eye. This great open space is fringed by trees, and above them rises a serrated semicircle of distant mountains. Were it not for these, as a reminder of elevation, the impression would be of endless lowlands in some fertile farming region. These hanging farms of the Adirondacks, hidden by intervening woods, and accessible only by unfrequented by-roads, are seldom seen by the passing tourist, and yet are a unique feature of this part of the country.

When the Holts took Miss Newman over to see their new purchase, she was deeply impressed by the beauty and seclusion of the spot. Her fancy for it kept growing, and, in 1872, she purchased it and spent the remaining forty-three years of her life there.

Such a procedure on the part of an attractive young woman of wealth and education, who showed at first no special dislike of social contacts, naturally gave rise to many unfounded explanations. The unhappy love-affair was, of course, dragged in and mouthed about in various contortions. The lady herself never corroborated such a version of her desire for isolation. Indeed, she was very reticent about her past life, but she is said to have told the Holts that her father, a widower, had remarried against her wishes, and that she therefore did not care to return to her city home. Certain it is that she never did.

From the time she took possession of her farm her two dominant characteristics, benevolence and eccentricity, received the emphasis of her lonely life in a small community. Both traits seemed to grow with the passing years, and she became an object of sincere veneration and yet of good-natured ridicule.

She moved into the old farm-house as it stood, and only added a small wing to it in later years. She altered nothing

inside, and made repairs only when they became absolutely necessary. She showed no desire for any luxuries, and the simplicity of her way of living bordered on roughness. She often did her own housework, although she sometimes had a helper in the house and always many of them outside. Her vagaries toward those whom she employed added much to the gaiety of North Elba.

She would hire men for a week's work on the farm, and then go out and discharge them all at noon of the second day. In the afternoon she might be seen guiding the plow or the harrow herself. The next day she would probably set forth and round up a new set of men, or possibly rehire the discharged group. Thus was the routine of the farm saved from monotony—also from any practical results. She knew nothing about farming, and was not burdened with the desire to learn. She committed not only the errors of inexperience but the follies of inanity. She would prepare the ground for seeds and never plant them; or plant them and never harvest them. One year she planted many acres of potatoes, and then failed to have them hoed. Her delight seemed to be to see how much time and money she could put into her broad acres without getting anything out of them. The farmer-poet Frost might have had her in mind when he wrote:

Her crop was a miscellany
When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything—
A great deal of none.

Her attitude toward men was one of her outstanding poses, and one which she struck on first arriving in the Adirondacks. When the stage stopped at Keene Valley, a guide stepped forward to help her alight. She refused his assistance, saying that she never allowed a man to touch her. This, of course, immediately established her reputation as a man-hater, and, although she continued to foster it in theory, she neglected it in practice. She always took one or more guides on her early camping and tramping expeditions and mingled with them freely. Nor was she at all finicky about allowing them to help her over rough or dangerous places. Indeed, one of them has told me that he remembers carrying her twice in

his arms—without the slightest remonstrance from her—over swollen streams. Her man-hating bark, therefore, was rather worse than her bite. She distrusted men more than she disliked them, but she seemed to like distrusting them.

Her large farm forced her to employ men, of course, and she actually had more about her than does the average lone woman. She even made one of the early and principal storekeepers in the settlement her confidant and banker. So far as is known she kept no regular bank-account. Her remittances from the city always came by money-order. These she turned over to the storekeeper, and drew money, or ordered it paid, as she needed it. Sometimes she had a big balance at the store, and sometimes she ran heavily in its debt, but in the end things were always straightened out satisfactorily.

Her one hobby was fine horses. She always had from six to eight of them in her barns. She is said to have been a daring rider in her youth, but she never rode after settling on her farm, although she drove almost daily. She had a thorough knowledge of horse-flesh and a keen eye for any hidden defects. She bought nothing but the best, but she bought in her own peculiar way. If she made up her mind that she wanted a certain horse, she made a generous offer for it. If this was accepted, well and good, if not, she never haggled or raised her bid. A horse once bought she never sold. If he developed ugly tricks, or became old or injured, she insisted on his being shot. She never wished to see the execution, but she wished to be assured of it by hearing the pistol. That satisfied her, and she did not inquire into the sequel—which sometimes would have revealed the doomed horse being led through the woods, not to his death, but to a long life of continued usefulness on some adjacent farm. The report of the pistol was merely the price that the wiley occasionally paid for a perfectly sound but possibly ill-mannered horse.

Such were some of Miss Newman's outstanding oddities, but they were offset by much kindness of heart and far-reaching benevolence. Her benefactions to those in need were generous and unceasing, and she sought the opportunities of bestowing them. On several occasions, when some poor neighbor—"neighbor" meaning in those days any one within ten

miles—had his hard-built home destroyed by fire, Miss Newman played the rôle of an insurance policy *ex machina*. She not only provided the means of rebuilding, but bought everything needed to refurnish the new home and give the unfortunate a fresh start in life.

Deeds of this nature were supplemented by more personal efforts to help the community as a whole. She was naturally fond of children, and made them objects of her special interest. In the early years on the farm she held a singing-school for them regularly once a week. The children from miles around came to it in wagon-loads, and she gave them instruction in singing and piano-playing. This was followed by a supper and general good time in which she heartily joined.

On Sunday afternoons she conducted Sunday School in the little "White Church," which stands across the road from the north line of her farm. For a long time she also paid the entire expense of holding regular services in the church. This has led many to believe that she built it but such was not the case.

These many benevolent activities naturally endeared her to her scattered neighbors, even while they laughed good-naturally at her whimsicalities. She became a sort of *Betsey Trotwood*—loved and feared, revered and ridiculed. But reverence predominated, and when the opportunity was given to express lasting gratitude, the community chose to be known by the name of its benefactress. Thus did the lower end of Lake Placid Village come to be called "Newman."

The station was built there in 1893, when it became the terminus of the Lake Placid Railroad, which, on account of the high ridge west of Mirror Lake, was obliged to follow the lowlands back of it. The land around the station was at one time owned by Miss Newman.

One of the last conspicuous episodes in her life was reminiscent of her first arrival in the mountains. She had never thought it worthwhile to build a railing around the piazza of her house. One day she overstepped the unprotected edge, fell to the ground, and broke her leg. She was carried into the house and the doctor was sent for. When he arrived,

or a night's lodging. He had no home and no relatives, and, unless he slept with a customer, he spent the night in the open, or, uninvited, in some barn. His only deep attachment was for two dogs which always followed at his heels, and their names—Jennie Lind and Betsey Baker—were as familiar through the country-side as his own.

In the course of time he grew so old and feeble that he could no longer pursue his vagrant calling. Claiming to have neither relatives nor money, he was taken to the poorhouse. Here a fresh suit of clothes was offered him, but he stubbornly refused to relinquish his old one. Soon after, he died in it suddenly one day. Then the reason for his refusal was fully explained. As his coat of many rags was peeled off, some of the half-rotten patches split open and were found to contain bills of various denominations. This most surprising discovery led to a thorough investigation, of course. It showed every patch to be double, and each to be lined with paper money. The total yield was \$350—the surreptitious savings of a lifetime.

This money had to be advertised, according to law, but no claimants for it appeared. The finding of it was, of course, known to every one, and finally the suggestion was made that it be used to build a church. The growing community had long desired to build a regular place of worship, but had felt too poor for the undertaking till Providence brought to them this possible windfall. The poormaster consented to give the money on condition that seven men would pledge themselves to pay fifty dollars each in case any relative of Old Beard should ever turn up. But none ever did.

The church was completed in 1875. It was built and used as a Union Church, and is so designated on local maps. On account of its color, however, it was always spoken of and became generally known as the "White Church." It still stands (1920), and is still a conspicuous and isolated landmark on the Plains of Abraham, as well as a monument to a vagabonding tinker, who unconsciously spent his life in hoarding and secreting funds for its erection.

"LYON'S"

In 1865 Martin C. Lyon built the North Elba House on the road to Keene, about a mile west of the White Church. It is now the residence of Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. "Lyon's" became well known as a half-way house. It was also the post-office for several years, and the stages between Elizabethtown and Saranac Lake stopped there to leave the community mail, which was picked up by a regular wagon from "Nash's" or "Brewster's." Later the post-office moved to Newman. It had been originally established in 1857 at the house of Jim Nash (a brother of Joe) near the Jud Ware farm across the river, now the Lake Placid Club's Valley Farm. Here, too, the first store in the community was started by a man named Boynton.

THE LAKE PLACID CLUB

We must now turn back from our wanderings on the Plains of Abraham, and enter the village limits again on the east shore of Mirror Lake. Here we find the most recent development in the trinity of settlements which now combine to make the village of Lake Placid one of the most curious and interesting places in the mountains.

T. Morris Longstreth, in his delightful book of wandering and wondering, "The Adirondacks,"¹ devotes a whole chapter to the Lake Placid Club. This chapter offers so intimate and interesting a study of the club's psychology and growth, that I have asked and received permission to quote a major portion of it here. Mr. Longstreth has taken up his residence at the club, where, as a writer trampant, he wears the heaven-leagued boots of the climber, and fills his mountain-pen with the sky-blue ink of this land of lakes. The result is to be a series of novels dealing with people and places in the Adirondacks.²

¹ The Century Co. 1917.

² The first of these, *Mac of Placid*, was published by the Century Co. in Aug., 1920.

AN EXPERIMENT IN INTELLIGENCE¹

We had come on our road to the man-proof fence that surrounds the Club precincts. A little runt of a mountain, which we afterwards found was called Cobble, rose invitingly at our backs. The sun slept on its bare top, which did not look more than ten minutes above us. We determined to spy out the land, and in ten minutes by the watch were sitting on the top.

It was the most astounding ten minutes' worth of climb that I have ever done. And many times since have I been up Cobble, once with thunder stalking down the valley, often with the spruces showing black against deep snow, and always there has been some measure of surprise at such a view from such a tiny hill. That first largeness of unexpected beauty laid hold of our hearts. We lay there gulping down the distractions of its variety.

Below us lay the road that wound from the Notch which partly showed to the northeast. The Notch was steeped in shadow; but the sheer range of the Sentinel Mountains, still lighted by the level sun, streamed southward from it, making a barrier all along the east of the valley, an abrupt limit to its beautiful floor. On the south the greater mountains, Elephant, Saddleback, Basin, Haystack, Tahawus, Algonquin, and colder Iroquois stood remote, but clearly high. On the west nearer mountains continued the valley's wall to the break wherein the Saranacs lie. With the proper sun their glimmer can be caught. Again to the northwest McKenzie, Moose, and St. Armand rose protectingly. In the north Whiteface, always noble, dominated. At his foot lay Lake Placid, balsam-girt, islanded.

This then is the skeleton of the view from Cobble. But the form and flesh of the encircling mountains, the flow and color of the valley plain, these no drivel of words can in the least reveal.

The Lake Placid Club was sired by a sneeze. For, though at the age of forty-five Melvil Dewey had planted and seen sprout the seeds of more original and useful enterprises than most Americans achieve at ninety, he couldn't resist the spasms of hay-fever. He had started, in 1876, the American Library Association, the American Library Bureau, the Library Journal, the American Metric Bureau, and the Spelling Reform Association. I have forgotten what his business was. Also he had married a woman who had a penchant for starting things too. She started the American Home Economics Association.

¹ Chap. X of *The Adirondacks*, specially revised and amended by the author for inclusion here, and reprinted by permission of the Century Co.

But she had rose-cold and she could n't stop that. Thus between sneezes and snuffles this efficient couple lost about four months a year. The birth of a son who might have both diseases determined them. They decided to start something in the Adirondacks.

The Adirondacks has always been a good place for dreams. Old Mountain Phelps had one. He sat on a log and indulged it. If Charles Dudley Warner had not nosed it out, the world would have been little the wiser. Paul Smith had one. Even with his parents upon his back, he never lost sight of it. He died rich and respected. And Melvil Dewey has one: perhaps it is the biggest of all.

Now the way of the dreamer is hard. For it is extremely easy to enfog your whole system with the beauty of your dream, vaguely hoping that it may some time crystallize about your person. That is the way of the amateur dreamer. But the professional's way is different. He begins with some nucleus of fact, some practical act at hand, and wraps his dream about that, irresistibly, no matter how small the progress, how tedious the process. By this time the Deweys were no longer amateurs at dreams.

Their nuclear idea was to set up a sort of university club in the wilderness where men from the colleges might assemble in summer, sneezelessly, and yet undivorced from the agreeable. It was planned for men whose incomes were not too great a match for their intelligences. The meals cost a dollar a day. During the first summer thirty ate them.

They ate them in the Adirondacks only after the entire continent that flies the Stars and Stripes had been searched for a better spot. Maine, Florida, Alaska, California, Wisconsin, Vermont, Michigan, New Hampshire, North Carolina—all had been discarded for some place in the Adirondacks, and after three more years of inquiry that place had not been located. But Melvil Dewey, once snatched from earth by an idea, was past recapture. He continued hunting.

At last he consulted Paul (who was Apollos) Smith, the sage and father of the Adirondacks, sitting, aged and bent at the top of his stairway. At first the old guide would not admit that there existed finer sites than his St. Regis lakes and lands. But being pressed, he said finally,

"Well, Dewey, everybody knows there ain't a finer place in the hull woods than Placid, but after that you 've got to come here."

Upon those words, as in novels, the sneezer and his wife took guide and canoe, went through the seven carries, climbed into their buckboard, drove nineteen miles through arching wood, and when they stood on that little hill by Mirror Lake and looked over the rolling

valley to its enclosing ranges, they knew that their New World had been discovered. They bought five acres on the east shore of Mirror Lake, and called the purchase "Morningside." Then they put up a building, and the dream at last was housed. This was in 1895.

For the next twenty years the solidifying of shadows, the expansion on new planes took place. It was not without compromises, defeats, labor, that complete disaster was staved off. There was much ebb and flow of check-book, much silent sacrifice, much hope.

During the second summer the wilderness university club was visited by eighty guests, while in August, 1919, there were 1,263 guests at once, not counting the 746 employees, and many others disappointed for lack of room. Numbers, of course, mean little. Twelve hundred guests at Coney Island, for example, would not excite comment other than profane. But twelve hundred at a club that is still very much in the woods, every one of them vouched for by a member or his friend, and no one of whom but is in sympathy with the lines of club development imposed by an energetic and elevating dream—twelve hundred guests of this kind is a triumph-in-sort.

I believe the clue to Mr. Dewey's dream can be found in something that underlay his previous endeavors. His names for his library association, his library bureau, his metric bureau, and all the rest were prefaced by the word American. It cannot have been by chance. He knew that the men and women who live under the flag can never be either satisfied with life or be true Americans unless they live somewhat in accord with the eternal verities, for of such was the beginning of our nation. It was belief in the eternal verities that gave America her reason for being. She feared God; she was brave; she did not disdain to labor; she was frugal; she admired cleanness, honesty, high-thinking.

What began as the Placid Club was, therefore, more than a refuge for hay-fever victims, more than an eating-resort for indigent intellectuals. It gave men breathing time in surroundings of haunting loveliness. It gave them a chance to cleanse themselves, to see things squarely, to come into high thoughts. And almost the only essential for membership was character. No matter how prominent or able or wealthy a man or woman might be, if she or he had not that passport to good society, which is easier to recognize than to define, that person was asked to seek elsewhere more congenial atmospheres. And every season some such persons, who cannot grow accustomed to life without a bar, or who mistake the spirit of the Club in other ways, receive such a request. The result is that the atmosphere is kept so unhotel-like that parents who would not leave a child alone in a hotel for a single

night have often traveled abroad, leaving their young daughters at the Club for all summer in entire confidence that no unhomelike taint will touch them.

No person can be entertained at the Club without an introduction or invitation from a member. In a private card catalogue under constant revision every guest is rated on his merits and marked by letters. If he belongs to class C, he is a common client, welcome, neither specially advantageous to his fellow clubmen nor at all disadvantageous. If he belongs to class B (better), he has some talent, some distinguishing traits that make him desirable. He is sought for membership. Class A includes those who are admirably suited to further the ideals of the club. They are given every inducement to join. Class D, on the other hand, contains the doubtful or deficient characters, who, if not positively discouraged from joining, are not invited till a further insight into their personalities has been obtained. Class E is made up of unsuitables who, if already in, must be eliminated; if still out, must be excluded for the protection of the rest. It is a pretty game. Thanks to the closeness of the unguessed scrutiny and to the superior level of influence demanded, the easy charm of the place has not had to wane with growing numbers.

An exceptional membership naturally has demanded exceptional service. And before any clerk or bell-boy is engaged, his past is searched for any possible reasons why he should not be attached to the force. Engaged, he knows that however capable he may be, a cigarette, a glass of beer, a deviation into profanity or vulgarity of any sort will send him job-hunting. In this broad country there are men eager for the opportunity to live and work under the best imaginable influences, and the intelligent gladly deprive themselves of cigars and profanity to their profit.

The Club's first distinction is character; its second is excellence of equipment. In many departments this nears perfection. Again the essentials have been demanded. Since neither display nor the nonsense of pretension figures in the expense account, the club is able to focus its brains and resources on the items of practical advantage. It was supplied with the most invigorating air under heaven; it secured a perfect water supply. Milk was a more difficult matter. Cornell experts found that local sources were all unsound. The club bought a cow and lodged her sanitarily. She has increased five hundredfold, and the amount of cream consumed a month is a matter for comment; no guest is denied any lactic desire. Indeed, the cream and milk, the butter and eggs lay the foundation for a table that is deliberately the best possible within limits. These limits lie well within commonsense

and yet well beyond reasonable desire. The range at any meal must take into account the oldish lady who has sat by the fire all afternoon and the men who have been mountaineering on snow-shoes. And from end to end each item must be of the best. I know that there is no hope of saying this without its sounding like an advertisement. Their pastry cooks must be exquisite fellows.

Beds, the management claimed, were of the utmost importance, and all the money should go into springs and mattresses and blankets and none whatever into carvings and guardian angels. The tired skier sleeps delightfully. Beds make an excellent hobby for club-makers. And in the infirmary one can lie all day in the last luxuries of healing if tobogganing has disabled or the intoxication of flexible flying has been overdone.

Another extravagance is the system of fire protection; \$50,000 has been spent to perfect a system that in times of greatest drought or in the wildest blizzard could deluge the first flames with 2,500 gallons a minute from its system of hydrants. A night and day patrol is so arranged that a fire could never get a running start; the great fire-pump is kept under constant pressure; Mirror Lake is the supply. Fires do occur. In twenty-five years fifty-five have broken out. But the system has kept the total loss under five hundred dollars. Angry flames indeed!

And now of the greatest extravagance of all. One day Dr. Albert Shaw of the "Review of Reviews" asked if he might sink a couple of tomato cans in the garden turf to knock a white ball into. In such a manner the game of ten centuries' growth began at Lake Placid. The Club has sunk \$200,000 in their turf. Four hundred players have done themselves tan on the courses in one day. And the difficulties begin with the choice of your course; there are four now, three nine-hole courses and one of eighteen holes, of 6,300 yards, and two more eighteen holers of 6,000 yards are already well under way. The Club dooryard is ten miles long and there is always room. Nowhere in the world in such a setting of great woodlands, shapely peaks, and passes can men follow the ball over courses more interestingly diversified, more scientifically planned. Even one whose title for the game is "fugitive idiocy," was soothed into something very like admiration for the technical as well as the natural beauties as explained to us by the creator, Mr. Dunn.

And if this prospect does not hold you spellbound, I, who talk as if the Club were the result of mine own vigil,—I will offer you others. There are forty courts for tennis and other outdoor games, and there is fishing away, and boating at home, and water-sporting, and riding and

driving, and camping by still waters, and music and pageants, and four outdoor theaters, and climbs, and the four million aced Park in which to play in company with the most charming people of the land. And it is this last that brings me back from the outlay of dollars to the dream.

How is it, one may reverently inquire, that granted a perfect setting, a perfected apparatus of enjoyment, an atmosphere of common-sense, warmed with culture and kept in motion by great wealth,—how is it that the Lake Placid Club can prevent itself from gradually being enwrapped in a cocoon of complacency, refinement, sport, and soullessness? This conundrum presented itself, but was answered by the man behind the dream. I had soon sought, met, and had been conquered by the idealist in the room where he puts his ideals to hard labor. It is a room piled quite high with the paraphernalia of offices and doesn't look at all like a den of visions. It is a very practical idealery. And its master is big, well-set, bushy-browed, peering, quick; the garment of his being is that of a purposeful business man. Only when stripped for confidences do you sense the aggressive prophet.

I am glad that I came upon the Club in its success, for the season of strenuous waiting is at an end. At the other end, a quarter of a century back, it would have been too easy to have said with the great majority, "It is a pretty dream, but it will not work."

The core of the dream was: "by coöperation to secure among congenial people and beautiful natural surroundings all the advantages of an ideal vacation or permanent country home." The congenial people were the worn college professors, "the classics who had taken the count," according to an irreverent friend. But I had not seen any of these about. Rosy and exuberant millionaires golfed in droves and hiked long distances. But as a retreat for the professorial élite whose thoughts were longer than their pocket-books the Club was but raggedly utilized. So little was I acquainted with the ways of the practical visionary that I, too, began to think that it was "easy wallow" for the rich and rich alone.

Early in the dreamiest stage the young Club began to lose money. At a critical time one of Mr. Dewey's originations brought him in twenty times what the original Club cost, and he and his wife put that and the rest of their fortune into the dream. Thus do Holy Grailers.

As expansion came more capital was needed, and without abandoning their final object, they called in the millionaire, the intellectual rich man, to make the others' paradise a possibility. The final object

now in sight is a permanent Foundation in this most lovely of all regions where the promising youth of the country may lay hold of inspiration and carve it to their uses. The Club is to be, and is, the home of inspiration in practice. Tried intellects will gather on their sabbaticals; assemblies of research will meet; congresses of moment will debate in this most suitable environment. In the cool of summer or in the white fire of winter the country's best will exchange ideas before the open hearth. It would sound too beautiful if the foundation had not been laid and hardened to support the superstructure these many years.

See what has been done: The "Morningside" nucleus has grown to include 200 adjoining acres, on which have been built 4 huge club-houses¹ and 72 cottages and utility buildings. This is the Club proper, but it controls a total of 7,800 acres of forest and park lands, including 36 separate farms. And the ruler of all this is yet young enough to drive on with the unfinished dream.

Dreams have a way of expanding counter-prudence wise. As soon as those who had begun by deriding the idea of a permanent Club in a wilderness had ended by taking all-summer leases in the enlarged Clubhouse, Mr. Dewey announced a new topic for ridicule,—an all-winter program.

"Preposterous!" and "Impossible!" were the favorite adjectives which the scoffers applied, and indeed the scheme did seem a trifle far-fetched. Who could be persuaded to take a mid-winter vacation? And who would submit to perils by frost for the visionary benefits and doubtful pleasures of life in a hamlet inhabited by a handful of dormant natives.

"Impossible!" and "Visionary!" happen, however, to be the stimulants that Mr. Dewey uses to inspire his effects, and the Club remained open for the first time during the winter of 1904. Six souls sat down to their Christmas dinner. They themselves were the chief sports, for there was no toboggan shute, no quarter-mile rink, no ski-jump and no ski. They shoveled off some ice on Mirror Lake to get up their appetites for that dinner, and they snow-shoed to work it off. But they had the dinner, and it would have been fun to have attended. If the Head Dreamer had got up after coffee and said, "Courageous Friends, fourteen years from now 648 persons will be our holiday guests. They will have come in (the ladies dressed in knickers) from ski-joring races. They will go out to watch the Norwegians ski-jump. After which there will be an elaborate pageant." If he had begun that way,

¹ Mr. Dewey also owns and runs the Riversea Club at Old Saybrook, Conn.

I can well imagine even the loyal five muttering "Absurd!", "Preposterous!" into their napkins.

But it all came true, and today the Club enables some thousands of men of every business and profession with their wives and children to taste the new life to which they will always return. The great all-year Clubhouse, flanked by 40 winter cottages, is but the central fact in a diversity of factors that provide the complicated necessities of winter sport. It sounds easy to say there's skating and ski-ing and tobogganing for those who want it. You forget that the rink must be resurfaced every night, that our friends from Norway must have their ski-jump to be happy, and that a double-tracked return toboggan coast with curves, as well as straightaways, requires considerable engineering, when a speed of 60 miles an hour is the product wished for. And people do eat at 30 below, as the 300 employees will attest.

Since Lake Placid has become the acknowledged capital of winter sport in America, it will perhaps be well to consider what that means. It means a climate steadily cold, with considerable snow; an environment varied to the requirements of ski-running, snow-shoe trailing, tobogganing, and the allied arts; a place beautiful in itself, so that those who do not enjoy the more strenuous pursuits can share the delights of bracing cold and balsam forests on walks, sleighings, and the milder climbs. A winter capital must also supply the winter paraphernalia. The skating is closest at hand. A rink, a quarter mile around on one lap, is kept cleared from the semi-continuous snow and provided with hockey-box, curling rink, and music for those who would waltz. For skiers there are beginning-hills and graduated ski-jumps, and a forest full of lovely runs (please count the number of times you fall,—and then reduce the number). The snow-shoer has Whiteface always before him and a wilderness of winding roads to harden up on. Then there are horses for ski-joring, and big sleighs for flap-jack parties, and roomsful of apparatus, and gymkanas to reduce the dignity of those who won't ski. There are professionals to emulate, and beginners to crow over, and a crowd of people all bent on a good time, which is a happy sort of crowd to pal with. Take your choice of nationalities,—there are always several on approval. Only don't ask the Scotchman to do anything but curl.

The result is that without knowing it America has come into a pleasure place that is good for more than pleasure, a resort that is able to elude the stigma of resortiness by adhering to the Ten Commandments and the complementary canons of good taste. For the Club is first a place for family life, second for the rational pursuit

of happiness, and, after those major requirements, it happens to be the premier spot in this hemisphere for the enjoyment of winter sports.

There used to be a lure to St. Moritz that was felt half the world away. One had vague anticipations of meeting Russian princes and speaking with the Alps, as well as enjoying the Cresta Run. But since then Europe has been disfigured for the life of this generation, the Russian princes have been Bolshivikied, and the Cresta, after all, was only for experts. So let the amateur come to Placid. He will find there four million acres of wild forest at his door, four feet of snow in the woods, and can see at the day's end a twilight splendor clothe the Sentinels in an Adirondack glow as lovely as the more famous sunset of the Alps.

T. M. L.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

From all that has been told it will be seen that the village called Lake Placid is one of the strangest in existence. It consists of three distinct units, having not only different names but separate post-offices. According to the part of the village to which you wish a letter to go, you address it to Lake Placid, Newman, or Lake Placid Club.

The legal union of these three places was made in 1903, when they were incorporated as Lake Placid Village. The corporation line, roughly speaking, starts at the George and Bliss boat-house on Lake Placid, passes through the northern end of Mirror Lake and down behind most of the club buildings (throwing them into the village but leaving the golf-course out). The line then continues toward the White Church, stopping about half a mile north of it, runs over so as to encircle the station, and then follows the ridge west of Mirror Lake to Paradox Pond at the foot of the Stevens House hill. This makes an area about two miles long and varying—according to jogs I have not mentioned—from a half to three quarters of a mile in width.

The incorporated village has municipal drainage, water-works, electric lights, macadam streets, concrete walks, a public library, schools, and churches; it has fire, sanitary, and police departments, and shops and hotels in great number.

In 1909 the first and now the only bank was started—the

Bank of Lake Placid—a State institution with a capital of \$25,000. In 1915 the Lake Placid National Bank was organized, but continued in business for only one year.

If we include in the generic term "Lake Placid" the many camps and hotels around the lake of the same name, we must accord it the distinction of being the largest, most popular, and most beautiful summer resort in the Adirondacks.

CHAPTER XXIX

LAKE PLACID (THE LAKE)

THE watery godfather of the village is a large, beautifully enshrined and now thickly becamped lake, about five and a half miles long and two wide. Its most distinctive feature is a preponderance of islands. The two largest in the Adirondacks occupy its center, and, looked at on the map, appear to have crowded an intentional lake into the narrower, winding contours of an unintentional river. In reality the big islands divide the water into two distinct but connected stretches, known locally as East Lake and West Lake.

Buck Island, to the south, is roughly about a mile square, and the State owns the entire middle of it, but no shore front. Moose Island, to the north, is egg-shaped and larger. It is about a mile and three quarters in length, and about a mile across at the widest point. It is all privately held. Off the northern extremity of Moose Island is a comparatively tiny one, called Hawk Island. This belonged for many years to Bishop Henry Codman Potter, and is now owned by Mr. Fuller.

At the extreme southern end of East Lake is a small body of water marked Paradox Bay on recent maps, but formerly called Paradox Pond. It is connected with Lake Placid by an inlet which was once famed for eccentric functioning, and gave the pond its name. The flow of the water through the inlet used to reverse its direction at short and regular intervals, flowing first forward, then backward. Early writers and guide-books speak of this phenomenon, and the name of the pond attests it. That it once existed, there seems little doubt; but to-day it recurs, if at all, in such modified form as to be seldom observable. In 1890 the channel of the inlet was deepened, and this probably destroyed the delicate mechanism of a paradox that once attracted tourists to the spot.¹

¹ It may be of interest to call attention to a somewhat similar phenomenon

The outlet of Lake Placid flows out of the southern end of West Lake. It is the clear, brook-like stream that is crossed by an iron bridge as one approaches the village on the State Highway from Saranac Lake. A little farther on, at the foot of the Stevens House hill, a glimpse of Paradox Pond is to be had on the left.

The stream flowing out of Lake Placid has no other name than the "Outlet" in its first stages. After passing near the present railway station, however, it receives the outlet from Mirror Lake, and is then called the Chub River, which, a little farther on, flows into the West Branch of the Ausable. Early guide-books call the outlet of Lake Placid the Chub River—which in effect it is—but local usage makes the distinction which I have pointed out.

The first permanent camps to be built on the shores of Lake Placid were erected about the time that Brewster opened his Lake Placid Inn. In this connection I quote some interesting historical data from a little book published by the Shore Owners Association of Lake Placid in 1919:

The three or four earliest camps seem to have been built around 1872. One of these was Hall's camp, on the northeasterly shore, near what is now Hall Point and Hall Brook. In the same year Mr. Gray erected Sunnyside on the western shore of West Lake, giving the name of Gray's Point to the promontory, and Mr. Sands built Wilderness Home near the site of the present Agawam. Mr. William Fox Leggett also erected a log cabin, which was soon afterward enlarged by him into the present Castle Rustico. Mr. Leggett was an actor of no

recorded by Dr. Todd in his book on Long Lake (see Chap. XXXIV). On pages 59 and 60 he says: "On the middle branch of the St. Regis, near its headwaters, and near the grand mountain of that name, is a curious lake. The account which we obtained from different hunters was precisely the same. We had the testimony of independent witnesses. It is about a mile and a half in length, and is in the shape of the letter L. It has no visible outlet or inlet. *Its waters rise and fall continually once in about ten minutes!* As nearly as we could learn the rise and fall is from six to twelve inches perpendicularly. On the sloping shore it would seem much greater. We gave it the name of *Wilson's Lake*, because we believe he was the first white hunter that ever discovered it." The italics are Dr. Todd's. He and his party attempted to find this lake, but got lost and failed to do so.

Just north of Schroon Lake, near the southeastern "blue line," there is a Paradox Lake. The Schroon River flows out of it, but when there are freshets, the river occasionally rises faster than the lake, and for a while flows into it.

mean ability, and his home remained a resort for artists of all kinds for many years. He was, until his death in 1908, a conspicuous and picturesque figure on the Lake, with his histrionic appearance so strikingly similar to that of the noted tragedian Edwin Booth, that he was familiarly called Edwin Booth Leggett.

Other artists and literary men congregated about this time on the Lake. Near the site of the present Breezypoint, on the southeastern shore, the celebrated botanist Torrey and the publicist Gamaliel Bradford camped for several years in the early seventies. A few years later—about 1879—Mr. Molloy built a camp on the site of the present Echo Lodge; and for several years his wife painted her pictures there and attracted an artist colony. Mr. Molloy and his son "Wally" put in the camp windows, still intact, taken from the Plattsburgh hall in which a grand ball had celebrated the victory of Lake Champlain in 1814. Dr. Edward Judson, the well-known clergyman and founder of the Judson Memorial on Washington Square in New York City, also had a camp, commonly known as Brace's camp, during the seventies on Buck Island, on the site of the present Om-soo-wee, and preached frequently in the summers for many years. The only other camp, in addition to those mentioned, was at that time Mr. Bailey's camp on Indian Point.

Soon after this hotels and boarding-camps began springing up around the lake, and some of them became so well known as to call for mention here. The data are again taken from the pamphlet of the Shore Owners Association.

Undercliff was originally built as a private camp by Dr. Alton in 1880. In 1889 he began the erection of cottages for renting, and the place expanded into the extensive cottage settlement which took the name of Dr. Alton's private camp, "Undercliff." This latter camp was erected in 1880, but was replaced in 1901 by the present cottage, which he named "Skanadario." Undercliff closed permanently at the end of the season of 1912. Dr. Alton was a conspicuous figure on the lake for many years and was active and valuable as a member of the association from 1895 to 1914. In 1918 Undercliff was sold to Mr. Hugh S. Jarvis.

The Ruisseauumont was erected in 1892 by the Lake Placid Improvement Company and was for several years a well-patronized resort, with Mr. T. E. Krumbholz, a member of this association and a zealous promoter of water sports, as manager. On the evening of June 30, 1908, a serious fire broke out in the launch slips, resulting in the destruction of several launches and virtually all of the launch slips. The present

large covered dock and slips were erected the following spring, 1909; but some time in the night of July 2, 1909, the Ruisseaumont took fire and was utterly destroyed. The hotel was never rebuilt and the property was sold in 1910 to the Ruisseaumont Club, one of whose houses, erected that year at the top of the hill, now stands on the site of the former hotel.

The Westside was built early in 1882 on the site of the present Whiteface Inn. It was opened on August 1, 1882, and its first guests were members of the Colburn family, from Ansonia, Connecticut, with several of their friends, who had been waiting at the Grand View for the opening. The mountain in the rear of the hotel was named Mount Colburn, in honor of the first guests. The hotel was built by Mr. Oliver Abel, a lawyer from Elizabethtown, who had a cottage adjoining the Windsor there and who some time previous to building had purchased the three lots embracing something over four hundred acres. Mr. and Mrs. Abel managed the hotel till joined by their son, Mr. William Abel, in 1886. The management under the Abels continued till the sale of the property to the present Adirondack Company, in 1891. At that time the row of cottages with the Balsams (still standing) joined the hotel on the north. The Balsams was designed for a laundry and was used as such in 1891.

Whiteface Inn. The Adirondack Company was organized in November, 1890. Its first officers were E. B. Bartlett, president; A. G. Mills, vice-president; and Preble Tucker, secretary and treasurer. This company acquired the Abel property, including the Westside, in February, 1891. In 1896 the annex to the north of the old house was erected and the Wigwam was built. In 1901 the old and original building was torn down and a new building was erected on its site and was named Whiteface Inn. In 1902 the cottages Inwood and Overlook were built, and still stand. In the meantime the Adirondack Company built its own trunk-line sewer and constructed an independent mountain reservoir for its water-supply. While the inn was being renovated for the season, it took fire and was burned to the ground in the night of May 20, 1909. The inn proper and two adjoining cottages at the entrance to the viaduct were entirely destroyed. The Wigwam, erected in 1896, though close to the inn, escaped harm and still stands. Likewise the Balsams, Overlook, and Hillside cottages, and the laundry and stables, being at a safe distance, were unharmed. This fire not only destroyed a handsome building, but also ruined a number of fine trees which had added beauty to the spot. From 1910 to 1914 the caretaker of the inn, Mr. Halsey Wood, with the assistance of his wife and through an arrangement with the Ad-

ironhack Company, took care of a number of summer boarders each year, using the cottages spared by the fire. In the autumn of 1914 the Adirondack Company began the erection of a new building, and Whiteface Inn reopened in the summer of 1915. The row of boat-sheds, launch slips, and bath-houses that extended from the dock to the rowboat house (still standing), being out of repair, were torn down in the spring of 1915. A wing was added in 1916 to the inn which doubled its capacity.

The Tamaracks was organized in the autumn of 1890. Messrs. H. M. Pratt, Edwin C. Atkinson, James E. Veree, Carroll Berry, F. A. Seamon, and H. C. Atkinson purchased a tract of forty acres and the Tamaracks was completed and occupied on July 1, 1891. In subsequent years the property was divided into lots of about 125 feet shore front and members erected separate camps. Mr. Pratt still retains the original Tamaracks and Mr. E. C. Atkinson sold Moosewood in 1911 to Mr. E. C. Jameson, who also bought from Mr. Veree the lot between Moosewood and the Tamaracks. Mr. Seaman sold Colburn in 1916 to Mr. C. D. Joslyn; and Mr. H. C. Atkinson sold Greentop in 1910 to Dr. Marcy.

There are now nearly a hundred camps on the lake. On the east shore they extend only to Pulpit Rock, but on the more desirable west shore they extend from the Peninsula to Echo Bay—the whole length of the lake. There are a number on Buck Island, but only a few on Moose Island.

A remarkable feature of the shore camps is that most of them have sewer connection. By special agreement the village system has been extended as far as Pulpit Rock and over to the Peninsula. The Whiteface Sewer System, established in 1908, serves the inn and the camps on West Lake from the dam to Camp Asulykit. All the camps, moreover, enjoy the protection of a fire-boat. It began in 1900 by the installation of a fire-pump on the old steamboat *Doris*. In 1919 a modern fire-boat, costing nearly \$6,000, was purchased, with very powerful engines. The result of this unusual camp protection has been a lowering of insurance rates all along the lake front.

These and many kindred advantages and comforts have been secured for the dwellers on Lake Placid by banding themselves together for mutual protection and benefit. Their Shore Owners Association has achieved such notable and

worth-while results, both in practical efficiency and esthetic foresight, as to give its activities important historical interest. The story of its birth and the wider reaches of its influence should, therefore, be matters of record. The following excerpts are from the pamphlet already mentioned:

The Shore Owners' Association (hereinafter designated the S. O. A.) was the conception of Col. A. G. Mills, who organized it and conducted the negotiations which resulted in the acquisition by the Association of the property in the vicinity of, and including, the outlet dam. As president of the society from its origin until his resignation in 1906 he devoted himself to its interests, guided its affairs and shaped its policy. He may, therefore, very properly be called "The Father of the S. O. A."

The S. O. A. was incorporated in the City and County of New York on the 18th day of July, 1893. The incorporators were A. G. Mills, Henry B. Newhall, Carroll Berry, Otto F. von Arnim, and Preble Tucker. Of these, Mr. von Arnim was Trustee for the Lake Placid Improvement Company, the owners of the Ruisseauumont Hotel property; Mr. Berry was Trustee for the Tamaracks Club; and Mr. Mills and Mr. Tucker respectively President and Trustee for the Adirondack Company, the owners of the Whiteface Inn property.

The first two paragraphs of the certificate of incorporation read as follows:

First—That the name or title by which this Society shall be known in law shall be "The Shore Owners' Association of Lake Placid."

Second—The particular business or object of this Society shall be to secure control of the outlet of Lake Placid, in the County of Essex and State of New York, and to protect and preserve the beauty and healthfulness of Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, and the shores thereof, as a pleasure resort and for the benefit and pleasure of the members of this Society.

For several years prior to 1892 the summer residents on the shores of Lake Placid suffered much annoyance from the material fluctuation of the water level of the Lake, due to the alternate storing and drawing-off of the water by the mill operators who owned the outlet and who had been in the habit of damming Outlet Brook since the middle of the century.

Moreover, the beauty of the shores of the Lake had been seriously marred by the killing of the timber and the undermining of the banks when the outlet was dammed, with the consequent precipitation into the Lake of a large number of trees along the banks.

Several projects had, during a period of years prior to 1892, been

discussed with a view to remedying these objectionable conditions; but no feasible means had been agreed upon for attaining the desired object until, in the fall of that year, a meeting of hotel and camp owners was held, which resulted in the appointment of a committee empowered to negotiate for the purchase of the land embracing the Lake outlet, dam, gate house, etc. This purchase was effected in the following winter.

The Shore Owners' Association of Lake Placid was thereupon formed, and the property purchased, consisting of about four acres, was conveyed to the Association. It has since acquired an additional acre of land, embracing what is known as the "false outlet," and now controls the means of maintaining the water at a uniform level. The Association at once rebuilt the wooden dam so as to conform to the agreed level, and during 1901-1902 replaced the old wooden structure with a tight masonry dam at a cost of approximately one thousand dollars. The construction of this stone dam, together with the ownership of the "false outlet" has enabled the Association to maintain substantially at all times the agreed water level. At various intervals, such as in 1905 and 1911, the level of the lake was temporarily lowered in the autumn in order to permit camp owners to repair the docks and piers; but during the past few years the policy of the S. O. A. has been to maintain the surface of the lake at a uniform level.

* * *

The condition of the woods and forests has been an object of solicitous care to the Association from the very beginning. The two ever present menaces to the Lake are the lumberman and fire, the latter almost invariably following in the trail of the former. The S. O. A. is indebted to those of its members who have widely extended their holdings solely for the purpose of keeping off the axemen. Thus large tracts were purchased by Mr. McCutchen on the westerly shore and by Mr. Prall on the northerly end of the Lake; Mr. Pardee bought Whiteface Mountain; and Mr. Stevens acquired Pulpit Rock and a part of Mount Whitney. In not a few instances, however, the S. O. A. has been compelled to intervene actively in the attempt to preserve the forests. In 1912 the interposition of the S. O. A. effected an improvement in the lumbering on lot 334, north of McLenathan Bay. In 1915 the S. O. A. co-operated with the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, on whose Board both the first President and the present President of the S. O. A. served as Trustees, in securing the passage of the amendment to the constitution of the State of New York which authorized the ten-million-dollar bond issue for

the further acquisition of lands in the Forest Preserve. The most important service of the S. O. A. was rendered, however, in 1918-1919 in the successful endeavor to prevent the threatened denudation of the entire Saddleback range, on the west shore of the Lake, by the International Paper Company. Although the Conservation Commission displayed the greatest interest in the project from the beginning, there was considerable difficulty in persuading the Land Board to acquire the properties in question, owing to the exceedingly great value of the land and the dense timber. The S. O. A. finally decided to offer a contribution of \$30,000 toward the consummation of the project, and the members of the Association through individual subscriptions enabled the Trustees to carry out the entire plan. The whole of the westerly range is therefore now in the hands of the State and is saved for all time from the depredations of the lumberman.

In all these ways the S. O. A. has endeavored to comply with its expressed object, as stated in the certificate of incorporation, to protect and preserve the beauty and healthfulness of the Lake and the shores thereof as a pleasure resort and for the benefit and pleasure, not only of its members, but of the public at large.

The first engine-propelled boat on the lake was the *Mattie*, a small steamer brought overland from Lake Champlain by Mr. Theodore White in 1882. This pioneer steamer was burned at her moorings one night by those who resented the competition she brought to the use of oars.

Later the *Water Lily* was brought over from Saranac Lake, and was used for a while. She finally sank at her landing and was abandoned. The next steamer was the *Ida*, built on the shore of Paradox Pond in 1888. She was fifty feet long and carried one hundred passengers. She was bought by Henry C. Stevens in 1896.

The first gasoline-launch, the *Patsy*, appeared on the lake in 1899, and was the property of Miss Potter, of Hawk Island. The *Patsy*, refitted with a new engine, is still in use and belongs to Mr. Fuller, who purchased Hawk Island.







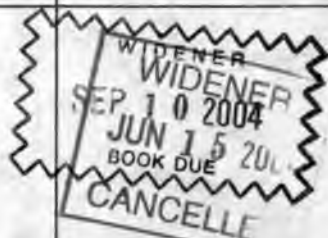


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